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H. Lobdell

MEMOIR

OF

REV. HENRY LOBDELL, M.D.,

LATE

MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

AT MOSUL:

INCLUDING THE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE ASSYRIAN MISSION.

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BY REV. W. S. TYLER, D. D.,

GRAVES PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN AMHERST COLLEGE.

"Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."—JONAH iii: 2.

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TO THE

Undergraduates and Alumni of Amherst College;

AND ESPECIALLY TO THE NUMEROUS MISSIONARIES WHO
HAVE MADE THEIR ALMA MATER KNOWN AS A
BENEFACTRESS OF THE BENIGHTED NATIONS
IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE,

These Memorials of a Departed Brother

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

CONDEMNED

PREFACE.

In an age when missionary enterprise is honored, as it never was before, by the entire Christian community, and when books of travel, and of geographical and antiquarian research, are eagerly welcomed by the reading public, no apology can be needful for the publication of a memoir which combines all these characteristics, — the memoir of one who was at once a traveler and an antiquarian, an Oriental scholar and a Christian missionary; who carried the glad tidings of the gospel back to those regions where the human race was cradled in its infancy, and who, having done the work of a long life in a few years, at the early age of twenty-eight, laid his worn and weary body down to its last rest on the banks of the Tigris. I only regret that the preparation of the memoir could not have been entrusted to better hands, and that it could not have been earlier accomplished. The causes which have, from year to year, prevented its more seasonable appearance, would be of no interest to the public.

When, almost two years ago, the writings of Dr. Lobdell were placed in my hands, with the urgent request that I would prepare the memoir, I was surprised, and almost appalled, by the very vastness of the materials. More than a dozen volumes of manuscript journals, and an incredible number of letters, attested the extent of his observation, the breadth of his plans, the industry and effectiveness of his short life. To read them all over, — to trace the early dawnings of his intellectual life, to review the conflicts and triumphs of a four years' course in college, "which I myself saw, and part of which I was," and then to follow him, step by step, through the brief but brilliant career which he early marked out for himself, and from which he never swerved, or even rested for a moment, till he rested in his grave, — was a labor of love and of pleasure. But to select from such a mass the matter best suited to a memoir, to digest it into a connected narrative, and to compress it within the compass of a duodecimo volume, and that, too, amid the cares and labors of an engrossing profession, — this has been the most difficult part of my task. Of the manner in which this task has been executed, they will judge the most charitably who have had the most experience.

To the friends, at home and abroad, who have furnished materials, and especially to those who have contributed to the contents of these pages, the author takes this occasion to return his heartfelt acknowledgments. The reader, scarcely less than the writer, will feel under great obligations to Rev. Professor Seelye, of Amherst College, and Rev. D. W Marsh, of Mosul, — the former the bosom friend of Dr. Lobdell's early days, the latter the beloved companion of his missionary labors, — for the charm which their pens have lent to the opening and concluding chapters. I am indebted to Rev. Dr. Perkins, of the Nestorian Mission, and Rev. Dr. Anderson, the Secretary of the American Board, for constant encouragement and assistance, without which the work never would have been undertaken, still less successfully accomplished. For myself, I claim no other merit than a faithful representation of the life and character of an able and devoted missionary; and my highest ambition will have been accomplished, if the Memoir shall subserve the holy cause in which its subject lived and died.

Amherst, Nov., 1859.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory — Missionaries the Heroes and Martyrs of Modern History — Lives often short; in this respect, like that of Christ — Traits of Dr. Lobdell's Life, Character, and Field of Labor — Corresponding Characteristics of this Memoir.

THE Roman mother pointed to her sons, saying, "These are my jewels." Christian missionaries are among the choicest jewels of the church. Their example and influence are her true riches; their memory is her imperishable crown. They are the heroes of modern history, who contend against fearful odds, win bloodless battles, plant the standard of the cross on distant shores, and annex the farthest East with the remotest West to the dominions of the Prince of Peace. They are the martyrs of these latter days, who attest the truth and power of the religion of Jesus by their consecrated and self-denying lives, — not unfrequently by their early and triumphant deaths. As a class, they are perhaps the nearest living representatives of the first great Missionary, who was "sent" into our world for its redemption, — the brightest earthly image of the first Christian Martyr, who sealed his own New Testament with his own precious blood. For the honor of Christ, then, as well as for the edification of the church, the memory of missionaries should be cherished; their names should be written on earth as, we are assured, they are registered in heaven; their influence, so far as possible, should be perpetuated through time as, we know, it will be in eternity.

What though they are cut down, like the morning flower, in the fresh bloom, perchance in the very bud, of their beauty and usefulness! So much the more reason is there, if possible, to perpetuate the impression of such a character, — to catch and preserve the fragrance of such a life. This is only another point of resemblance to him whose public ministry was only half of the sacred seven, the perfect number of the Hebrews, and only the tenth part of an entire generation; and who encouraged his followers to lose their life here, and find it hereafter, by that beautiful and instructive simile, — "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The subject of this memoir was scarcely three full years in the field of his missionary labors: yet he lived long enough to develop a mature Christian character; to exert a powerful Christian influence; to attach strongly to himself many both at home and in foreign lands, and, thus, when he was taken to a better world, to draw them upward by a sweet and almost irresistible attraction. The "corn of wheat" was already ripe when it fell into the ground, and eternity alone will reap the full harvest of immortal fruit.

The life of Dr. Lobdell, though short, was stirring and eventful; it were hardly extravagant to say, it was heroic and martyr-like, almost from the first, in its perpetual struggle with difficulties. His character, though of course not what it would have been had he lived to a more advanced age, was strongly marked, original, bold, free from all affectation, and all imitation of any human being, yet subdued by the grace of God, and modeled ever more and more into the image of Christ. And his field is one of peculiar interest, — the cradle of the human race; the neighborhood, if not the very site, of the Garden of Eden; lying at the base of the mountains of Ararat; the land of Shinar, of Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh; the country of Asshur, and Nineveh, and Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen; the birth-land of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs; the burial-place of Jonah, and Ezekiel, and Daniel, and Nahum, among the prophets; the theater of events scarcely less miraculous, the occasion of an inspiration even more prophetic, and the source of an influence on the chosen people no less important, than those connected with their sojourn in, and exodus from, Egypt. Mesopotamia is the fountain of sacred history; and it can not but awaken profound interest in the observing and reflecting mind to see the stream, under the guidance of Christian missions, "flow back where it began."

Much of the same interest attaches to the entire field of Turkish missions. The theater of the most important events in the history of our world's redemption (to say nothing of the strange fascinations that hang about the secular history of those countries of the Orient now under Ottoman rule), — the scene of the whole history of the old Jewish economy, and of the commencement of the new Christian dispensation, — it is now not only drawing the attention of all Christendom as the brilliant prize for which the great powers of Europe are contending, but, what is of infinitely higher moment, it is now again fastening on itself the admiring gaze of angels and principalities and powers in heavenly places, as the scene of the conflicts and triumphs of American missionaries; conflicts and triumphs which are winning more honor to our name and nation in the estimation of the wise and good of earth, as well as in the eyes of the holy in heaven, than all the boasted acquisitions of American valor and statesmanship, or even of American enterprise and skill, whether in the political or the commercial world.

No small part of this great missionary field was visited by Dr. Lobdell on the way to his own station; and as he tarried with his missionary brethren, and entered with all his heart into their labors, and recorded the results of his observations in his copious journals, the history and present state of several of the most interesting stations become a part of his own history, and will be transferred with more or less fullness to these pages.

It was eminently characteristic of our young brother to sympathize with everything human, as well as everything Christian, around him; to live with and in the men and the things with which, from time to time, he had to do. Hence his journal, which he began to keep long before he went to college, and continued with scarcely an interruption till his last sickness, is a full — and frank as full — record, not only of his own daily life, but of the sayings and doings of others with whom he was associated; and is almost a history, not of himself merely, but also of his times. His life thus gains in breadth and depth what it lost in length; and his biography cannot be truly and faithfully written without exhibiting more or less of this characteristic feature. Should any part of these memoirs appear to enter into too much detail of apparently extraneous matter, our apology will be found in this fact, together with the fullness of the journals, which rendered selection the chief difficulty. We do not apprehend, however, that, in the view of most readers, these incidental sketches of other missionaries and other missions will detract from the instruction and interest of a life which, if we have not altogether mistaken it, had in it much that was attractive and noble, and not a little that should stimulate us "to make our lives," as his was, "sublime."

CHAPTER II.

Parentage — Early Life — Self-support — Self-education — Six Years on a Farm — Teaching — Study of Medicine — Preparation for College — Enters at Amherst College.

Henry Lobdell was born in Danbury, Fairfield county, Connecticut, January 25th, 1827. The little, old, wood-colored house in which he first saw the light, and where he spent his earliest years, though no longer occupied by any of the family connection, still stands on an eminence in the outskirts of that busy yet beautiful manufacturing village, and overlooks a scene of activity and industry as untiring as that by which his own life was marked. It commands, also, an extensive prospect of those hills and valleys, of that rugged surface and picturesque scenery, which distinguish in different degrees the western counties of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and fit them to produce, not corn and wine, but men. Those counties may well be called the birthplace of American Missions. There was the Mission School at Cornwall, in which native preachers were trained for the American Indians and the Sandwich Islands. There is Williams College, where clustered the young men, and went up the prayers, that led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Mills and Hall and Fiske and Parsons were born there; and not a few other pioneer missionaries, some of whom rest from their labors and their works do follow them, while others still live to gather in the harvest, and see on earth the fruits of their toils. And not existence only, but their distinctive character has been given to American Missions, by the enterprise and energy, the temperance and patience, and power of endurance, and the intelligent and manly piety residing in these hill towns of Western New England. May the fountain never dry up!

Henry was the second of six children, and the oldest son of Henry C. and Almina M. Lobdell, who were both natives of Fairfield county, and both live to mourn the loss of their first-born son. His parents were poor, and he never ceased to thank God for their poverty, as his safeguard from temptation, and the spring of his own exertions. Both are persons of strongly marked character. His father, a comb-manufacturer, is a man of vigorous native intellect, resolute will and thoughtful spirit, accustomed to think for himself on every subject, not excepting the subject of religion. He would seem to have inherited a tendency to skepticism, which he transmitted to his son; though the grace of God triumphed over it, (not without a severe struggle,) in the son, and made him at length the instrument of counteracting it in the father. His mother unites a strong mind with lively feelings. She is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a woman of earnest piety and uncommon excellence; and her fondest hopes and strongest desires, which were for the religious character of her children, have been realized, in a great measure through the co-operation and influence of her eldest son, in the hopeful conversion of them all.

Henry manifested at a very early age an active, inquisitive mind, and a determined will combined with an amiable and affectionate disposition. It was characteristic of the boy, and of the future man also, that he ran away, not *from* but *to* school, when he was two and a half years old; and he was ever after among the foremost in his classes.

But from early childhood he was taught to connect study with labor. His parents were dependent upon their own daily toil for the sustenance of the family, and it became necessary that his support should as soon as possible cease to burden them. At nine years old he begun to help himself, by doing what he could in a neighboring field and shop. At ten, he was placed in the family of a farmer in Reading, an adjoining town; where he spent six years, working on the farm in the summer, and attending school during the winter.

He never loved the work of the farm. But the hard summer toil was soon forgotten when winter came. "In the winter season," he afterwards wrote, "I feasted my soul with the books I was to study, and all the works in Mr. C.'s library, from Paris' Pharmacology and the Statutes of Connecticut, to Marco Polo's Adventures and the most insignificant advertisement which appeared in the Republican Farmer. Mr. M.'s family lent me all their Saturday Couriers, and E. H. once allowed me the privilege of looking over a Leipsic edition of the Greek Classics, at which my astonished eyes opened wide. An old Ainsworth's Dictionary was loaned me; and after bedtime I worked away at it so long every evening in my chamber, that my guardians at length forbade my taking a light to my room at all. This made me ache. I could have endured the tedious labors on a rocky farm, if I could only have had books enough to read when my work was done."

His second winter in Reading he always considered as an era in his life. To the little brick school-house of the district came a teacher, who gave him a new impulse towards study, a new idea, almost, of education and of himself. Dr. Lobdell always spoke of him in after life with great esteem and affection. "I often think," he says in reviewing this period, "I should have been in a very different situation and a very different man, if I had not been instructed by him. How little men heed their influence. We often touch unconsciously springs in the souls of men, which put them in motion forever. Mr. H. awakened thought in the opening minds of the children at school with me, whose effect is still visible. His power of arousing the mind to activity, was of more consequence than the amount of knowledge communicated. The mind was made to develop itself, like the plant, from within outwards. Heaping knowledge upon it often serves the same purpose as ashes over a few coals; the fire may be preserved, but it will not increase. Perhaps I was never so much stimulated to toil as I was in that little school-house, by the offer of a beautiful volume to the pupil who should be oftenest at the head of his class in spelling. I think my general correctness in that particular now is owing very much to the exercises of that winter. I gained the prize — a Life of Washington! I little thought, then, that it would go with me across the ocean and sea and land to Nineveh. How delighted I was to walk ten miles to Danbury, with that dear volume in my pocket, after the last day of that winter's school! I am sure I never gained a prize since, that did me half so much good. Mother was delighted to see me, I well remember, and it was late that night before the lids of Washington were closed."

At sixteen, he commenced teaching in one of the outer districts of his native town. Though so young, he sustained the customary examinations with great credit, and elicited the warm commendations of those who conducted them: "Well done," said the Committee; "go on as you have begun, and you will soon be at the head of the High School at the Center." He now began to entertain thoughts and plans which he had never before dared to cherish. He began to think that he might have a different career before him from that which his situation in earlier boyhood had seemed to promise. Partly from preference, and partly, perhaps, because that was the profession which lay most within his reach, he determined to become a physician; and with characteristic promptness and decision, he entered at once upon the study. His medical teacher was Dr. H. N. Bennett, who lived in Bethel, about three miles from the place where he was teaching; and the doctor has often expressed his surprise and gratification, alike, at the self-denying zeal and patience with which he pursued the study under such disadvantageous circumstances, and at the rapidity and accuracy of his young pupil's attainments.

"It was when he was seventeen," says his college classmate and most intimate friend,* "that I first became acquainted with him. He was then rather short, very pale and thin, and already having a considerable stoop of head and shoulders. I was interested in him from the first; and it was not long before we became very intimate. I soon learned that he had read much, and had formed opinions upon many things, which he was very positive in asserting and maintaining. His judgment once formed upon any subject, he was loth to abandon. Upon anything he had learned and clearly understood, he knew he was not apt to be mistaken. This trait never left him, though it was never repulsive. Every one felt that when he expressed an opinion it was not rashly formed, and could not therefore be hastily relinquished."

"During his seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth years, I saw much of him. Though teaching school and studying medicine, he managed to find time for other pursuits. He became greatly interested in the cause of temperance; and frequently lectured on the subject in the school-houses of the different neighborhoods. He joined the order of the 'Sons of Temperance,' of which his father was a prominent member, and soon took an active and influential part in their proceedings. He was active in the village lyceums and debating societies. He had a great fondness for public speaking; and, during the summer mornings, he was in the habit of going before sunrise to the woods to exercise his voice in reading and declamation. His taste for mathematics was already marked. Without any oral instruction, he acquired at this time the elements of Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Surveying. Desirous of gaining a situation where he could carry out these studies more fully, and add to them, also, some knowledge of Latin and Greek, he applied for, and obtained, the post of assistant teacher at Danbury Academy, of which Rev. J. R. Irwin was then principal. This brought him in connection with a wider circle of men, and gave him more extended hopes and higher desires than he had yet cherished."

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* Rev. J. H. Seelye, late of Schenectady, now Professor Seelye, of Amherst College, to whom the author is chiefly indebted for these notices of Dr. Lobdell's early life.

"It was in his nineteenth year that he first ventured to think of entering college. The thought grew up in our mutual conferences, and was cherished as something which we both greatly desired, but which neither of us seemed likely to realize. He had no pecuniary means, and there was no one upon whom he could rely for any assistance in this direction. Nevertheless, he did not dismiss the thought, but hoped, and even believed, that some way would be opened, though all now seemed so dark."

In the Fall Term of 1845, he found himself a member of the Freshman class in Amherst College. It was as surprising to himself, almost, as it was to his friends. He had left Danbury in September of that year, under an engagement as assistant teacher in a new school about to be opened in Hartford. The success of the enterprise did not equal the expectations of the principal, and the engagement was of necessity relinquished. Now, what was to be done? Away from home, out of employment, with about twenty dollars in money, and without a friend in the world to whom he could look with any certainty for another dollar, he resolved to enter college, and forthwith set out for Amherst. Such was his hope and courage and self-reliance, at this early age: such, it should be added, was his trust in Providence, when as yet he had no distinct, conscious hope that he was a Christian.

His diary, which he began on his eighteenth birth-day, presents to us the artless yet earnest and aspiring boy of this period in a variety of interesting aspects. Now he is making his *dèbût* before a debating society, maintaining the *affirmative* of the question: "Was Mohammed a greater scourge to mankind than Napoleon?"—an opinion which he never changed in his subsequent experience of the evils of Mohammedanism. The next question was, whether Learning or Wealth exerts the greater influence? He, of course, went in heartily for Learning. And in both these early trials of his strength in argument, he records the result—"got it"—with a brevity and a pride not inferior to that with which a Cæsar wrote his famous "*veni, vidi, vici*" to the Roman Senate. Ere long, he is chosen president of the society; and, in his capacity as umpire, decides that the saw-mill has been a greater blessing to the world than the cotton-gin, "chiefly," as he says, "because the cotton-gin has been the means of perpetuating slavery,"—where, again, his life-long hatred to slavery shows that "the child was father of the man." Here he is writing "poetry for the Danbury Times;" and there he is inditing a "letter in Greek, Latin, French, and English" to his Lucy, of which he "preserved a copy,"—in all which, coming events are only casting their shadows before. To-day, he rolls a wheelbarrow-load of wood, a long and weary mile or more, from his home on Grassy Plain to his select school in Bethel. To-morrow, as he visits his sylvan study in the early morning, and makes the rocks and woods resound with his impassioned declamation, he is mistaken for a crazy man who had wandered away some weeks previous; and an effort is set on foot to capture and cage him. At one time, he registers his hours of rising and retiring, and his habits of reading and study, with the significant addition, which the reader will please to remember is in the indicative, and not in the imperative, mood: "Improve every moment." At another, he says: "The desire that burns within me to be somebody, grows stronger and stronger. There is something in my nature that wants to go out and up." One page is chiefly occupied with his religious struggles and conflicts. The next is full of his hopes and fears, encouragements and discouragements, touching the great question of a public education. Sometimes he is almost ready to despair; and thinks, perhaps he might as well go at once into the practice of medicine, and, in the course of a year, "marry Lucy and be happy." But hope soon returns, courage prevails; and he resolves for the present to woo only the Muses, and ever to seek a higher end than present happiness.

"I never knew a man," says the experienced teacher with whom he taught and at the same time pursued his preparatory studies at Danbury Academy, "who was so little disturbed by finding obstacles in his way; he advanced so fearlessly upon them, and grappled so resolutely with them, as if conscious of inherent or delegated power to overcome them. His admiration of men who were noted for preëminent talents and attainments, kindled within his bosom such fervid desires for a thorough education as swept away at once difficulties that have deterred many a one from attempting to ascend the hill of science. Possessing a physical frame capable of great endurance, he was able to devote from twelve to sixteen hours daily to close study without experiencing any apparent injury. His perceptive powers were quick; his memory, retentive and ready, enabling him to select and lay up for future use whatever he supposed might be of advantage in coming days. If he met with any article in the course of his reading which he regarded as superior to most writers on the same subject, he would copy into a memorandum-book, kept for this purpose, either the entire article or a well-digested epitome."

CHAPTER III.

Early Religious Character — Skeptical Doubts and Difficulties — Counteracting Christian Influences — Conversion — Decides at the same time to be a Minister — Commences at once an active Christian Life.

It was never in the nature of Dr. Lobdell to take anything on the mere authority of others. He always wished to hear or read *both* sides of a controverted subject, to sift the evidence, and then to decide for himself. He was an independent thinker in literature, politics, and all the affairs of this life. He could not, therefore, be expected to accept the truths of religion without investigation. His parents, as we have already seen, differed in their religious opinions; and while he felt strongly the power of a mother's prayers, and tears, and Christian life, he could not but imbibe more or less of the influence, silent and unintentional though it was, of his father's skeptical bias. The tendency to doubts and difficulties, which thus grew naturally out of his circumstances and early education, and which was perhaps inherited in part as a constitutional tendency, was, unfortunately, strengthened by the evil influence of certain companions of his boyhood, older than himself, who were in the habit of ridiculing and denouncing all religion. Books of an irreligious and skeptical character were placed in his hands and eagerly devoured. They took strong hold of his mind, and their influence never entirely left him. They not only acted as a powerful hindrance to his conversion, but their poison operated afterwards through all his spiritual life. He could never shake off their hold. In college, in the theological seminary, and on missionary ground, these early thoughts would sometimes disturb the serenity of his most sacred hours.

But there were strong counteracting influences within and around him, which were destined, under the providence and the grace of God, to make him a Christian, a Christian minister, and a Christian missionary. He read good books with more frequency and avidity than bad ones. The lives of good men had an especial charm for him. These showed him the power of vital godliness. The history of the Christian church pointed him to Christianity as the fountain of whatever is most godlike in human action. And even the history of Christian nations led him to the same holy religion, as the source of their superiority to other nations. The Bible was not only his reading, but his study. He had read it through in one of the early years of his residence on the farm in Reading, and it was never afterwards neglected. A large Bible-class was formed among the young people at Bethel; of which he was a constant attendant and a deeply interested member. He was regular in his attendance on the weekly prayer-meetings, as well as on the worship of the Sabbath and the sanctuary.

Good as well as evil companions threw their influence around him. The young man of whom we have already spoken as his most intimate friend, was already a decided Christian when they first formed the acquaintance; and to his Christian faithfulness, with the blessing of God, Dr. Lobdell always attributed his salvation. "After meeting, J. H. S. came almost home with me, and urged me very strongly to seek religion. We talked for about an hour. I went home shedding tears and crying to God." "J. H. S. tells me I must study theology; says it is my duty. I have some very serious thoughts about it, and sincerely wish to be guided in the path of duty." Such entries are not unfrequent in his diary. And when he is on the eve of parting with his friend for some months, and going to

Hartford, he says: "How often has my dear friend, J. H. S., spoken to me on the all-important subject of securing my salvation! How often have I expressed the wish that I may be convinced of the truth of religion! Oh, may I soon be brought to view these things aright!" Such persevering personal efforts to win souls to Christ are seldom without their reward; nor were they destined in this instance to prove fruitless.

Young Lobdell was remarkably candid and conscientious. Long before the time at which he was accustomed to date his conversion, it was among the deepest desires of his heart to know the truth, and to do his duty, in the great matter of religion. "Many were the wishes I had," he says, as he read on both sides, and looked at the subject from opposite points of view, "that I might know the truth. I am not even prepared to admit that the Bible is true. If it is, which I am determined to find out if possible, I can see no excuse for not becoming a Christian, and making a public profession of religion." There was never such a wide chasm between faith and practice, between the creed and the conduct, in Dr. Lobdell, as there is in too many. With him, to be convinced of the truth was to *endeavor* at least to obey it. He had but to know his duty, and he would at once make an effort for its performance. As his understanding could not rest without ascertaining the truth, so his conscience and his whole nature forbade him to hold the truth without attempting to obey it.

He had a strong desire to be useful; and for some time before he cherished any personal hope in Christ, the question would often arise, whether the Christian ministry was not the sphere in which he could do the most good. He felt his need of a Saviour, — of *such* a Saviour as was revealed in the gospel of Christ. He saw that, without the gospel, men everywhere were miserable; and that a cordial embrace of the truth as it is in Jesus was just the remedy which they needed, — just the influence, and the only influence, that could elevate them and make them happy. And he already envied the life and coveted the usefulness of those who were wise to win souls: "Read the life of Harlan Page, and was cheered by the recital of his manner of doing good. *He* was a *Christian.* By the grace of God, he was the means of saving about a hundred souls. O, what a treasure! Can not I work in the same way? Will I not? O God! tell me what course to pursue. If I am a physician, I am determined to use every opportunity in trying to save sinners." This was written while, as yet, he had no conscious hope of his own salvation. His heart was clearly in advance of his head. The spirit of faith and love had already outrun the convictions of his understanding. This is, perhaps, still more apparent in the following extract from his diary, written a few days later, amid the perplexities that came upon him at Hartford. After hearing Dr. Hawes on the Sabbath, he says: "Oh that I could always hear such preaching, and that I could now talk with him in private on religion! I feel the need of a Saviour, but am not yet entirely convinced of the reality of the Christian scheme. Oh that I may have my mind soon settled on this subject! It seems as if misfortunes, cares and many difficulties were now before me; *but I look to the sufferings of Christ, and murmur not.*" The sufferings of Christ had a practical power to comfort his heart, before his intellect was fully persuaded of their nature and their divine efficacy.

Under the same trials, and indeed under others of a still earlier date, he shows a full belief and a real trust in the providence of God. On leaving home to go to Hartford, he says: "Have some sorrowful thoughts, but almost believe that I am directed by my God; and that, in the end, the loss of some present enjoyment will be amply compensated. It seems as if I could trace the workings of that almighty hand in directing me in the course of life I have hitherto pursued." And when difficulties thicken about him, and his hopes are dashed, and darkness and uncertainty cover the future, he resolves to "banish despondency," and "believes that all will be for the best." He might well trust providence. He had been led from early childhood in a way that he knew not, and provided for in a manner that he thought not of, by a heavenly Father's hand. And now the same kind and paternal providence was leading him through thick darkness to marvellous light, — was pressing him, as it were, through narrow straits into a broad and open place.

And with the providence of God, the Spirit of God was manifestly coöperating, convincing him of his weakness, ignorance and guilt, showing him his need of a divine Guide and Teacher, as well as an Almighty Saviour, subduing his will, leading him to a more childlike trust in God, teaching him to find comfort and hope at the cross of Christ, drawing out his compassion for the souls of men, and exciting in him longing desires to be instrumental of their salvation. In these various states of mind, which are sufficiently apparent in the above extracts, and more apparent after reading the whole diary, we can not but see the evidence, — and we think our readers will agree with us in the conclusion, — that he was already taught of God, already born of the Spirit, already under the influence of a sincere love to Christ and to the souls of men, before he was conscious of the exercise of a saving faith, or cherished any personal hope of an interest in the great salvation. In a letter which he found time to write to his friend Seelye, the very day he entered college, he says: "I wish I could see it to be my duty to prepare for the ministry; but I can not yet. Heaven, hell, eternity, are continually before my view. I am fully persuaded that no man, unless a Christian, ever did his full duty and obeyed his God. . . . If there ever was a being who wished both to know what is right and to do his duty, it is I. Not a day passes but a feeble voice ascends to God. But I have sometimes feared it is all mockery, from the want of confiding faith. May this not long be so, is my humble prayer."

Every day's observation confirms the teaching of Scripture, that "there are diversities of operations, but the same Spirit." The three great questions — the truth of Christianity, his personal interest in it, and the consecration of himself to the Christian ministry, were together pressed home upon the mind and heart of young Lobdell by the providence and the Spirit of God; and neither of them was so settled as to give him any peace or satisfaction, till they were all resolved together; and that, not as he fondly flattered himself, not as men in general would logically infer, not perhaps as Christian men would generally expect, — not by first working out the problem of the evidences of Christianity, and then settling the question of his personal faith and salvation, and, last of all, dedicating himself to the service of Christ in his gospel; — but if there was any priority, the process was in the reverse order. He first deliberately resolved to make it the great business of his life to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, to dying men. Then, and not till then, did he experience all the preciousness of that Saviour to his own soul; and in that blissful experience his doubts and difficulties vanished, like darkness and mist before the rising sun. Even so our Saviour taught, that "he who doeth his *will* shall know of the *doctrine*, whether it be of God." And so in all his future life, when these doubts and difficulties would return upon him, like a strong man armed, as they sometimes did even on missionary ground, and he could neither reason them down nor will them down, he would turn his back upon them, and lose sight and thought of them in doing the will of his divine Master.

His feelings were always exuberant, and his joy at the great change which now came over him was thus expressed in a letter to his friend, bearing date, Amherst College, October 15th, 1845: "Could you have a knowledge of my feelings at the present time, I am confident that joy and gladness would brighten your countenance, as much as grief and pain may formerly have darkened it. Oh! never, my dear friend, shall I forget your kindness towards me in pointing me to that Saviour who has bled and died for me. It is by your instrumentality, to all human appearance, that I have been rescued from the yawning gulf of eternal misery. Rescued, do I say? Yes, yes, Julius, I have at length consecrated myself to the service of my God. Praise him that he has looked down in mercy, and drawn me by his omnipotent power to give myself away to him. How strange it was, as you say, that I did not yield to the strivings of the Holy Spirit, which troubled my guilty conscience from day to day. But, thank God, I have been permitted to hope that I am saved from the eternal world of wo. I trust I shall ever praise him that I was not sent to the judgment seat before I made my peace with him. . . . Millions of human beings I see in imagination standing on or hurrying over the brink of that precipice, which leads to the eternal world of wo. Each has an immortal soul. What a thought! Oh the value of a soul! Can I be the instrument of saving one from the misery that seems to await it? I will try. I have determined, heedless of the pleasure I had anticipated of soon being quietly settled in life, and living in the enjoyment of the world, to devote myself to the interests of Christianity. The only question with me is, *how* can I do the most good? Is it by preaching publicly? If so, and I shall remain convinced, as I now am, I mean to do it."

The reader will, perhaps, be struck with the peculiar vividness with which "the eternal world of wo" seems to be set before the mind of the writer of this letter. Aside from the lively joy of his own rescue, this peculiarity is, perhaps, explained by the fact, that the doctrine of future and eternal punishment had long been to him a subject of peculiar difficulty. He read and thought and reasoned much on the subject, up to the time of his hopeful conversion. The first interview which the writer of these pages had with him soon after the great change in his views and feelings, had for its object, chiefly, to ask for the manuscript of a sermon which the writer had preached in the college chapel the previous Sabbath on this subject. The text was in Rev. xix., 3: "And again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up forever and ever;" and the doctrine of the discourse was, that the everlasting destruction of the wicked is a needful vindication of divine justice; and as such, all holy beings will approve and rejoice in it, as all good citizens rejoice at the infliction of condign punishment on the transgressors of the law of the land. Lobdell took the sermon to his room, read and copied it, and expressed his cordial acquiescence in the sentiment. From the time when this doctrine of revelation became a part of his accepted creed, it was not, as it is with many professed believers, an idle tale or a practical nonentity, but a vivid and dreadful reality. An endless hell was ever before him just as real as an eternal heaven, and he believed and acted upon the belief that it was the certain and inevitable doom of all who die without a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was only a short time after this great change in his feelings, that with characteristic promptness and decision he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. Seldom does the first term of the year pass away in Amherst College without some hopeful conversions, and some additions from the world to the church, especially in the Freshman class. It is partly, perhaps, the natural result of the new and trying circumstances in which they are placed. Away from home and friends, cast perhaps for the first time on their own resources, and exposed to temptations and dangers, it is natural that they should feel, as they never did before, their need of an all-wise friend and an almighty protector. And when, besides this, they hear faithful preaching and come under the influence of faithful Christian friends, they are not unfrequently led to repentance and eternal life. It was on the 9th of November, 1845, that, with four others, Lobdell was proposed for admission to the church; on the 23d of the same month, this little band of young Christians stood up before the whole college, and avouched the Lord Jehovah to be their God, and publicly dedicated themselves forever to his service. Lobdell and one other were baptized into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It was one of those seasons of solemn interest and sacred joy, of which there have been so many in the history of this Christian college, long to be remembered by those who have witnessed them, and whose influence has been felt to the ends of the earth, and will be to the end of time, and through the ages of eternity. The feelings of the subject of this memoir on those eventful Sabbaths are thus recorded in his diary: "Scarcely ever have such feelings filled my breast. Oh the goodness of God towards me! What sweet communion with him have I this day enjoyed. How willing am I to live and endure any privations for the advancement of his cause. I lean on the arm of Christ for support, feeling that my own strength is but weakness. Oh that I may be the means, with the help of God, of saving all my relations and dear friends from death eternal! If I ever utter a sincere prayer, it is when I cry to God for their salvation. May I be the means of doing much good to my fellow-students. Let my heart be warm in the service of God. May I have grace to support me in every duty now especially devolved upon me."

The sincerity of these prayers was evinced in immediate and constant efforts, by private conversation, by public exhortations, and by epistolary correspondence, to win his fellow-students, his relations, and other friends to the knowledge and obedience of that truth which he had found so precious in his own happy experience.

CHAPTER IV.

College Life — Variety of Character — Mental Excitement — Engaged in Teaching — High Rank as a Scholar — Received as a Beneficiary of the American Education Society — Economy — Faithfulness in all College Studies — Habits of Study — Prize Essay — Reading — Manner of Reading — Writing and Speaking — College Societies — Total Abstinence — Prayer Meetings — Secret Prayer — Meditation — The Bible and the Sabbath — Christian Life — Relation to Teachers and Fellow-Students — Christian Motives in Study — Personal Efforts for the Salvation of Sinners — Interest in Revivals — Vacations — Usefulness in Teaching — At South Amherst — In New London — The ill-fated Atlantic — At Old Hadley — In New York City — Interested in and adapted to the West — Decision to be a Foreign Missionary — Letter to his Mother.

College life is proverbially subject to fixed laws; to usages which have come down from antiquity, and therefore can not easily change with times and circumstances; to rules which are enacted for the government of many, and therefore can not safely bend to the caprice or the genius of single individuals. To the superficial looker-on, it might well appear as monotonous as the college bell, by which it is regulated; as stereotype as the text-books, to whose mastery it is devoted. The same unvarying routine of prayers, meals, study hours, and recitations, from day to day and week to week, term after term and year after year, might seem to furnish little scope for genius and originality, little room for incident and variety, and still less for adventure and romance. But one who looks beneath the surface can see no less variety of character and conduct, no less of heroic achievement, and scarcely less of what is sometimes called romance in real life, in the little secluded college community, than in the great world by which it is surrounded. The public are sufficiently familiar with stories of college pranks and tricks. These are stereotype indeed. They have been retailed and detailed and exaggerated by the tongue and by the pen of those heroes of their own tales, who often have nothing else to tell of their achievements, till too many outside of college walls have scarcely any other associations with college life, than of nocturnal adventures, sophomoric forays and tutorial reprisals. But there is, in fact, a great deal of quite another sort of genius, and of heroism too, which passes unobserved by the common eye, and seldom reaches the ear of the public. There is the ring and the flash which show the true metal, when "Greek meets Greek" in private discussion or public debate, in the study, in the literary society, or in the lecture-room. There is that marvelous mental activity, that almost perpetual effervescence of wit and genius, which results from the combined action of so many youthful minds on such fruitful subjects, and which explains the unquestionable fact, that so many of the great discoveries and movements that have changed the current of human history, have originated in the university. There are heroic conflicts, not only with ignorance and indolence and temptation, but with poverty, and discouragement, and difficulties of every kind. There are mighty struggles, not only for superiority to others, but for a far nobler victory over self. There are high aspirations, not for rank and distinction merely, but for true scholarship and moral excellence.

Henry Lobdell felt the power of all these circumstances and motives pressing upon his excitable mind, and stirring him to unwonted activity. He expatiated in the broad field of college studies and college life, as in a new world. He exulted in the consciousness of new powers. "Oh! how I prize my privileges in college," he exclaims, as soon as he began to enjoy them. And as daily collision with teachers and fellow-students elicited daily more and more the consciousness of intellectual life; as new subjects, coming continually before him, awakened in him a never-ending succession of new ideas; as his ardent and aspiring mind caught eagerly new discoveries and teemed with new projects, he was ready not only to cry out, "I have found it," with the self-gratulation of the ancient philosopher of Syracuse, but with something like the benevolence of the Christian, to say to others, "Come and see;" come and enjoy it with me; this is the place for calling a man's faculties into vigorous and joyous action. He soon had his friend Seelye with him for a classmate, and at length for a roommate; and it was not long before a number of kindred spirits, attracted by him from his native "Fairfield," shone around him as a constellation of bright stars in the institution.

But his college life was far from flowing in a smooth and untroubled stream. It was rather a continual struggle with wind and tide. He had not been in college a week, before his bank—his "*Danbury Bank*," as he facetiously calls it—was reduced to five dollars capital and deposits; and before his first term closed he was obliged to suspend specie payments. His first vacation replenished it somewhat by teaching. But before the end of his Freshman year, his resources were again exhausted, and he was in debt. Again he had recourse to teaching, that standing resort—would that we could say, *never-failing* resource—of poor students, to which they betake themselves—for much the same purpose, it would seem, for which the old Greek philosophers frequented the courts of princes, viz.: "to give what they have, and to *get what they have not*." Finding his services in demand, and not feeling in any very imminent peril of overstocking his bank, he continued to teach through two entire terms of his Sophomore year. On his return to college at the commencement of the third term, such was his industry, and such his facility of learning, he was already prepared for immediate examination in Latin and mathematics. His Greek was deferred and made up during the fall vacation. He went on through the Junior year without any interruption, though his straits at times occasioned him much perplexity; and he resorted to all the lawful *means*, between the two extremes of digging and begging, to obtain the needful supply. Like the two young men of whom we read in the history of one of the minor Socratic schools of philosophy, he would grind corn in the prison by night, if he might thereby procure the means to study by day; but he must, at all events, study and seek after wisdom. "An education I will have," he wrote his father, "cost what it may. It looks pretty dark ahead sometimes; but a little further on, it looks bright enough to compensate for it all." He sold books and periodicals. He wrote for the newspapers and magazines. He competed for prizes in and out of college, with various success. But he coveted time even more than money. And for the sake of saving a year in professional study, and thus entering so much sooner the missionary field, not content with the incessant labors and excitements already superadded to his studies in college, in November, 1848, before the close of the first term of his Senior year, he went to New York and attended a course of medical lectures. Finally he was absent from college a part of the last term of the same year, teaching, that he might be able to pay his bills at Commencement.

When he looked back from his missionary station and saw at what an expense of health and strength, as well as knowledge and culture, this saving of time was purchased, he disapproved of this haste, and, as we shall see more fully hereafter, advised his younger brother to abridge nothing from the entire college course. But notwithstanding these repeated absences, amounting in all to more than an entire year of the regular curriculum, so remarkable was his power of concentration and rapid acquisition, that he was graduated with a very high rank in a class distinguished for talents and scholarship; and his oration at the Commencement of 1849 was not only received with marked applause by the audience, but noticed with special commendation in the public journals.

In common with no inconsiderable proportion of our best ministers and missionaries, Lobdell was a beneficiary of the American Education Society. This was a trial to his naturally proud and independent spirit. Like the great missionary explorer of Central Africa, whom he resembled in some of the leading traits of his character, and whose career would have had for him many attractions, he would rather have made his way unassisted and alone. But he submitted to receive aid, not only as a necessary means of saving time, but as a needful lesson in the school of humility. Economy was not natural to him. It was a virtue which was not born in him, and which it was never quite easy for him to practise. He was naturally generous, not to say lavish, of money. He could not resist the temptation to buy books. He *must* have food for his craving intellect. He *would* have the tools for doing well his appointed work. He never could withhold the hand of charity, when the needy object was before his eyes. He seemed to love others better than himself. While struggling with poverty himself, he would relieve the necessities of the widow and the fatherless whom he knew in Amherst, or the destitute strangers whom he met in his walks through the haunts of wretchedness in the city of New York. "Dec. 3d, 1847: Went into a hotel in Broadway. A little, fine-looking boy came in to sell toothpicks. Poor, but bright. Gave him enough to send him to school a week, which he said he would devote to that object. Evening School—cost three cents a night. Poor boy! would I could take and educate you. I know you would do well. But I can hardly get along myself." This is by no means the only or the most striking instance of the kind that might be gleaned from his college diary. But he never lavished money needlessly on himself. Both money and time he could put to a better use than in catering to his appetites. He wasted no dollars in riding, no shillings in oysters and ice creams, no cents in nuts and candies. He often walked more or less on his way to and from college, sometimes rode in second-class cars, and generally went on foot when he had occasion to visit places in the vicinity. He boarded most of the time in a club, where he could live cheap, though in so doing he was obliged to separate himself from some of his best friends, who were able to board in private families.

He was not only a talented and successful, but, what is a higher and perhaps rarer excellence, a conscientious and faithful student. Next to God and his own soul, his lessons received the first attention. His business in college was to pursue college studies; and with this primary duty, he never suffered toil and anxiety for pecuniary means, much less idle talk or present gratification of whatever kind, to interfere. While on college ground, he was never absent or tardy at a college exercise. His hours of study and recreation, though of the latter he allowed himself too little, were as regular as those of public recitation. In the summer of his Sophomore year, as we learn from his diary, he rose at four, and retired at nine. He walked a short distance, or exercised a little in the gymnasium, after each of his meals, and the rest of the day, excepting the hours of recitation and of public and private exercises of devotion, he studied "about all the time."

He was faithful alike in the studies of all the departments. His natural preference, perhaps, was for the mathematics and the physical sciences. He loved argument. He delighted in demonstration. His mind was eminently practical; and he was pleased to see the applications of science to the uses of common life, as well as the carrying out of mathematical principles in the structure of the universe. At the same time, he looked at the several branches of mathematical and physical science as so many parts of the science of God; and the manifestations of divine wisdom and goodness in chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, often drew from him emphatic expressions of wonder and delight.

When he entered college, he was the most deficient in Greek and Latin, and therefore the least able to appreciate and enjoy the beauty of the ancient classics. But for that very reason, instead of studying them less, as many short-sighted and irresolute students do, he studied them more; just as Kirke White, finding himself deficient in a taste for the mathematics, and regarding it as indicative of a want of just balance and proportion in his mental faculties, resolved to labor strenuously till the balance was restored. He made rapid proficiency in the languages; read appreciatingly Greek and Latin authors; admired especially Demosthenes and Tacitus, and mourned that the light of Christianity never dawned upon them; insisted on the great value, if not the indispensable necessity of classical studies as a discipline of the mental powers, particularly the power of communication, and as a preparation for influence and usefulness, especially in the sacred ministry; and came at length to such an appreciation and enjoyment of their intrinsic beauty and excellence, that he wished he could stay at home to spend his life in the study of the classics.

As the mathematics are the framework of the material universe, so "the dead languages," (so called, apparently, because they *never* die,) are the roots of the recent tongues, and Greek and Roman culture is the foundation of modern refinement. It is not strange, then, that in the studies of the Junior year, he thought he had almost completed the circle of human wisdom, and quite reached the climax of pleasurable excitement. But when he became a Senior, mental philosophy, with its accompanying ethical studies, was, if possible, still more captivating. "I do love metaphysics," he says in his diary, Sept. 3d, 1848. "There it is we look into the seeds of things."

There was then no such thing as an established prize or scholarship in Amherst College. But Rev. Dr. Packard, of Shelburne, one of the original trustees and founders of the college, offered to that class a premium for the best essay on the Nature and Importance of Mental Science. Lobdell wrote on the subject, and gained the prize. The connection between physiology and psychology, as the connecting link between his medical and his metaphysical studies, was a subject in which he was greatly interested. He wrote on the subject, and read his essay before the class; and the Professor (Prof. Smith, now of Union Theological Seminary, in New York City,) was so much pleased with it as to express a desire for its publication. It was his purpose, if anything had occurred to prevent his going abroad as a missionary, to write a book on the subject. This idea is thus adverted to in his diary: "How infinite are the instances in which I daily behold the nice adaptation of the body to the spirit. What a mechanism is the human body! I think, *if* I do not go to China, I shall write a work in my theologico-medical character, on the adaptation of the various parts of the body to the human mind — bearing in mind that Chalmers has treated in a general manner of this subject — so my medical knowledge may not be useless. Still I hope to go to the heathen." His thesis at the end of his first course of medical lectures, in New York, was on the connection between psychology and medicine — a subject of vast importance, which is perhaps even more overlooked by physicians generally, than the correlative subject of the connection between physiology and theology is neglected by ordinary ministers. No man is qualified to prescribe for the maladies of either the body or the soul, who is not intimately acquainted with the mysterious sympathy that exists between them.

In the school of Plato, at Athens, there was one disciple, small of stature, slender in form, with a forward, downward look, expressive of intense thought and great mental activity — for so his form has come down to us in that most intensely thoughtful and intellectual statue in the Palazzo Spada, at Rome, and so his features have been transmitted to us by ancient writers — who was called "the reader" of the school. We will not say that Lobdell was the Aristotle of his class; for, besides the extravagance of the compliment, there were not a few points of dissimilarity. But he was at least *Aristotelian* in form and attitude, in the reasoning and practical cast of his mind, and in his intense devotion to reading and study. He read, in the first place, every thing he could lay hold of that was collateral to his studies. Go into his room after he had finished his lesson in natural philosophy, and you would see him poring over Silliman's Journal, the Bridgewater Treatises, or Mrs. Somerville's Connection of the Physical Sciences. If the Iliad or Odyssey was the classic for the day, such books as Wood's Essay on the Original Genius of Homer, or Coleridge's Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, would be found lying on his table. In connection with Demosthenes on the Crown, he read the counterpart oration of Æschines, and, so far as possible, the other oratory, as well as the history of that period. While reciting with his class Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity in punishing the Wicked, he read, in a translation, not a few of the other ethical treatises of the great Grecian moralist. And when Stewart was the text-book in mental philosophy, we find him reading, at one time, St. Hilaire's Preface in French to the Translation of Aristotle, and Theodore Jouffroy, also in the original, as well as Dr. Moore on the Connection of Body and Mind, and Small Books on Great Subjects; at another, Morell and Hickok's Rational Psychology. Then he took a wide range of reading in history, poetry, and general literature. His reading of medical authors was extensive. As he became interested in the cause of missions, he read every thing that had a bearing on the missionary work, and especially every thing relating to China, his then expected field of labor. Some books, such for instance as most of the current issues of the press, he devoured almost at a sitting. Others he studied, reflected upon them, discussed them with his fellow-students, and took notes or abstracts of their contents. Such were the standard authors in history, poetry and philosophy — Hume, Gibbon, Prescott, Milton, Cowper, Young, Bacon, Johnson, Carlyle, Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, whose tragedies he greatly admired, and, most of all, the Bible, which he read and studied for its literature and philosophy, as well as its religion. In his Freshman year, he commenced an epitome of the Bible, "to see," he says, "my own views of its various parts now, and see if they change hereafter. I know it will take me a long time, probably years, writing only Sundays. But I want to know more of the Bible. To-day (Aug. 9, 1846,) have written on the Book of Ruth, as we are reading along here now." The philosophical emperor of Rome, the great philosopher and divine of New England, and not a few other good men read with their pen always at hand. Lobdell early adopted this very useful practice. "I read as much as possible, not in *quantity*, but in *attention*, and digest well what I do read, noting down all important thoughts, which I might otherwise forget."

At the same time, he did not, like too many good scholars and great readers in college, neglect writing and speaking. "Knowledge is power," and so is a pond of water, power; but it is of no use unless it is skillfully applied. Deeming the proper expression of his ideas not less essential than the ideas themselves, he devoted much time to writing, debating, and elocution, not only performing punctually every part assigned him in the class and before the college at the appointed time, but writing for improvement for the College Magazine, and for other periodicals, speaking extempore whenever and wherever he had an opportunity, taking lessons and practising in the woods near the college, as he had done in those of his native place, till he was acknowledged to be the ablest debater, the readiest extemporizer, and one of the most direct and effective writers and speakers in the institution.

As a means of cultivating his power of communication, he attached great value to the exercises of the Literary Society, of which he was a member. Here, too, he resolved at the outset to attend every meeting and fulfill every appointment; and he was not the man to fail in carrying such a resolution into full effect. He was very much interested in the meetings of the Society of Inquiry for Missions, and contributed not a little, particularly in the latter part of his college course, to the interest of the meetings, as well as to the right adjustment of the great practical questions which were there discussed.

He was a faithful member and cordial supporter of the Antivenenian Society — a society based on a pledge of total abstinence from ardent spirits, wine, opium and tobacco during connection with college — of which, from its first establishment in 1829, nearly all the officers, and a majority of the students, have always been members. His sense of the importance of such a society, and of the necessity of the principle as well as the practice of total abstinence among young men and their teachers, may be gathered from his record of what he witnessed of the customary New Year's visits in the city of New York. "Jan. 1, 1849. I went about to call with the other medical students on the professors. How shameful in men thus exalted to offer to young men the damning stimulus, which will be their ruin! It was easy for me to decline the proffered goblet from the venerable or the youthful hand. How strange that men have not the moral courage to stick to principle under *all* circumstances."

He was just as regular in his attendance on all the stated religious meetings of the week, as at the daily recitations or the public services of the chapel on the Sabbath. At the Sabbath morning prayer meeting, at the Thursday evening lecture, at the class meeting on Saturday evening, he was always present, always ready to take a part in prayer or exhortation, always in earnest, as if he felt it to be not more his duty than his delight. To these stated meetings he added frequent special seasons of social prayer, and, in times of unusual religious interest, a daily meeting of twenty minutes or half an hour at his own room or the room of a fellow-student, usually in his own "entry." In the latter part of his course, he originated, I believe, — at all events he attended, — a weekly missionary meeting, which has since been sustained, under the name of the Missionary Band, and which usually numbers some twenty or twenty-five who intend to be foreign missionaries. His delight in social meetings for prayer is expressed in many a record in his diary. "How strange that Christians can neglect to attend the stated prayer meeting! To me it is the most delightful part of the week. My soul is refreshed to mingle my prayers with those of my brethren for one great object, the conversion and sanctification of a world; and I never go away from a prayer meeting feeling that I have gained no benefit."

Nor did these frequent seasons of social prayer interfere with his private devotions. He commenced the practice of daily prayer with his room-mate the very first evening after the great change in his religious feelings. Since his early childhood, it was the first prayer he had offered in the presence of a fellow mortal. Neither of the two was a professor of religion at the time, though they joined the college church together before the end of the term; and they continued this practice of united prayer as long as they roomed together. Besides, he had from two to four stated seasons of daily secret prayer and meditation. If at any time he neglected these or cut them short, he felt the effect in blunted religious sensibilities, in an impaired relish for social meetings and for public worship. He found by experience that his Christian enjoyment, his growth in grace and strength of religious principle, his faithfulness in every duty and his success in efforts to do good, were all in exact proportion to his improvement and enjoyment of *private* devotions; and his delight in secret prayer, as well as his conviction that it is the Christian's life, grew with every year of his college course. He thus sums up his convictions and conclusions near the close of his Senior year:

"This important fact was impressed upon me, that we can not be at all sure of living through any one day aright, so as to look back upon it with entire satisfaction, without continually asking divine aid in the discharge of duty. We must pray daily, hourly have a spirit of prayer, or we shall fall into many sad mistakes. It is in vain to try to convert a soul by mere reasoning,—prayer is needed. It should not only be the Christian's 'watchword at the gate of death,' it should be his *continually-felt* word from hour to hour. It is our duty, and the most exalted privilege of man. Cut off this right hand; but leave me the privilege of prayer; it is the Christian's life."

Meditation he regarded as a natural and necessary accompaniment of reading the Scriptures and prayer, the appropriate means of digesting spiritual food, and nurturing the Christian life, and not to be dispensed with even under the severest pressure of other duties: "I have little time for reading, this term,—hardly have time to meditate. Yet I *will* take a certain amount of time every day for this. And oh, how good to do it,—then I think of God and duty, and am happy." "I must pray more, and meditate. Three quarters of an hour a day is not enough."

He delighted in the Bible and the Sabbath, reverenced them as of divine origin and authority, regarded them as made for man and made for *each other*, and diligently improved them as among the most efficient of all Heaven's appointed means of sanctification. Not long after his conversion, (Sunday, February 1, 1846,) he writes thus: "Read Bickersteth's Scripture Help; also twenty chapters in Proverbs. What a fountain of pure knowledge and wisdom there is in the Bible! I never could understand its truths as I now do. All seems perfect harmony. Though once in a while a passage may seem to contradict some other, yet if we compare them accurately with the context, we shall find that there is not more harmony in the rolling of the heavenly orbs around their common center, — that there is not more regularity and life and power in the rushing of the purple flood through our veins. Oh, how I delight to dwell on its precious truths." March 20, 1848: "Read several chapters in Acts; and the story of Paul's travels never seemed so interesting before. It was as pleasing as any novel I ever read. I do love the Bible." Thursday evening, June 8, 1848: "The president gave us a good sermon on keeping the Sabbath. I will try to keep the day more holy, be better at the close of every one than at its beginning. It is a day given us to study the Bible and to advance in holiness." Few students, few young Christians in our day, it is to be feared, so esteem and so use the Sabbath. Yet universal observation and experience will attest that Christians grow in grace just in proportion to the sacredness with which they devote this holy day to the word and worship of God. His friends have informed the writer that young Lobdell observed the Sabbath with almost Puritanical strictness. He avoided all unnecessary labor, blacked his boots on Saturday, and made it as far as possible a "day of preparation" for the Sabbath. He condemned himself for having once taken the boat with some of his friends from Staten Island to New York to attend church there;

and in every suitable way, by precept and example, he set his face as a flint against the prevailing desecration of the Lord's day.

Yet he was at the farthest possible remove from a bigoted and fanatical regard for outward forms or inward feelings. Few Christians — few young Christians, especially — have been so deeply sensible, as young Lobdell was in college, that Christianity is not a mere system of doctrines and observances, nor a series of feelings and frames of mind, but a *life* — a life of faith and love and holy joy, a life of obedience to the commands of God and devotion to the good of men. No one can read his diary without feeling that to do his whole duty and lead a Christian life was the strongest desire of his heart. No one could know him, even in college, without seeing that his chief study, his daily business, his highest ambition was to be a Christian scholar and a Christian man, and, in due time a Christian minister and missionary, "that need not be ashamed." He constantly looked at all his studies in their relation to God, and found in them perpetual illustrations of Christian truth and duty. He strove to be governed by Christian principles and to manifest a Christian spirit in all his relations to his teachers and his fellow-students. The terms in which he speaks of the president — his *beloved* president — and the professors, all of them, are habitually respectful, affectionate, generous; their hearts would be touched, could they read his expressions of love and confidence; but they are too sacred for the public eye. He was genial, manly, frank, outspoken in conversation with his fellows. Yet he guarded his lips against causing needless pain to any student by what he said before his face, as well as against saying anything to the injury of others behind their back. "There is a habit which almost all the students have of speaking against others, if not directly, in such a manner that the person meant is always known; and I am sorry to know that I am somewhat given to that fault. I resolve to say nothing of this sort in any place, that I would not say before the individual's face. I pray that I may be able to carry out this determination." "I began this day with the determination to live right. But at table I said some things to ——, for which I am sorry; and I am led to see how vain it is to trust in my own strength. I thought I did trust in God. But to do this, one must feel constantly his relations to the world and to God, and must realize that every word and deed has an influence on eternal interests."

It was his strenuous endeavor, and more and more as he advanced in his course, to study, not from selfish or worldly, but from conscientious and Christian motives. This cost his naturally ambitious spirit a severe and protracted struggle. More than once he fell beneath the strong temptation to this easily besetting sin of college life. But he watched and prayed and strove, and at length he became, if not quite indifferent, yet quite superior to human praise and worldly distinction. In his Freshman year, he writes: "Worldly ambition is too great in my bosom. I will try to eradicate it, root and branch. I offered a prayer this morning in the Rhetorical Room, (at the general meeting of the students on Sunday morning,) and as I closed, I even dared to think I had made a good prayer, and that my companions would think I was a fellow of some talent. Oh, what a thought for me to cherish! Great God! has my piety become so cold and dead? Renew it, Father in heaven!"

In his Sophomore year, he is conscious of a desire to stand well in his class, but says: "May I not desire it merely for the present honor, but for the good of my fellow-men. Vanity covers all these efforts of men for fame that must die. Give me, O God, that imperishable laurel, with which thou wilt deck the brow of every 'beloved' one in thy kingdom!" The following entries in his diary of the Junior year indicate a growing indifference to the opinions of men as compared with the approbation of God: "Made a slight mistake in recitation this morning, but find it does not now affect me as it used to do. I tried to the best of my ability to get my lesson, but for want of time was not able to learn it perfectly. I believe God approves, and that is enough." "To-day I 'flunked' in my philosophy. It is the first time I ever did, and it shall be the last. Felt rather bad about it. I am determined to take a high stand in my class. But I hope I do it that I may better glorify God." "I do not feel God's presence as I should. Yet I know I am becoming more and more indifferent to human praise, and prefer to do God service, rather than myself. The appointments of college do not affect me as formerly. Not that I am not as successful as ever, and more so perhaps; but I am beginning to realize that there is no wisdom like that of serving God aright. I pray for strength to enable me to do it." As he advanced to Senior standing, a momentary pang of regret came over him for those offices in the Literary Society, which he had perhaps fairly earned by his fidelity and ability as a member, but which, like too many of the offices in the gift of the people, are not always bestowed on the most deserving. But he would not for a moment condescend to the "wire-pulling" and "pipe-laying," by which they were procured. He also wrote several pieces for publication, and acknowledges that he is not altogether free from that "last infirmity of noble minds," a desire for literary fame; but he despises it, *in itself considered*, as merely "a fancied life in others' breath," and values it only as tributary to the cause of missions and the honor of Christ. "I *am* ambitious; but if I know my own heart, it is that I may become instrumental of good."

Before he dared to aspire to the honors of an educated minister of the gospel, or even to cherish a hope in Christ for himself, it will be remembered that the life of Harlan Page appeared to him a life to be coveted. After his conversion, he regarded it as a life which he would endeavor to *live*, and entered at once upon a course of personal efforts for the salvation of sinners, which he pursued more or less faithfully to the day of his death, and whose results will be seen only in the light of another world. He talked with irreligious students at their rooms and at his own. He walked with them for the purpose of religious conversation. He wrote letters to relatives and friends who were at a distance. He felt a deep interest in revivals of religion, and, as is usually the case with those who are most faithful in the improvement of ordinary means and opportunities for usefulness, was ever ready to engage in special efforts for the salvation of souls. It was his happiness to witness in the second term of his Freshman year, one of those seasons of refreshing, so many of which have marked the history of Amherst College. His diary shows how much it enlisted his sympathies and efforts, and, though concise and fragmentary, would almost suffice to write a history of its progress. Thursday, Feb. 26, 1846: "This is the day of annual fasting and prayer for colleges. No literary exercises. A. M.— Prayer meeting of all the members of college, officers and students. Very serious. P. M.—The most impressive sermon (I think I can say) that I ever heard. Evening.—Meeting of our class; spoke and led in prayer. Interesting, very." Friday, 27: "All appear much interested in the work of a revival. Evening.—The president met the professors of religion in college, and made some very serious remarks. He called on the Christian students of Amherst College to aid in the glorious work; and I am sure many fervent prayers were offered up for a revival, by all who love the Lord. With three others, held a prayer meeting for the conversion of one of our class." Saturday, 28: "Evening.—Good sermon from Prof. ———, on the agency of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of sinners. After it, our class had a meeting. Good, solemn. God's Spirit was truly with us." Thursday, March 5: "Our meetings are very interesting. God's Spirit is truly with us; and oh that Christians might awake to a sense of their duty! After the usual Thursday evening lecture, a meeting for special prayer at the Rhetorical Room. The professors spoke very affectingly. I resolved to live a better life." Monday evening, March 9: "Meeting at the president's. Question, Is the Spirit of the Lord among us or not? Quickly decided, that it is. It is indeed a solemn thought." Tuesday, 10: "Half a dozen of us have concluded to hold prayer meetings at each other's rooms half an hour, for several mornings. At *our* room this morning. It is truly pleasant to commune with God, and to feel that our sins are forgiven. I pray earnestly for his Spirit to assist me, that I may live more in accordance with the character of a Christian. How little I do for Christ, although I trust he bought me with his blood." Wednesday, 11: "Many sinners are turning to God." Sunday, 15: "Never have I observed such an appearance among the impenitent as to-day in this college. Many of the most thoughtless and hardened were very solemn, and seemed to feel that they were rebels against God." 16: "Good meeting at the president's. Very solemn talk with one of my class, who is deeply convicted of sin. Prayed with him, and entreated him to seek God before it is too late." 20: "Sinners are hourly, almost, flying to the Saviour. This evening a young man of the Sophomore class is heard praying (in an adjoining room)—has been for an hour and a half. Oh, what agony he suffers! May God have mercy on him, and may he find sweet peace in Jesus." Sunday, 22: "What sermons! It seems as if no man could resist their power. I thank God that I am allowed to hear such glorious news from my friends around me, who are daily turning to God. One after another is converted. There is no great excitement. All is the work of God. I praise him, and will forever. Evening.—Just now, I hear, another is rejoicing in God. I have had some most serious conversations with him. For some time he has been serious and downcast; but now he is all wonder and joy."

Wherever the announcement is made that Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and the people flock to him with their spiritual maladies, and the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached to them, there is, and well there may be, great joy in that city. But when a college is thus visited—where two or three hundred young men are congregated, with their young and active minds continually acting and reacting upon one another, with their fresh and warm hearts beating in constant and lively sympathy; where all dwell in the same buildings, engage in the same studies and recreations, listen to the same literary and religious teachers, sit side by side in the same lecture-rooms, and meet daily in the same place for morning and evening prayers; when all, in a word, are of the same age, and that the age most susceptible to lasting impressions, and all breathe the same atmosphere, and that an atmosphere charged with electric influences—when such a gracious visit is whispered through *college*, and the blind are heard crying, "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on us," and the lepers plead, "if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," and those possessed of unclean spirits stand awed and trembling in that sacred presence, and even those quite dead in sins of the deepest dye own his life-giving power — oh! then who can describe the breathless silence and suspense with which anxious friends and sympathizing acquaintance watch the progress of each miracle of healing, as they come in succession under the eye and hand of the Great Physician; and who can tell the thrill of unutterable joy that runs through the community, when they see and hear what he has done for their souls! And when the blind that now see, and the lepers that are cleansed, and the demoniacs that have been dispossessed,—some, peradventure, of seven devils,—and the dead that have been raised, and among them, perhaps, some that were twice dead in their deep and desperate depravity—when, after a season, all these come before the priest in the temple, and present *themselves* as a thank-offering to the Lord, and the whole congregation see what miraculous changes have come over them, there is another scene of wonder and joy—joy, not on earth only, but in the presence of the angels of God. And as they go home, for the first time, new creatures in Christ Jesus, how many fountains of joy are opened in the bosoms of parents and friends. And as they go out into the world, and some become pastors of churches in the cities and villages of the older states, and others pioneers of the gospel in the new settlements, and others heralds of salvation to far-off heathen lands, and this young man becomes a Christian lawyer, and that a pious physician, and here and there one perhaps carries his religious principles with him to the bench or the legislative assembly, how the tide of holy and happy influence spreads over the world, and how will it roll on "all through time and down eternity!" Such is no exaggerated description of a revival of religion in college, and its fruits, as they have again and again been witnessed. Well might young Lobdell sympathize with its progress, and rejoice in its results. He had occasion to praise God for more than one such season during his college course, though none was so marked as that of which we have taken note as having occurred in his Freshman year. Between twenty-five and thirty (the whole college at that time numbered only about a hundred and twenty-five) indulged the hope that they had passed from death to life. A large proportion of them are now ministers of the gospel; not a few are teachers of youth in academy or college. One is a missionary in China; and another, who devoted himself to the missionary work, a youth of rare genius and promise and a bosom friend of Lobdell,* is in heaven.

Lobdell's vacations were too much like term time. He did not know how to unbend. The word recreation was not in his vocabulary. Had it been, in all probability he would now have been in the midst of life and usefulness. Professor Wyttenbach, of the Leyden University, extols the wisdom of the founders of the Dutch Universities in instituting vacations for the twofold purpose of affording the professors an opportunity to recruit, and the students time for an additional review of their studies. Lobdell seems to have looked on vacations as designed rather for fresh excursions into the field of knowledge and of usefulness. He took no excursions for health or pleasure. He never went shooting, fishing, riding, or even walking, for mere recreation. He seldom played or relaxed, except in cheerful conversations and visits with his friends, which he enjoyed greatly. His affections were lively. His temperament was cheerful, almost buoyant. He rarely suffered from low spirits. There was in him nothing of the ascetic. He *enjoyed*, with a keen relish, study, work, prayer, and efforts to do good. These were the pastime and pleasure of his college vacations.

It was a joyful meeting, when he met his mother for the first time, a member of college, a member of the church, and, as he hoped, a member of the family of God. Her last words at parting, when he left for Hartford, were: "The next time I hear from you, Henry, I hope to hear that you are converted." The very first letter she received from him at college, began with the joyful announcement: "Mother, I hope I *am* converted." And when they met after a separation of eight months, there was a new bond of sympathy between them, and a gush of unwonted love and joy. "What a meeting I had with my mother! I burst into tears; but they were tears of joy. Both bound to heaven now — how glorious the thought! But a father to be left? Must it be? Fervent are my prayers for his conversion; and I pray God for wisdom to direct me in speaking to him on personal religion." This first entry in his diary, April 23, 1846, is the key-note to the entire vacation. He had written letters again and again to his father, to his sisters, to his unconverted friends and acquaintance, almost from the day of his own conversion. It was some weeks, however, before he could make up his mind to write to his father. The letter lies before me. It is modest, deferential, filial, yet decided and faithful. It was followed by others, some arguing at length the fundamental doctrines of religion, but all full of expressions of filial love, gratitude, and sympathy with the present trials, as well as anxiety for the future prospects of an honored but unbelieving parent. Such, doubtless, were the tone and temper of the letters he wrote at this time to other irreligious friends. And now he availed himself of the first opportunity to follow up his letters by personal exhortations to a religious life. He conversed respectfully and affectionately with his father. He took the younger children on his lap, and talked to them of Jesus. He pressed the subject of personal religion upon the attention of the older members of the family, and upon the companions of his youth, by conversation or by letter, according as they were present or absent. And he had the happiness of knowing, sooner or later, that his faithfulness was not in vain. He read to his mother, sawed or split wood, and made himself generally useful in the family. He distributed tracts, and attended religious meetings. He delivered lectures and addresses on temperance and education. Sometimes he sold books and periodicals to replenish his funds. More frequently he taught school, a district school, high school or academy, as he found opportunity. He taught five quarters during his four years' college course. If nothing else furnished sufficient occupation for his incessantly active mind, he engaged in the study of medicine. Thus were his vacations, like his term time, a scene of almost uninterrupted labor for his own improvement or for the comfort and well-being of others.

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*J. D. Poland, of North Brookfield, who died shortly after leaving the Theological Seminary at Andover, at the age of 24.

His love of reading and study, and his affectionate attachment to home and friends, both made him shrink from teaching in vacation. But the necessity was laid upon him, and he made of it a virtue and a means of usefulness. "All are preparing to be off," he writes in his diary, at the end of his first term in college. Oh, with what exuberance of delight *Freshmen* hurry home at the close of their *first* college term; and how keenly must our young friend have felt the contrast! "All are preparing to be off. But I must go and work in the schoolhouse till next term, and six weeks more! But I thank my Master that I can there do some good." He taught at this time the district school at South Amherst. And never, while memory lasts, will the good people of South Amherst forget that winter school, and the young Freshman that taught it. They remember him as an able, successful, devoted, and beloved teacher. But they think and speak of him chiefly as a *real Christian*, who said what he believed, and did as he said; who *lived* religion, and longed to see it embraced and exemplified by all around him. He made his lessons the vehicle of moral and religious instruction. He gave occasional lectures on anatomy or some other science, and thus led the thoughts of his pupils up to their Maker. In connection with the morning or evening prayer, he sometimes addressed the whole school more directly on their religious duties. He conversed privately with individual pupils; or, if that method promised a better result, wrote them notes chiefly of a religious nature. In some cases these notes were repeated, and even continued in after years. The writer has before him a series of such letters, addressed to a favorite pupil; and wherever they may begin, they all end with pressing, in various ways, the subject of experimental religion. He attended the social gatherings and the sewing circles of the parish; and while entering with all the warmth and liveliness of his social nature — a liveliness which he sometimes condemned as excessive — into their social enjoyments, he always contrived to insinuate more or less of Christian influence. He took part in the Sunday School, and the religious meetings, and thus extended his influence to all ages and classes of the people. Years afterwards, when Dr. Lobdell had already gone to his rest, and in another town far away from the scene of his labors, the writer fell in with a poor servant woman, who remembered and blessed him for his Christian fidelity; it was a touching testimony at once to the memory of the dead, and to God's faithfulness to his promise — "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

The next year, Lobdell taught three quarters in a High School in New London, Ct. The school was different from that at South Amherst, and he stood in a different relation to it. He had not the principal charge, though he taught the highest branches. But his spirit was the same. Next to the perfect understanding of his lessons, it was his constant study how he could best win his way to the hearts of his pupils, and do them the greatest possible good. The following extracts from his journal at this time, are not only illustrative of his wisdom and fidelity, but may be suggestive to other teachers: "I am endeavoring to gain the affections of my pupils, so that I can speak to them of eternal things. Oh that I may do my duty to them!" "I try in my school to have my efforts all directed to save the souls under my care.

Would to God I could make them all realize that I wish their immortal good, when I am compelled to punish them. There is one way in which I frequently try to bring home religion to their hearts. If I am compelled to inflict punishment on a boy, I often keep him after school, and then tell him of my firm belief in the Bible — that God will bring me to an account for all that I do here, for the very act of punishing him — that he will then cause the motives I had in punishing him to appear distinctly before me — and I must be myself punished if I have done wrong in punishing him. Often do such remarks cause the tear to trickle down the sorrowful cheek, and a promise of amendment then taken I often find far better than any corporeal punishment. I pray God to give me a disposition to do right always." Here, too, he was a teacher in the Sunday School, and "often took part in religious meetings in a very acceptable manner" — such is the testimony of Rev. Dr. Edwards, whose church he usually attended, and who adds: "he was regarded here as a very faithful and industrious teacher, and an earnest and devoted Christian."

While in New London, he narrowly escaped sharing the fate of the passengers of the ill-fated Atlantic which, on Friday, Nov. 27, 1846, at four in the morning, (the morning of the annual thanksgiving,) drifted in a storm upon a rock near Fisher's Island, and was totally wrecked. Very many of those on board found a watery grave, while the rest escaped only through perils and hardships of the most appalling nature. Lobdell was detained by an unexpected visit from a friend. His associate in the school went on board, and was, with difficulty, saved. On Sunday following, some of the dead bodies were carried into the Second Congregational Church, and a sermon, suited to the solemn occasion, was preached by Rev. Dr. McEwen. "Oh! what a day this has been," Lobdell writes in his journal: "May the impressions my mind has received, be abiding as eternity. May I work for God while the day lasts. A few more years, and all this will be forgotten by the multitude; but I pray God I may never forget it." On Monday, he wrote letters to some of his unconverted friends, and "entreated that they would receive them as if coming from the grave."

At the close of his Senior year, and during his Senior vacation, he took the place of a friend of his, who was in bad health, as Principal of Hopkins Academy, in Hadley, Mass. He was there not quite an entire term. But the memory of his consistent piety, his missionary influence, and the Christian eloquence at once of his lips and his life, is still embalmed in the hearts of many there, though the good lady with whom he boarded and who loved him almost as a son, while she did not entertain a doubt of his sincere piety, could hardly forgive his Methodist mother for not having taught him the Assembly's Catechism.

While studying medicine in New York city, he found a field of truly missionary labor, both among the medical students, who were, for the most part, unbelievers, if not scoffers, and also among the poorer classes of the inhabitants, whose ignorance, degradation, vice, and crime, deeply affected his heart. The following extracts from his journal reveal somewhat of his feelings and his doings there: "After the lecture (Nov. 2, 1848,) I walked down Broadway and up Center street, on my way home; and I never have felt so great a call on myself for effort in the Christian work as I have to-night. How many thousands around my very door are going fast down to hell. And I believe it. *Believe it!* Oh that this thought may lead me to devote every vacant moment to the scattering of tracts, to conversing with the poor, to do them good. This is my prayer, O God; and wilt thou help me to do much for their eternal well-being." Nov. 14: "Went through the region of 'The Five Points.' Oh, what a horrid place! When will the world be purified! These wretched beings live and die, and never hear of Christ. Who shall tell them, or must they perish?" Saturday, Nov. 18: "Have had various talks with individuals this week on religion. Indeed, I will not let a day go by without talking with some on this subject. Find many so hardened, that it seems impossible to affect them; and yet none is so inhuman as not, at times, to shed a human tear. Oh! may I remember that I leave this land soon for the heathen, and there are wretched heathen here." Sunday, Nov. 19: "Talked to prisoners in the City Prison on temperance. I was called on, and make it a rule never to decline. I was glad to have the privilege of telling the poor prisoners that there is hope even for *them*." Sunday, Dec. 24: "Heard this morning an agent of the Sunday School Union. Feel much for the *West*, and if God shall not open the way for me to go East, I think I shall go West, and try to build up a church, yet not even there 'on another man's foundation.'"

Some of his best friends thought that "the West" was Lobdell's appropriate sphere. He knew much by experience of the life of a colporter and a home missionary. While a student in college, he had already *preached* — it was "lay preaching," but none the less powerful for that, — wherever and whenever God gave him the opportunity. And he had that ready, extemporaneous, and moving eloquence, which would have given him great power over the masses at the West. The writer confesses that he had doubts whether Lobdell had not mistaken his sphere, and pleads guilty to the charge of having queried with him on the subject. But *he* maintained, that all his powers and all his experience would find full scope among the heathen; that *there* was the field for self-denial, there, too, for talents, learning, eloquence, and "heroic action;" and, what was decisive, the heathen at home might hear the gospel if they would, and might, peradventure, come under its influence and be saved; but the heathen abroad were beyond its reach, and *must perish* unless it was carried to them by Christian missionaries. This was a part of his creed, fully taught, as he believed, in the Bible; and, like every other part of his creed, it was to him a *reality*. And *duty* was to him a *reality*. While his mind was balancing the subject, or if at any subsequent time it became unsettled, the only question was, What is duty? "My prayer is, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!' If I see it my duty to go to China, I know I will not hesitate an instant. But I fear my vision will be blinded. Oh that the shining honors and transient glitter of this land may not deceive me. May I reject them all, if necessary, and cling to the cross of Christ."

It was in the summer of 1846, in his Freshman year, that his attention seems to have been first called to the subject, as a personal matter, by hearing Rev. Mr. Burgess, of the Mahratta Mission, in the college chapel. His prompt response, recorded in his diary, was: "I will go, if I can see it to be my duty." About a month later, he listened to a stirring appeal from Rev. Dr. Scudder, of Ceylon, and was greatly moved. He went to his room, not to study, but to pray. It was a special subject of prayer through the week; and then, being asked by a class-mate if he was willing to be a missionary, he said, "Yes, and I think I *shall* be;" and asking in turn the same question, heard, with great pleasure, a like response from him. In June, 1847, the attention of these two young men was particularly called to China by one of the Tutors; and in August of the same year, we find them formally devoting themselves to missionary labor in that field, should Providence permit, and solemnly sealing the engagement with their own hand and seal. The resolutions, adopted after much prayer and meditation, are as follows:

"Bought with the blood of Christ, we feel it not only our duty, but our highest privilege, to consecrate all we are, and have, and hope to be, to the service of God, who in his infinite love has redeemed us. And that our coming consecration may be joyfully made, and, in prospect, exert a beneficial influence on our lives,

"Resolved, 1. That in obedience to the command of our Saviour—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' and in view of the condition of millions of perishing heathen, we, bidding adieu to our friends and our native land, will seek China as our field of labor, unless God in his providence shall otherwise direct.

"Resolved, 2. That in all our future life and study, uninfluenced by college and seminary honors, except so far as is consistent with Christian character, we will strive to cultivate a missionary spirit.

"Resolved, 3. That in view of our intended departure from our Christian home—our beloved country—we will seek and improve every opportunity for confirming our brethren in the Christian faith, and warning the impenitent, especially our relatives and friends, of their danger.

"Resolved, 4. That in our mutual intercourse, we will ever exercise a spirit of forbearance and love, will kindly admonish each other of our faults, and, hand in hand, with firm faith in God, will press on in our Christian course, till we enter heaven.

"To these resolutions, in humble dependence on God for support and direction, we will, by his aid, firmly adhere. May God bless us in our efforts, for Christ's sake."

In the course of a few months, they had the happiness of numbering others, whom they loved as classmates and friends, in their little missionary band. Not all of them persevered in their intention. Not all of them were permitted to fulfill the desire of their hearts. One of them we have already mentioned as early transferred to a better world. Lobdell never swerved from his purpose, and never regretted his decision, early in his college course, to become a missionary. Facts show that few college graduates ever stand on heathen shores, unless they do dedicate themselves to the work while members of college. That is the forming period in a young man's life; and what a professedly pious young man is in his standard of piety and in his governing purpose when he leaves college, that he ordinarily continues to be through his professional studies and his public life. Lobdell felt and rejoiced in the happy influence of the decision from the day when it was made. It not only afforded him rest and peace—it shaped his reading and study. It set before him a high standard of Christian character and conduct. It gave him an object to live for which enlarged his views, ennobled his aims, and inspired his soul with something of its own grandeur and loftiness.

The materials of this chapter have been drawn chiefly from the journal. The reader would perhaps like to see a *letter* bearing his *college* "image and superscription." The following may serve as a specimen. It was written to his mother in his Junior year:

Amherst College, Sept. 6, 1848.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am sorry not to have been able to comply with your request "to write soon." But now I will do as well as possible to supply you with a short account of what has transpired with and around me thus far this term.

It has been a very pleasant term to me, though our class has been obliged to study very hard. In fact, this is the place to work, *any time;* and were it not for a long vacation now and then, we students could stand such severe study but a few years. *Some*, however, might live to the age of Methusaleh, so far as hard study has any thing to do with regulating the length of life, for they stay here to enjoy themselves and get their A. B., careless about the claims of an ignorant world. You will believe

I am not one of this character; and my thin cheeks may tend to confirm your opinion, when you see them again. But though hard work does make a bone or two stick out a little here and there, it is delightful to look into the causes of things, and learn the history and development of man. I would not give up this employment for all the mere gold of a world. It seems evident to me, that I am training up my spirit for *eternity*, and Mammon is not *there* a god.

My health has been very good, as usual, since I left home, and with the exception of a headache once in a while, I have been perfectly well. And what is more important, I trust that my progress in spiritual knowledge and health is greater than it has ever been before.

Every day serves to confirm me in my views of religion. Those doubts, which so long haunted me, are dissolving away before the light of truth, and soon doubtless it will be my delight to rest firm on God's promises for ever. Yes, I would do this *now*. How many are his exhibitions of goodness and mercy to us! To-day the President has given us two fine sermons, well adapted for a *fast-day*, on Prayer and Providence. I wish father could have listened to them. He went down into the bottom of the subject, and showed conclusively that God hears prayer and exerts a special providence; and this too, not only from the Bible, but, what to some is more convincing, from philosophy itself. The fact is, if men knew *more*, they would have less hesitation in believing and obeying God. A little learning is indeed dangerous; for how many are deluded and lost by a faint glimmering of light, when the full sun would have disclosed to them the wondrous power and mercy of a redeeming Saviour.

There has been something of a revival here this winter. Quite a number have been converted, and there is still some interest. Some pious parents, who have long prayed for the conversion of their sons, have rejoiced to know that they have prevailed with God. Some holy souls have rejoiced to see these sinners returning to their only Redeemer.

What a change this conversion is! How different one's views before and after conversion! The world — a dying world — then calls aloud for the knowledge of a Saviour's love, and the converted heart feels like listening to and obeying the call. His life is given up to his Master; and it matters little to him whether it be spent amid the ice of Greenland, the hot sands of Africa, the barbarians of India, or where knowledge and peace are spread wide and universal. Yet he does often feel as though the bright land of New England is too good for him; that the cries of the dying heathen should be answered; that Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," should be obeyed. And this is natural, for what would *he* not give for the knowledge of Jesus, far away amid the darkness of pagan superstition and idolatry? He feels that those immortal souls are living for eternal woe, if he give them not the gospel. Hence the reason why so many converts in colleges go and proclaim to such the everlasting truth of God. And it is a noble work!

Yes, mother, this business of saving souls is a great business; and are you at all times living so that you can feel this truth? Let us remember to pray and faint not, for our end is at hand. Yes, soon shall we wing our way to our Father's bosom; and when we remember this, let it encourage us to do our duty while we stay; for then great shall be our reward. Be careful, mother, of your example and influence. I received a letter from H. a few days ago, and I hope she will live devoted to God. I hope to see and talk with you all soon. Tell the children to read the Bible a little before I come home, or they may find it hard to answer some questions which may be asked them. God be with you.

Yours, with affection,

HENRY.

CHAPTER V.

Professional Studies — Inducements to delay — Medical and Theological Studies at New Haven — Freedom of Thought and Speech — Medical Diploma — At Auburn — Severe Mental Conflict — Extracts from Diary — Peace in Believing — Danbury Institute — Marriage — Translation of Prof. DeFelices' History of the Protestants of France — Establishment of the Second Congregational Church in Danbury — Letter to its Members — Offers himself to the service of the American Board — Preference for China — Willingness to go to Mosul — Residence at Andover — Attendance on Hospital Practice in New York — Various Other Engagements — Warns his Brother against Similar Haste.

Numerous and inviting are the avenues to honor and profit which open before a young man, who leaves one of our American colleges with a reputation for superior talents and distinguished scholarship. So far from being under the necessity, like those who have finished the academic course in one of the Universities of Great Britain, or on the Continent, of pursuing professional studies for a definite number of years afterwards, and then of waiting, perhaps a still longer time, for some incumbent to die before he can obtain a situation, there are only too many opportunities, real or fancied, of immediate wealth and distinction, which throng around him to allure him from the path of self-denying duty, or at least to turn him aside from the course of severe discipline and thorough preparation by some shorter road to the summit of influence and usefulness, on which his eye is fixed. It is not strange that many ambitious youth, who have struggled on through years of poverty, yield to such temptations. They would have had strong attractions, not to say an irresistible power, over a person constituted and situated as Lobdell was when he left college, if his heart had not been touched by the grace of God, and made true to his will, as the needle to the magnetic pole. Thus, drawn by higher attractions, he felt no disposition to turn aside from the great work to which he had devoted his life. He was somewhat tempted to delay, for a year or more, his professional studies. He was solicited to take the charge of a High School, with a large salary. He was urged to become a tutor in Williston Seminary, where, though the emoluments would have been less, the honors and pleasures would have been greater. But he was eager to be in the field which he had chosen and which Providence seemed to have been marking out for him from the very commencement of his medical studies, long before he ever thought of being a missionary or a minister — the field of medico-ministerial missionary labor; and he decided to enter at once upon the preparation. A few weeks spent in visiting his friends, (with the usual accompaniment of temperance addresses and religious labors,) and in preparing and sending some of his best college essays to the Knickerbocker* and other magazines (thus gathering up the fragments that nothing might be lost) — having in the mean time attended also, and *enjoyed*, as a hungry man enjoys delicious food, the meeting of the American Board at Pittsfield — after a few weeks thus spent, we find him about the middle of October, 1849, in New Haven, with two strings to his bow as usual, and both stretched to their utmost tension, attending the full course of medical lectures, and, at the same time, studying Hebrew with Prof. Gibbs, and Theology with Dr. Taylor, besides stealing now and then a lecture from Prof. Silliman, or some other professor whom he particularly desired to hear. "Every thing seems to stimulate to effort here," he writes. "Libraries open their huge tomes to the student. Professors are about, thick as locusts, though differing from the Egyptian kind, inasmuch as they *nourish*, and do not devour." "It makes one feel that 'some things can be done as well as others.' I hope to be able to work, and to have all my energies consecrated to the service of God. Be it my prayer to toil only for God and good." The peculiar ethical and theological philosophy of Dr. Taylor could not but engage his attention. "Dr. Bushnell's Views" also "perplexed" him "considerably." He did not become a partisan for or against either of them. But he was a strenuous advocate for the utmost freedom of thinking and printing. "It does seem as if the wars between Old School and New School have been as savage, almost, as the fires of the Inquisition." "Free thought and fair and honest criticism are the only safeguards from a persecuting mob. Let us have these, and truth will be found. But so long as a man is afraid to open his mouth, if he cannot think exactly as the Fathers did, there must, of necessity, be a stand-still in theology."

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*The Essay which appeared in the Knickerbocker, (Sept. 1849,) was on "The Times and Poetry of Chaucer." It led to an interview with the editor, and a cordial invitation to become a stated contributor.

But neither theology nor medicine so engrossed his thoughts but that he was ever ready to press home upon his fellow-students, personally, the great truths and duties of religion—upon the medical students the truth of Christianity, and upon the theological, the duty of preaching the gospel to every creature. And he was never so exhausted by the labors of the week, but that when Sunday came, he was glad to go and teach a class in the County "Jail." On the 17th of January, 1850, he was examined and received his diploma, as Doctor of Medicine; and on the same day took leave of his theological teachers and other friends in New Haven, from whom he parted, as they did from him, with sincere regret and affection.

But friends of an earlier date—the friends of his boyhood and his college life—called him to Auburn; and when his medical studies were finished, in accordance with a previous promise and plan, he obeyed the call; and, after a flying visit to his relatives in Fairfield County, (made two days longer than it otherwise would have been for the sole purpose of "preaching the Lamb of God, the Saviour of sinners, at the Iron Works School House, on Sunday evening,") we find him at Auburn, rooming with one of those friends, sleeping with another, and already engaged in the study of theology.

It is not unfrequently the case that the first year in the Theological Seminary is marked by severe mental conflicts. The student now, for the first time, perhaps, encounters in their full strength the objections that have been urged against the books and the doctrines of the Christian Revelation. Or, if these objections are already familiar, they come back upon him with renewed and combined power now, when it is his business to look them in the face, to grapple with them hand to hand, and conquer them, if possible, not for himself only, but for those he may be called to teach the truths of religion. Sometimes it seems as if the very heavens over his head would fall, and the solid earth be removed and cast into the midst of the sea. The process, though painful, is needful and wholesome to the soul. Without it, the student in theology never could have seen so clearly how deep and solid the foundations of Christian truth are, nor would he ever have appreciated so highly the unspeakable value of his faith and hope in Christ.

Such a conflict is the most marked feature of Dr. Lobdell's history in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. His doubts, however, concerned not so much the evidences of Christianity and the divine authority of the Scriptures, for these points were immovably established in that great conflict which preceded his conversion; but his chief difficulties now respected the *person* of the Redeemer, the *nature* of the atonement, and the *eternity* of future punishment. His diary tells the whole story; indeed, for many weeks it scarcely tells any thing else. Cries of anguish are extorted from him, as he wrestles with his own spirit; and the reader, who is permitted to look in upon the struggle, can not but be moved to sympathy and compassion, though he foresees the happy issue. The following extracts will afford some glimpses of the workings of his mind:

Feb. 15, 1850. "Reading Letters to a Trinitarian, by George Bush. Much troubled in mind. Oh for divine light!"

17, Sunday. "Am resolved not to investigate abstruse and disputed points in theology any more, when I am not in a state of mind that rests filially on God. I must live near to him, or I can not come to the truth as it is in Jesus. Oh how my mind is working on these difficulties! It can not be satisfied. I pray for divine guidance. Life is short; I must be in earnest. I hope never to discuss religious propositions for the sake of mere discussion; and always to acknowledge being beaten when I see my defeat."

20. "My mind is harassed with doubts; and, O my God, shall I ever see the truth? I would fly to it, as the dove did to the peaks of Ararat, could I discern the rock amid the waves. God has not given a revelation to man which all his efforts are unable to comprehend, especially in its most vital points. No, I may be blind that I do not see the truths of the Word as they are, yet I do feel that I *want* to do so. I can not sympathize with some notions prevalent now in the Orthodox churches, more than I can with some of the tenets of the Unitarians. But if hard work will enable me to discover the real truth, I *will* find it; and, by the grace of God, I will follow it. I must read the Word more, and for the present make it my chief business to settle the foundations of my faith."

21. "Think I have found a demonstration of the falsity of the Swedenborgian doctrine of the Incarnation in physiology. I shall write to Prof. Bush to-day about it, as he professes to be open to conviction."

23. "Last night, as I heard of my brother's conversion, I could but praise God from the heart; for I am sure such a change always effects good. Oh that I could see the real will of God concerning me! I am willing to do any thing—to *be* any thing—even to go to the gallows for the truth's sake. But what *is* truth? . . . This idea, that Christ is but a manifestation of Jehovah, seems to darken my way in prayer. I read the Bible most diligently; for *here* I must stand or fall. Of its credibility and consequent authority, I have no doubt; but how shall it be interpreted?"

24, Sunday. "I was affected in teaching my class in prison. Oh for the spirit of love and devotion!"

28, Fast for Colleges. "Skepticism is poisoning my piety. God save, or I perish! I would do any thing to come to the truth. I was much affected this morning in reading the declaration of the Saviour, that man must be 'born again.' Christianity either makes known eternal flames, or its mission has been vastly mistaken by men. I can sympathize with heart-felt prayer, for my very soul declares that this is acceptable to God."

March 1. "Dr. Bushnell's writings have caused *me* many an hour of doubt and trouble. I can but feel that his views detract from the true glory of Christ, as 'the sent of God.' But I honor him for publishing them, if he thought them *truth*. And did he not?"

4. "The missionary meeting this morning was very interesting. It does seem if a man prepared to preach believes the heathen are going to an *eternal* hell, he can not refuse to offer himself to God, hoping to go to them with the glad tidings of salvation. Oh how much unbelief there is among *Christians!* And this, more than almost any thing else, makes me doubt some of the cardinal truths. This evening, at our meeting, I urged several brethren to go on a foreign mission; but they could not see it their duty."

5. "I am giving much attention to the Bible, determined to make my faith rest implicitly on its teachings; for *it* is truth. . . . To-day went forth with tracts for the people." (He had given up tract distribution, when his mental conflict was at its height. He is now manifestly working his way out.) "This is a good work for the soul. Would that Christians generally were more engaged in tract distribution."

9. "This is a lovely morning; all is beautiful without, and in my own *soul*, I feel a peace unusual. My life I devote once more to the service of God and man in solemn consecration. I feel more and more the necessity of a high-toned spirituality in order to avoid the reception of error in my struggles after truth. I suppose my education in early life has made my mind what it is. And yet, as in the study of a language, there must at first be difficult points, may it not be thus in theology? Day will soon begin to dawn. Thus I hope."

10, Sunday. "How much I do owe to Jesus! Begone all skepticism and all doubt! I will try to *live* the Christian life, whether evangelical Christianity be truth or a fable. So help me God. This alone satisfies the cravings of my immortal nature, and this is the highest demonstration of its credibility. Oh that from this hour I may be humble and self-denying! All I have my Heavenly Father has given me; all I have to him be consecrate. I hope to begin my morrow's labors with a heart of deep love to God and man."

The biographer of the late lamented Dr. Arnold remarks, that "Arnold's doubts were better than most men's certainties." Do not the above extracts manifest a desire to know the truth, and a determination to follow it, though it should lead to the stake; do they not breathe a *spirit* of truth and of love—love to Christ, love to man, and love to God—which is far more Christian than a dogmatic and uncharitable orthodoxy, though it be of the straitest sect? And when such a mind does settle down upon the great evangelical doctrines of the gospel, and find rest and peace on that firm foundation, its testimony is of some value, as the testimony of undoubted honesty and thorough experience. It will be seen, however, that Dr. Lobdell did not gain the victory by battling directly with doubts and difficulties. He studied the Word of God, with earnest prayer for divine guidance; he interpreted that Word according to the common laws of interpretation; he found in it the doctrines of evangelical Christianity; he saw their truth, not so much by the eye of reason, as by the eye of faith and spiritual intuition; his whole soul *felt* that they were true, because they met his own wants, and corresponded with his own experience under the teaching and illumination of the Holy Spirit. And it is in some such way as this, that doubting minds, which are anxious to know the truth, usually find relief.

Scarcely had Dr. Lobdell settled these questions, involving, as he felt, the very life of his soul—settled them at least so far as to find peace in believing—when he was unexpectedly called to decide another question, which, he could not but think, had an important bearing on the whole course of his present life. He was invited and urged to take charge of the Danbury Institute, a boarding school for boys, which was already in successful operation, and promised an ample pecuniary return. By taking it, he flattered himself he could pay off all his debts, which, owing to the death of an uncle of whom he had borrowed money, were, just at this time, pressing hard upon him, provide a surplus sufficient to carry him comfortably through his professional studies, and relieve him, for the remainder of his stay in this country, from those embarrassments which had hitherto harassed him more or less all his days. Besides, he could educate, to a considerable extent, his younger brother and sisters, and, in this and other ways, pay a debt he owed to those parents, who, though unable to do for him what they would, had never failed to do what they could for *his* education, and who felt that in giving him up to the missionary service, they were going to lose the prop of their declining years. He would like, also, to do something more for education and religion in his native town and county, before he went to a foreign land. At the same time, he thought the school itself would afford him at once an inviting field of present usefulness, and not a bad preparation for the practical duties of the missionary work.

Another consideration had weight with him—we will not say how much weight; perhaps some of our readers will think it turned the scales. As long ago as when he was a boy, on the farm in Reading, he had a school-mate, whose bright face, active mind, warm heart, and winning ways, made an impression on him, which no change of place, no lapse of time, no vicissitude of life, ever effaced. This school-mate of his early boyhood was to be the friend of his youth, and the companion of his riper years. We have seen him writing letters to her in Greek, Latin, French and English, while engaged in his preparatory studies. These letters were continued when he was better able to write in a foreign language, but probably less disposed to display his learning. Her name appears on the first page of his first journal; and it appears, also, on the last page of his last. Her Christian life commenced about the same time as his. His consecration to the life of a missionary met from her a ready response. One motive which influenced him to take his first course of medical lectures in New York, was a desire to afford her better advantages for mental culture. She was doubtless satisfied with her instruction—she studied chiefly with him. This was her college course. And she was destined to pursue her *professional* studies, if we may so call them, under the same accomplished teacher. The invitation to the Boarding School in Danbury, which was the property of a mutual friend of theirs, and in which she was already an assistant teacher, was accompanied by a suggestion that he should be married. This seemed essential to the plan. After much consultation and deliberation, he decided to undertake the enterprise. It involved the sundering of old ties, as well as the forming of new ones. He had to tear himself away from friends scarcely less dear than those to whom he was to join himself. Some of his friends at Auburn *feared*, some of those at Danbury *hoped*, that it would be the end at once of his theological studies, and of his missionary plans and purposes; "but they little know," he writes, "the strength of our attachment to the cause of the heathen." He was obliged to break away from studies which were endeared to him by the very struggle they had cost him, as well as by the promise they now gave of shining, like the rising sun, with increasing light "unto the perfect day;" but he hoped to resume them at some future time, free from pecuniary embarrassments, and under more favorable circumstances.

He left Auburn on the 20th of March. On the 9th of April, 1850, he was married in Ridgefield, Fairfield County, Ct., to Miss Lucy Williams, of whom, as she still lives, it is enough to say that with congenial tastes and views, she possessed other qualities that were unlike and compensatory to those of her husband, and that nature, providence and grace, had fitted her to be the companion and help-meet of Dr. Lobdell. Born in the same "hill country," and in a like humble lot, taught early in the same common schools, and living ever after in the constant interchange of kind wishes and good deeds, with a process of mutual influence and assimilation going on continually between them—like the two rivers of Mesopotamia, whose banks were to be the scene of their future labors, whose sources gush forth from the same mountain range, and whose streams, for hundreds of miles, flow on almost side by side through the same broad valley, with innumerable channels of inter-communication between them—so these two lives, after flowing on for years in separate yet parallel and connected streams, were henceforth to be united in one; but alas, like those same rivers, through how short a distance!

The Boarding School opened auspiciously soon after the marriage. He continued in it a year and a quarter, giving good satisfaction to his patrons and to the community, realizing in considerable measure, though not fully, the *solid* advantages he had anticipated for himself, and moving on with constantly accelerated velocity in the wear and tear and work of life. He was too busy at this period to write a journal. He wrote few letters but those of business and necessity. We have, therefore, comparatively few records of this portion of his life.

A circular, issued at the close of his first year, contains some rather characteristic ideas touching the government and education of boys, and exhibits, incidentally, some of the results of his experience: "It is considered a primary object to educate boys to depend on themselves for the attainment of what they undertake, and to enter upon their chosen employment under a full persuasion that of those who fear God, not one in a thousand need fail of success in judiciously chosen pursuits."

"Those who endeavor to do well, should always be permitted to feel that they are approved, and that they enjoy the confidence and esteem of their preceptor and friends, in proportion to the faithfulness of the effort, rather than the extent of their attainment; and to feel that there is a reward in the consciousness of doing right."

"Those persons are now boys who are soon to take the possession of this country, and to control the destiny of the world. There is, therefore, no more honorable and important occupation than that of their teacher. It is always our custom to treat pupils with that respect and consideration which is due to the stations they are expected to fill. Thus they learn to respect themselves, and form the design of fulfilling their own hopes, and the just expectations of their friends. This will furnish the best discipline, both of the mind and manners."

"In the course of a long experience, it has been found that some who suffered under the reputation of being bad boys, were entirely misunderstood. In all *such* cases committed to our care, it has been found that, without any special effort with them, they have become, at once, prominent among the best in the school. It would be a very remarkable case, if a boy had no good qualities. A skillful teacher will discover these; and with this hint he can not well mistake the proper treatment. No really vicious or incorrigible boy can be retained under any pretext whatever."

"Young persons should be educated in the world in which they are expected to live, and should be prepared for the dangers they must encounter. It is not sufficient to place them alone upon a mountain top, whence they may discover the world and its dangers at a distance, with the aid of a telescope. While they are carefully shielded from contagion, they should be surrounded by pleasant circumstances, and enjoy the wholesome influence of good examples."

"The study of the Holy Scriptures and religious instruction are daily attended to."

Besides the care of the school, and his usual activity in the cause of temperance and the salvation of men, there were two enterprises, of a public nature, which, we know, occupied not a little of his time and thoughts, during his connection with the Danbury Institute.

The first was a translation of a large octavo volume from the French. The following letter, in which he acquaints his friend with the work in which he was already engaged, will suffice, also, for the information of the reader. The surgical operation mentioned at the beginning also illustrates the variety of his engagements at this time:

Danbury, Jan. 7th, 1851.

My ever dear J.:—To be plain with you, I am tremendously hurried. This was doubtless the cause of my being taken sick a few weeks ago. . . . On Sunday, I assisted Dr. Bennett in taking off the arm of a woman at the shoulder joint; a thing never done but once before in this State, I believe. She had the same trouble with which I was threatened. It is not, however, epidemic. It was a terrible operation; she seemed to be dying during the process—Dr. Knight's patient *did* die—but ours revived, contrary to the expectations of all of us.

As to business, I am at work upon a translation of G. de F.'s—the Observer correspondent—*Histoire des Protestants de France*, a volume of six hundred and fifty octavo pages: and my printer demands of me about twenty pages daily. Oh! how it pushes; but I think I shall get through it. He stereotypes the book, and gives me so much a copy. I have finished about two hundred pages—hope to finish it in a month. I did intend to put in fifty pages of notes; but I have hardly time to prepare them. Monsieur de Felice is Professor in the French Protestant Seminary, at Montauban. Monsieur L. Pilate has given me a flattering account of him. More anon. Now do excuse me; I was up at three this morning. Look out, J.; do n't do too much. We must both be careful. I would love to be with you.

Yours affectionately,

H. Lobdell.

P. S. Written at recess. Please excuse, &c.

The book was well received. It is before the public, and will speak for itself.

The other enterprise above referred to was the establishment of the Second Congregational Church in Danbury, in whose origin he felt a deep interest, and took an active and prominent part. The old Congregational Church and society there was large, wealthy, and almost entirely supported by an ample fund. The consequence need not be told. Dr. Lobdell thought it in imminent danger of dying by plethora, and of course recommended bleeding, in other words, colonization. Of course all the doctors—(and there are many who deem themselves competent to prescribe in such a case)—did not agree; and a pretty severe conflict was the result. But there can be but one opinion as to the motives of Dr. Lobdell. His sole object was to promote the cause of Christ by making, if possible, *two* working churches instead of one that was sitting at ease—at all events, by establishing one truly missionary church, who should esteem personal efforts for the salvation of souls and for the conversion of the world, their great life-work.

The following letter, sent back to the church from his missionary station, lets us look into the very depths of his heart. Would that it could be read to every church in our land!

Mosul, March 2d, 1854.

To the Members of the Second Congregational Church in Danbury:

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—It has long been in my heart to write you a note expressive of my deep interest in you as members of the same church with myself; and had I not presumed that you have occasionally listened to extracts from my letters to our dear pastor, I should have done so ere now.

I think I may venture to speak very freely to you, even as I used to when among you. You will certainly believe that I have no desire but to make Christ more dear to you. He is to me my life, my all. I could not stay in this wicked city a single month longer, and be at ease, without Christ to dwell with me. Faith in him—a faith *working* by love—is the only support of the soul. I say, a faith that *works*, for all faith that is without works is *dead*—is no faith at all, any more than a corpse is a *man*. The missionary's joy arises from his labors for Christ; not that he feels that they are deserving of any thing good, but Christ reveals himself to all who try to please him, so that labors of love have their ever-present reward. It is not striving to secure hereafter the blessedness of heaven, that leads him to labor; it is the consciousness that Jesus is pleased with him while he is at work. No Christian can be happy unless he makes daily efforts to bless others; taking up the cross is essential to Christian joy.

And now, my dear friends, I do not wish you to infer that I suppose I can labor in Mosul to the glory of God, any better than each one of you can in Danbury. Whoever has a heart to do something for human salvation, can always find opportunity to do it. And let me ask of you, do you all work as earnestly and as faithfully as your Lord requires? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," says Christ; and this implies, that unless we make vigorous efforts to fulfill his commandments, we cannot be his *friends*. Christ's command is, that "we go into all the world and preach the gospel." Now, my dear friends, are you doing all that is required of you in this matter? I do not ask if you make pecuniary sacrifices to sustain your church services—this I know you do. But I ask you if you engage in those personal *labors* for Christ, which are of more consequence than giving money to the Lord? The silver and the gold are his; you are only his stewards. Your own *character* is yours—this only. Now do you manifest the character of Christ? Do you make it a rule to attend *all* the exercises of your church? Do you *love* the prayer meeting? Do you labor in the Sunday School? Do you go out into the highways to bring the people in? Do you pray, as you ought, for the heathen at home and the heathen abroad? Do you love to hear of the work of the Lord, as you love to hear news from California or Washington? Are you enough interested in the great *moral* revolutions now going on in Turkey, China and India? Do you love the monthly concert, as do the Protestants in Mosul? *They* esteem it a great favor to hear of the progress of the gospel every month. They almost invariably attend all our prayer meetings; and though when the church was first organized, it was thought a shame by persons outside of the church for some of them to pray publicly, they are *all* ready to pray, when asked, and at all proper times. They make it their *chief* business to preach Christ at their homes, at their neighbors', in their shops, whenever and wherever they may. They are a working church — a sort of *apostolic set*, if I may so speak; and I doubt not you theoretically agree with me, that this is the sort of Christians that is wanted every where. Now you will not murmur, if I ask you to make your church apostolic. Stand by your pastor, through good report and through evil report, till you have evidence of his unfaithfulness. He has made great sacrifices to start and continue your enterprise, and you will not doubt his engagedness in the work of saving souls.* Oh that I could believe that every one of you, in his or her sphere, was as faithful as he! How can you encourage him? You can be prompt in attendance at the church services, especially at meetings where it is *expected* that church members will be — the praying circle, the monthly concert. The professed Christian that does not love the monthly concert, has little reason to think he is born of God. Do you not think the first Christians were always ready to pray for the pagans and the Jews — that as they rejoiced to hear of

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***Rev. W. C. Scofield was their first pastor.**

the conversion of Cornelius and his Gentile brethren, (Acts x. and xi.,) so all Christians, in all times, should rejoice to learn what God is doing in all lands for the honor of his Son, our Lord?

The only reason that led me to unite with others in organizing your church was, that it was to be a *missionary enterprise.* If I had thought it was to be an ordinary church, spiritually dead a good deal of the time, I should have been much less earnest. But I know it was organized for the glory of God. I know that its first members desired only that there might be a working church in Danbury. *And shall it not be such?* Oh! I beg you, brethren and sisters, make its interests dear as the apple of your eye, for these interests are but the welfare of immortal souls, and the well-being of the universe of God.

I can not tell you now of our work in Mosul. You will find its history in the Herald and the Journal of Missions. I shall always delight to hear from any of you, and especially to know that myself and mine are not forgotten in your prayers.

Your affectionate brother,
H. LOBDELL.

In connection with this letter to the church, we can not withhold the following extract from a letter to the pastor. While it shows his deep interest in the people, it illustrates also his idea of ministerial, as well as Christian character and life:

"Oh, how much Danbury needs a genuine revival of God's work! May your little church be instrumental in the conversion of a multitude of souls. May all its members be as earnest as the native Christians of the East—every one deeming himself and herself commissioned to propagate the gospel. That church will not fail to prosper, in which all the members toil earnestly for God. How much depends upon the hearty coöperation of pastor and people! My dear brother, be thou faithful unto death, and entreat the members of our church to be up and doing while the day lasts, for the night cometh. Before this reaches you, I have confidence that a great work will have taken place in your midst; for it is true, that God helps those who will help themselves, even in spiritual matters. The human seems necessary to the divine in this world. Let us not attribute any efficiency to ourselves, but make our bodies fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Then God will work through us, and his kingdom come. Let not a refreshing from on high be followed by indifference. How soon we shall have done all we have to do; and when our end comes, may we be conscious of having labored earnestly for our Heavenly Father."

The reader will be glad to know, and yet he will hardly need be told, that a church established with such motives, and under such auspices, though encountering much opposition, lives, and thrives, and enjoys frequent revivals of religion. It was a pleasant coincidence to the writer, when, in response to some inquiries touching the present condition of the church, he received answer that it was then (Jan., 1858) rejoicing in the most remarkable work of God's converting and sanctifying grace which the town had ever witnessed.

As his labors at Danbury drew towards a close, having disposed of his interest in the Boarding School to the gentleman who during a portion of the time had been his partner, he opened a correspondence with the Secretaries of the American Board, with a view to obtaining their advice, rather than with any expectation of offering himself immediately to the service of the Board. But being informed by them that they were in pressing want of three missionary physicians, two in Persia, and one in Fuh Chau, China, being advised to make immediate proposals, he addressed them a letter on the 23d of July, 1851, offering himself to their acceptance, declaring a preference for Fuh Chau, though submitting himself to their disposal, and at the same time expressing his wish to remain in the country as long as might consist with the interests of the mission, that he might prosecute further his theological studies, and also gain some experience as a physician and surgeon, in the practice of the hospital. This letter was followed by another on the 30th, in which he enters into a more detailed account of his personal history, religious experience, theological views and desires in regard to the missionary work. "These facts," he says, after giving an outline of his personal history, "I have supposed would be as useful to you in determining what to do with me, as any I could state; and perhaps you can judge quite as well of my religious character from seeing that my eye has been constantly on the missionary field for six years past, amid all my wanderings, as from any positive statements with regard to my religious experience. However, I would say that my feelings have had alternations — some light, some shade — until I have learned to trust God entirely, and look steadfastly unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith. I have for two years past enjoyed much communion with God, and have realized that he is a Father and a Friend. I know that I love the Saviour and his disciples, and that I would do *every thing* for the glory of God.

"I wish to go on a mission, that I may save souls. I consider it a self-denying work, and yet I love to think of going. I have full faith in the power and determination of God to bring this world into a willing obedience to himself, and am prepared to labor in faith, whether any encouraging results are witnessed in my day or not. I know that the hearts of men are 'desperately wicked,' and that they will not be changed but by the grace of God. Yet I pray that, as he works by means in the kingdom of grace not less than in that of nature, he may use me for the promotion of his glory in the earth.

"I prefer Fuh Chau to any other field, because my heart has long been in China; because I think the climate adapted to my own and my wife's constitution; because I think those persons at the mission, as well as two friends who hope to go there, are such as I could work with pleasantly and usefully; and, finally, because the field seems to me of so great importance at the present time."

This preference was overruled by the wishes of the Secretaries, and the urgent necessities of another field. He also yielded his desire to remain in this country, if possible, another year. In a letter dated Theological Seminary, Andover, Aug. 21, 1851, he says: "After much deliberation and prayer, I now desire to say to the Secretaries of the Board, that I feel entirely willing to leave my destination to them. I will go cheerfully to any station whither you may desire to send me, and at any time, if it is possible for me to get my outfit ready. I have had serious objections to leaving the country this autumn, in consequence of deficient preparation. I yield to your advice, and would say, that I am quite willing to go to Mosul."

The new field, to which he was thus unexpectedly assigned, very naturally grew in his esteem and affections, until, before he left the country, he almost preferred it to his long cherished and much beloved China.

The brief and uncertain interval of time which remained before embarkation, was now doubly precious, and he was intent upon making the most of it. The first six or eight weeks were spent at Andover, in hearing the lectures of the different professors, and in studying, especially Systematic Theology. Neither journal nor letters remain to give us a view of his interior life at this time. But our readers, who know the place and who already know something of the man, will be at no loss to imagine the intense mental and spiritual activity and excitement which must have been awakened in such a mind at such a place, where such men teach and are taught; true steel coming in collision with true flint, and eliciting perpetual flashes of intellectual and spiritual light; where, in the large and choice library, as in a sacred shrine, (to borrow the language of Bacon,) "all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed;" where the mental and moral atmosphere is as pure and bracing as the natural; and where the very ground is holy, having been trodden by the feet and hallowed by the prayers of holy men, theologians, scholars, ministers and missionaries, many of whom have gone to their reward, and others are still toiling for the glory of God and the good of men in every quarter of the globe. The professors there, although they could have had but a short acquaintance with him, remember with interest "his inquisitive spirit, his love of truth, and his intense devotion to the great work of his life." His room-mate at Andover, (Rev. J. M. Manning, of Boston,) says: "He was with me only a few weeks, just before the close of my Junior year. Though he roomed with me, I saw but very little of him, for he was continually on the move. He rushed over the course of study there during those few weeks; then attended the meeting of the Board at Portland; finished the Hospitals and the Theological Seminary at New York in a fortnight, as you will see by the enclosed letter; had got ready for his voyage by the middle of November, and was waiting for orders to sail—meanwhile acting as doctor, preacher, and missionary agent. How he managed to do so much and do it so well, in so short a time, was always a marvel to me."

The letter above-mentioned, addressed to his friend and room-mate, and bearing date Ridgefield, Nov. 17, 1851, will fill out sufficiently the outline of his subsequent labors nearly up to the time of his embarkation: "I have been preaching almost every Sabbath, (and sometimes during the week,) since I left Portland, and was in New

York a fortnight, attending the City and Bellevue Hospitals, and seeing what practice I could at the Dispensaries and the Eye Infirmary. Since I came to this place, I have had more cutting and prescribing and acting as accoucher to do than ever before fell to my lot—probably in consequence of the circulation of the report that I am 'fresh from a New York hospital.'

"I heard all the professors lecture at the Union Theological Seminary, and am well satisfied that the Junior and Senior years must be good there. How much pleasure it would have given me to spend another year in theological study; but I have work to do elsewhere. I trust that I can make myself useful with my knife and gospel *milk*, at least.

"I hope you will come out and see us at Mosul; we will entertain you to the best of our ability. Come, and bring a host.

"I feel quite glad to go, though romance has already yielded up its power, and the stern duties of a life amid Arabs and Koords are pressing around me. I am working away at the Arabic some, and trying to stir up a missionary spirit in the churches around here, which, I pray, may spread, and produce results such as the church of God ought to reach. And yet a fire must be fanned and fed, or it will go out."

At the same time that he was attending the New York hospitals through the day, he spent his evenings at the book stores and book auctions, picking up such books as would be of service to him in the field of his missionary labors, particularly books relating to the geography, history, and antiquities of Assyria. He had also to provide himself with surgical instruments and other helps to medical practice.

It was at this time, we believe—if not, it was while scarcely less busy in studying medicine and metaphysics in New York two years before, and in either case it equally illustrates his character—that he was met by a college classmate in the streets of New York, walking at his usual quick pace, and bearing under his arm a number of new books, of rather unusual appearance. "What strange books are those?" was the first salutation. "Spanish books," was the reply. "And what, in the name of wonder, have *you* to do with Spanish books, with all the other business you now have on your hands?" "Oh, there is a native Spaniard boarding where I stop, and I thought some knowledge of the language might sometime be of use to me; I did not think it right to lose the opportunity." Were our readers to infer from such facts that he studied nothing thoroughly and in earnest, they would much mistake the man. His concentrativeness was quite as marvelous as his inquisitiveness; and if he looked into more things at once than most men, it was partly, at least, because he could quicker penetrate them to the center. At the same time it must be confessed, (for it is no part of our object to paint a faultless character,) that Dr. Lobdell loved change, and wore himself out in incessant efforts to accomplish in one day the work of two or more. As he reviewed his college and professional course in after years, he saw his error, and, in a letter from Mosul to his brother, then fitting for college, warns him not to commit the same mistake.

Mosul, Jan. 26th, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER:—Yesterday, if I mistake not, I was twenty-seven years old. I feel as if I were forty. So let me warn you not to imitate my example, and wear out before you get hardened. Do not hurry through college, the seminary, and life. "There is a time for every purpose under heaven." It is a mistake for a young man to overstrain himself in order to do some big thing. Gristle must get hardened into bone before a child walks, or else he will have the rickets or crooked legs.

I feel the effects of my early labors. You know I fitted for college, and taught school *all* the time I was fitting; that I did in three years in college what ought to have taken me four, besides attending a course of medical lectures; that I got my diploma to *practice* in six months after graduating at Amherst, and put through the Hebrew Grammar meanwhile; that I skimmed Dr. Taylor's Theology and Prof. Gibbs' Hermeneutics at the same time; got all the lore of Auburn in three months; taught the "Danbury Institute" a year and a quarter, and wrote over that French octavo at the same time, besides speechifying and writing for the Fountain and the magazines of New York and Philadelphia; that I digested Prof. Park's System of Divinity and Prof. Phelps' Homiletics in a single summer; that I attended the New York Hospital and Eye Infirmary, and waited on patients, and meanwhile got ordained to preach the gospel the month before sailing; that I tried to learn Arabic, talk in it of Christ, and see a hundred patients a day last winter; and that consequently I ruined my constitution, was obliged to flee to Persia for health, and am now half laid aside, a weak and a "used-up man."

But do not be lazy, or a poor scholar; only take time enough, and study according to your strength. Perhaps we are constituted differently, and I need not warn you of the danger of hard work. You seem to have *cut* me entirely. Is this the first good effect of deciding not to become a missionary? If you can not write me ten lines a month, or a fortnight, you must be hard pressed. I beg you to open the valves.

Yours, semi-angrily,

CHAPTER VI.

Voyage to Smyrna and Beyroot — Licensure — Ordination — Embarkation — Life at Sea — Humor — Sympathy — Hurricane — Sailors — Bible — Plans for its Elucidation — Reading — Gibraltar — Malta — Grecian Archipelago — Smyrna — View from the Harbor — Scene in the Streets — The American Missionaries and their Work — Antiquities — Austrian Steamship Stamboul — Same Route as Paul's to Phenicia — Patmos and the Seven Churches of Asia — Beyroot — Chapel and Press of American Mission — The Syrian Field — Laborers — Results — Prospects.

Dr. Lobdell was licensed to preach the gospel at Auburndale, Mass., Aug. 13th, 1851, by the Mendon Association of Congregational Ministers. A few years later, the same house which witnessed this missionary licensure, witnessed also a missionary wedding. A daughter of Rev. Mr. Harding was married to Mr. Williams, went out with him to Mosul, died almost immediately after her arrival; and the bodies of the two young missionaries, who were thus set apart to the work of missions beneath the same roof in the suburbs of Boston, now sleep in the same sacred enclosure, near the banks of the Tigris, awaiting the morning of the resurrection.

It was Dr. Lobdell's expectation to be ordained to the missionary work at the Tabernacle in New York City on Sunday evening, Oct. 5th, with Dr. L. H. Gulick, of the Micronesian Mission, and to have sailed in the ship Leland on the 17th of the same month with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and Miss Harris. He was examined and approved on Saturday; but when the Sabbath came, he was so sick as to be unable to receive ordination. He was ordained the next Sunday evening (Oct. 12,) at the Pilgrim Church in Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Bethune preaching the Sermon, Rev. Dr. Storrs giving the Charge, and Rev. Mr. Atkinson the Right Hand of Fellowship. "It was a deeply solemn scene;" (such is his brief note of the event in his diary, which at this period is little more than a series of events and dates): "God grant I may be faithful to my trust! I am to preach the gospel; thank God for this privilege — especially the privilege of preaching to those 'who are ready to die' in distant Nineveh." Being still too unwell to sail in the Leland, his voyage was deferred forty days. It was only a detention at the beginning, however; in the end, as we shall see, he arrived at Malta just as soon as he would have done had he sailed according to the original plan, and was thankful for the sickness, which gave him a longer time with his friends, instead of a longer voyage across the ocean.

On the 21st of November he writes his last letter from *home* to his most intimate friend, concluding with these words: "Let us live, and, like Baxter, make each effort, as though it were to be our last. Our work will soon be over, and if I melt down under the scorching sun of Old Nineveh, I pray that God will accept the cheerful sacrifice."

On the 27th, (the annual Thanksgiving), we find him at Boston, thankful most of all that God has given him the opportunity, and so favorable an opportunity, to go to a foreign land. On the 29th, Dr. and Mrs. Lobdell, with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, of the Syrian Mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Sutphen, of the Armenian, embarked on the Sultana, bound for Smyrna. Religious services were conducted on board by Rev. Mr. Laurie, returned missionary from Mosul. There was one friend with whom the trial of parting was particularly severe. His father had never sympathized with the high purpose of his life — had never given his free and full consent to his going on a mission. Yet with all a father's love, he had followed the son, till now it was necessary for them to part and meet no more, till they should meet in another world. The scene can be better imagined than described. Unable to say what he would, the son put into the father's hand a parting note. Its purport need not be told. The last farewell was given with comparative case to other friends. And soon the bark was under weigh, and soon it was bounding before a favorable gale towards its destination.

Life at sea is too monotonous — too much the same on all ships and in all seas to require description. Yet life at sea tries the temper, reveals the character, shows the man, the scholar and the Christian, quite as much, perhaps, as life on land. Dr. Lobdell wrote a minute account of every day's occurrences in his diary, in letters to friends, and in a series of letters, which were printed in the Danbury Times; and in them all, while he manifests the same restless activity, the same observing eye and inquisitive spirit, the same insatiable love of books, and the same indefatigable zeal in doing good, which we have always remarked in him; he develops, also, a quiet vein of humor, and a ready, genial sympathy with men and things around him, which we have not yet had much opportunity to see. We quote at random from private and public letters, more to reflect the man than to describe the voyage: "It was not two hours after passing Fort Independence before our party began to look unutterable things. Our bark bounded a little too gaily for landsmen. The bell to dinner was answered by a large minority — two! I had dreamed of all sorts of horrible things in my early days, but never of sea-sickness; and hence it was to me at least 'a new thing under the snn.' It is an indefinable but terrible affair. After three days I crawled out of my berth, and tried in vain to take some nourishment. At length, however, the monster disappeared, and left me an appetite more keen and unsatisfiable, if I may coin a word, than had ever before fallen to my lot. So you may imagine that by this time (eighteen days out) I must have expanded considerably.

"The fifth day out, we had what our good Capt. Watson called a genuine hurricane. He has made nineteen voyages to Smyrna, and therefore ought to know. I was able to get on deck after the storm had passed, and form some notion of waves at sea. It is said, that they never exceed twenty-five feet in height; but I could scarcely believe *these* were not forty. Neptune seemed to have come forth in his glory. I never before got so vivid a conception of the Infinite. It was a scene for the poet; but as twilight deepened, and the phosphorescence appeared around the vessel, the scene was grander still, and I almost regretted that I had not myself 'the vision and the faculty divine.' You are aware, no doubt, that naturalists attribute this phosphorescence to a species of crustaceous animalcula, gifted with a power similar to that of our fire-fly, or the European glow-worm. These creatures must fill the ocean. Surely there is not a drop too much in all this swelling flood, for each drop furnishes an abode for organized beings to revel and sport in.

"I have learned to compassionate the sailor. Every alternate four hours, he is on duty, night and day. I wonder that he has so large a heart. But in a good ship and under a good captain, sailors always appear to be the happiest of the happy. I admire the open countenance beneath the slouched tarpaulin. They are as a class generous and frank; and it is to be regretted that among many on land, the word sailor is only another name for outcast. If there is any object of Christian benevolence worthy of the Church, it is to be found in giving the pure gospel to these wanderers, who visit, for good or evil, every shore. Let every ship become a Bethel, and Christianity has triumphed.

"We all jog along finely together, have established an evening prayer meeting, and enjoy a good long 'sing' on deck in the moonlight exceedingly. We have not been able to have preaching on board yet — shall probably begin next Sabbath. We can distribute a few tracts and exert a religious influence, at least, by example — that strongest mode of teaching. I take more pleasure in reading the Bible than ever before. There is a freshness in old Genesis even, that I have not before observed. I intend to investigate, as leisure allows, the sources of Assyrian history, hoping, after a series of years, if Providence permits, to elucidate somewhat the difficulties of Mesopotamian chronology. I think there is a good field here for exploration. It is possible I may meet Dr. Robinson at Mosul, and profit by his suggestions.

"I read with perfect avidity now—am devouring all the Travels I can come across: e. g., Dix's Residence in Madeira, Spain, and Florence; Southgate's Tour in the East; Stephens' Travels in Greece, &c.; Burgess' Greece and Levant, and Fletcher's Notes on Nineveh, besides miscellaneous works 'too numerous to mention.' So you see I am not alone.

"The incidents of shipboard thus far (Dec. 17) have been 'like angels' visits.' True, we have seen a young whale spouting defiance to the heavens, passed under the stern of a French vessel, seen four ships besides, gazed for hours upon a few sea-gulls and Mother Carey's chickens; read, mused and slept; watched a *herd* of porpoises bounding over the *hills*, and had a snuff of balmy breeze from the sunny south.

"Dec. 22d. Yesterday Cape St. Vincent came in sight, and forty ships were seen struggling with us to get into the straits of Gibraltar. . . . This morning we woke between Capes Spartel and Trafalgar. Sable Africa rose up

Cheerless and crownless in her voiceless woe.'

Lord Nelson seemed living again, as an English frigate fired her guns near the old scene of conflict. Peace to thy ashes, brave man! Our entrance into the Straits was calm as the blue mountains that hemmed us in. Tangier recalled the troubles of 1812; how dark the land those mountains hide! At three P. M., the famous Rock was des-cried running out towards the Sierra opposite, both well worthy of the name, 'Pillars of Hercules.' Tarifa, the most southern point of the continent, is about fifteen miles west of the Rock; and from it that huge tongue of adamant can easily be seen. The straits are here about nine miles in width. The flags of five nations are floating on the breeze. I shall give you some account of the currents here, and a view of the citadel of British power in the Mediterranean in my next, which, if the mail carries safely, you will receive from Malta."

But hold, we are getting ourselves into business; if we must investigate the currents of the Mediterranean, study the natural, civil and military history of Gibraltar, and digest all the facts that our young missionary friend will observe with his all-seeing eyes during a two days' stay at that Ehrenbreitstein of Southern Europe, together with all that he has collected with his omnivorous mind from the books we saw him devouring with such insatiate appetite on the voyage. Of course, he fulfilled his promise, and wrote a very instructive and interesting letter; but we will leave it to the readers of the Danbury Times, and pass on with the writer to Malta.

"Our passage through the Mediterranean was rather unpleasant; but we could not complain when we arrived at Malta, about five weeks from Boston, and found there a ship, in which sickness prevented my leaving America, that started over forty days previous to ours. Three missionary friends were on board of her, and hailed us with great pleasure, as we came to our moorings. We had much delightful intercourse during our three days' stay at Malta."

They visited Civita Vecchia, the former capital of the island, St. Paul's Cave, where St. Paul, Luke and Trophimus dwelt three months after their shipwreck; the Cathedral built on the site of the old palace of the Roman Governor, Publius; and the Catacombs, where, in a vast city of the dead, hewn out of the solid rock, "patriarchs and babes sleep alike unknown," and the very nation to which they belonged is a question which baffles the skill of the antiquarian. The terraced hillsides and the successive crops of divers kinds, which persevering industry extracts out of the flinty rock, excited their wonder. But Dr. Lobdell was chiefly interested in the character, condition, and prospects of the poor people: "On our way, beggar boys and girls crowded around us, and presented a sorrowful contrast to the pampered inmates of the palace we had just seen. How the conviction comes home on the soul, that in these lands, the rich are drawing out the life-blood of the poor! Hasten the progress of that gospel, which requires each man to be an actor, and allows no idler to see the kingdom of heaven. Man ought to be valued by the good he does, or wishes to mankind. But how different the criterion of the world!

"Oh for a purification! But 'who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' From what I saw in Malta, I have no hesitation in saying, that the Roman Church has not been calumniated by Protestants; I see not how it *could* be. There is a full-robed and self-confident priest for every eighty persons in Malta. It is no wonder the majority of the people are very poor. I respect any man's religion if he is sincere; and I am not the one to speak evil of the deluded *victims* of the papacy; but I despise a hypocrite and an impostor any where, and no where so much as when an imposition is practised under the guise of sanctity."

He pays a splendid tribute to the true nobility of the Knights of Malta, erst the Knights of St. John's of Rhodes; and as he "gazed back on this rocky isle, 'Europe's best bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite,' he felt that he was going towards an old worn-out world."

As he traverses the islands of the Archipelago, "thick as the rocky hills in Connecticut," passing "not far from Lemnos, where Vulcan dropped," "sailing between Negropont and Andros," and at length coming "near Scio, that fair island which the Turks laid waste," classical history and mythology revive for a season; but those old recollections soon give place to sympathy for the more recent sufferings of the present Greeks, and to indignation against their bigoted and bloody persecutors. "Is it possible, thought I, that Sciote boys and girls were ever sold publicly in Smyrna and Constantinople at a dollar a head! History answered, yes! Oh, if Heaven ever visits judgment on a nation for its crimes — and who can doubt it amid the wreck of empires? — the time is not far distant when the atrocities enacted here will bring down vengeance on the heads of the bloody Turks. Already I read the doom of this empire — it has no inherent power to rise. It shall soon be what Assyria and Babylon have for ages been. Let the wave of civilization and liberty roll back from the West: it shall sweep away the last vestige of Turkish bigotry and power. No Eastern empire has ever had a resurrection. The days of Turkey and Mohammedanism are fast numbering. Work the press, gentlemen, and do your share towards lifting men from barbarism. There is no Christianity without education, and no right education without Christianity."

Soon after passing Scio, they enter the beautiful bay of Smyrna. A rapid glance at the ruined castle on Mt. Pagus above and behind the city; at the hill-sides, covered with burying grounds and planted with cypresses; at the terraced roofs of the houses, forming one uniform, plane surface, broken here and there by the minarets of the mosks, and diversified by the flags of the consuls; at the forest of masts in the harbor; the vessels of war and the flags of all nations, — a glance at these, and the Sultana is at anchor, and they bid a glad and yet sad farewell to the noble bark that has so long been their home on the mountain wave — the *American* bark, in leaving which, they sever the last tie that bound them to their country. As they pass through the thronged streets of a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and "meet strings of camels, donkeys bearing large baskets of coal or slaughtered sheep, and men carrying enormous loads of lumber or huge bales of cotton on their backs," while not a wheeled carriage is anywhere to be seen, they feel for the first time that they are in the Orient. They are struck with the strange diversity of languages, costumes, manners; there is but one common bond — the love of money; and smoking is apparently the only common habit. They have now gone through the most busy part of the city on the plain, and come up on the slope of the hill where the American missionaries have their residence; and soon all else is forgotten in the warm welcome and embrace of Christian brethren. Messrs. Riggs, Johnston and Benjamin were then at that station. None of them is now there — such are the changes which a few years work in our missions. The first is in this country for his health; the second has been dismissed from his connection with the Board; and the third is not, for God took him. "I stopped," writes Dr. Lobdell in a private letter, "with Mr. Riggs, a ripe scholar, a graduate of Amherst, and a noble man. He would have ranked with Robinson and Edwards if he had staid at home. But he is better engaged in Smyrna. His translation of the Bible into Armenian, and other works, will make him one of earth's greatest benefactors. Oh, my dear J., do not encourage any man to stay at home, because his talents are too good to be wasted on 'the desert air' of the East. Full-grown *men* are wanted to demolish the piles which superstition has raised in these dark lands. Genius of the first order may here find full scope."

He spent two Sabbaths in Smyrna, and "found the groceries open, guns fired, and drums sounded as if a Fourth of July had arrived;" but was greatly pleased to see the deep interest manifested by the native hearers in the services of his missionary brethren. These were *then* held in a part of one of the missionary's houses. A small but neat chapel *now* echoes with the voice of prayer, and invites the passing stranger to turn in and see that God is there in very deed. Large cities, even in Christian lands, are not easily leavened with the truth and the spirit of the gospel. The fruits are more abundant, certainly more manifest, in the smaller towns and villages. It will be many years, perhaps centuries, before this golden candlestick of one of "the Seven Churches of Asia" will shine with all, and more than all, its primeval light, before this gem of the Ionian Cities will glitter in the diadem of the Redeemer. But the light has been re-kindled; and we trust in God, it will never go out. "I rejoice to be on missionary ground," says Dr. Lobdell, after witnessing the good beginning which had then been made, "and I go forward not doubting that, though only after witnessing many reverses, the cross of Christ shall triumph."

The intervening week, he spent in visits to the bazaars, in excursions to interesting localities, in acquainting himself with the operations of the missionaries, and in studying the manners and character of the people of the East. In this last study, he received thus early some *rough lessons.* He was stoned by Turkish boys, and robbed of some trifling articles by the Greeks of Bournabat.

Nor could he fail to be interested in those classical and sacred associations, so many of which cluster about Smyrna. "Antiquities," he says, "are curiosities I must omit. Suffice it to say, I passed near the birth-place of Homer,* and stood by the Stadium, where the disciple of John — the beloved Polycarp — was burned by the authority of the Romans. You see, I believe in the real existence of Homer, and think Smyrna has the most claim to the honor of his nativity. Polycarp died, but his religion lives, while the tyrant, who burnt him, has fulfilled the prediction, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.'"

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* The banks of the river Meles, from which Homer is said to have derived the epithet of Melesigenes, or Meles-born.

On the 26th of January, 1852, Dr. and Mrs. Lobdell took leave of their missionary friends — not only of those with whom they had formed so pleasant an acquaintance in Smyrna, but also of Mr. and Mrs. Sutphen, who had been their companions on the voyage across the ocean — and embarked on the Austrian Steamer Stamboul for Beyroot.

Their route was the very same as that pursued by Paul and his traveling companions and recorded in the twentieth and twenty-first chapters of the Acts — by way of "Chios," "Samos," "Cos," "Rhodes," and "Cyprus," to "Phenicia." These names all occur in Luke's journal of Paul's voyage, as they do in Dr. Lobdell's journal of his own. And they had the same classical associations in the mind of the ancient and the modern missionary. For Paul was familiar with the Greek classics, and the names of Homer, Pythagoras, and Hippocrates must have occurred to *him* also, as he sailed past the islands with which they are indissolubly associated; *he* also mused on the instability of man's proudest works, as he entered the harbor once bestrode by the Colossus of Rhodes; and *he* also pitied the weakness and depravity of men, as he rode over the waves, from which the goddess Venus was fabled to have sprung, and brushed the shores, that glittered with temples sacred to her corrupt, and idolatrous worship. There was, however, this striking difference. The ancient navigator crept more cautiously along the shore, and peradventure consumed as many weeks as the modern steamship takes days for the accomplishment of the voyage; and while the ancient missionary mourned over pagan idolatry, the modern was grieved at Mohammedan bigotry and Christian superstition.

Nor was it Paul only, whose missionary visits had given to these islands and the cities on the adjacent continent, a charm "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." There, on their right, as our travelers *steamed* from Samos to Cos, "the isle that is called Patmos," suggested the thought, "how often a single name stands as the only representative or glory of a generation, while the very ground on which he trod becomes immortalized; for what were Patmos without the sainted John?" And there, on their left, are the shores of Asia Minor and those ruins which mark the sites of the Seven Churches of Asia; too true an emblem of the declension which was already visible to the eye of the Apocalyptic Seer, and of the utter ruin which has since overwhelmed the corrupt Christianity of those lands. But sad as are the sights which every where meet the eye of the missionary on this route, he rejoices that he carries with him "the remedy" for ruined cities as well as ruined churches — "for poor harbors and poor boats as well as poor deluded souls," — the pure gospel of Christ. "No progressive principle inherent in humanity, no socialistic paraphernalia will revolutionize them. They need a higher influence, — divine truth and the divine Spirit."

On Saturday morning, Jan. 31st, the snowy summits of Lebanon glittering in the rising sun indicate that the voyage is drawing to a close; soon Beyroot is seen nestling near the base of that long and vast mountain range; and ere long, they round the headland on which the city is built, and come to anchor in the harbor. Beyroot, the sacred city of Baal Beerith in the time of the Phenicians, and the seat of a far-famed school of law under the empire of the Romans, and hence styled "the mother and nurse of the laws" by the Emperor Justinian, has become in modern times the centre of European commerce and European civilization in Syria, and, what is of far greater interest to the Christian, as the central station of the Syrian Mission, it has become the radiating point of Protestant Christianity to the Arabic-speaking races of the Turkish Empire. A little outside of the crumbling wall, about half way up the slope on which the new city is building, in the midst of the population which is fast overflowing its ancient bounds, stands a plain and unpretending two-story brick building, which is the focal point of this spiritual illumination. The basement is the chapel of the American mission; in the upper story is the press, where are printing Arabic versions of tracts, religious books, and the sacred Scriptures. Near by is the cemetery, where, beneath tall cypresses, sleep the remains of Pliny Fisk, Eli Smith, and not a few missionary wives and children — precious seed, whose fruit is yet to wave like the cedars of Lebanon. And yonder, in full sight, on the sides of Lebanon, hang the mountain villages, where the schools and churches, established by the American missionaries, shine as lights in that dark Eastern world. And there, at the foot of these sacred mountain ranges, at the distances severally of one, two, and three days' journey, lie, on this side, Sidon and Tyre, and, on the opposite side, Damascus, — those ancient cities which have, in our day, once more begun to have a place in history, — the history of Christian missions.

At this interesting station Dr. Lobdell remained three weeks, suffering most of the time from sickness, either in his own person or in his family, yet plunging into the Arabic, dipping into the history and antiquities of the city and the surrounding country, making excursions along the seashore and to the mountains, and holding sweet communion with one of the most delightful circles of Christian brethren and sisters that can be found in this imperfect world. Of the antiquities, among which are ruined bridges, aqueducts and temples of Baal, by far the most striking are the rock-hewn inscriptions near the mouth of the Nahr el Kelb, (Dog River,) in which the successive conquerors of the country, — the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Turks, — have recorded their names in monuments characteristic, and enduring as the everlasting mountains. There Dr. Lobdell's eyes first rested on those cuneiform characters with which he was afterwards to become so familiar.

He thus records his impressions of the missionary work in Syria: — "Our long delay at Beyroot has given me an opportunity to inspect the internal workings of the mission, and conversations with Dr. Vandyck and Mr. Thompson of Sidon and Hasbeiya, Mr. Calhoun of Abeih, and Mr. Ford of Aleppo, as well as with the missionaries at this station, have furnished my heart much occasion to rejoice in the general fruitfulness of the Syrian field. The people are rousing from their long sleep. Every thing is more hopeful, I am told, than at any previous time in the history of the mission. Dr. Eli Smith is busy on the translation of the Old Testament, aided by two native brethren. Dr. Deforest is engaged in conducting a Female Boarding School. Mr. Whiting is pastor of the native church, and Mr. Hurtter is secular superintendent and printer. All are very constantly employed, and seem happy in their work. I think the Arab mind is both acute and capacious. There is full opportunity among them for the best efforts of the best men." "Oh! could my dear brethren and sisters in Danbury appreciate the value of the gospel as one can in this land of darkness and death, they would be awake. While in Beyroot, I saw several cases of severe persecution — threats of poisoning, banishment, torture, — but these could not quench the strivings of the Spirit. Persecution will try men's souls. I was greatly delighted to see the interest with which men there studied the Bible. They had meetings for this purpose every week, and about forty young men assembled every Sabbath noon to ask questions of Dr. Smith. Some of the young men in America might learn profitable lessons from their course. They used often to think there, that Sunday Schools and Bible Classes were for small children. But could they see with what eagerness the Bible is studied among the inquiring and the converted in the East, I think they would feel that it is a deep mine which they have explored but very little. Gray-headed men put on spectacles and commence their A B C's, that they may know what the Bible says. People do not question the authority of the Bible; the inquiry is, What does it say? All the Christian sects of Syria have a great reverence for the Bible. Woe to the shepherds who keep it from their flocks Very few possess it entire. It has hitherto been very costly; who will refuse to aid its circulation?"

In running over the list of the laborers whom Dr. Lobdell found at Beyroot, it is affecting to note again the ravages of time. Whiting, the pioneer, Smith, the scholar, and Deforest, the beloved physician and teacher, have ceased from their earthly labors. Mr. Ford and Dr. Vandyck have been torn up from their stations, like a tree from the soil in which it was rooted, and transferred to Beyroot to fill the places of the departed, and all this for want of seasonable and sufficient reinforcements to relieve and strengthen them, before they were crushed beneath their excessive labors! When and where will this fatal process end?

CHAPTER VII.

Journey to Aintab — English Steamer — Tripoli — Latakiya — Detention of two Weeks — Appeal for Missionaries at Latakiya — Manner of Traveling — Hardships and Dangers of the Way — Valley of the Orontes — Sabbath at Killis — Piety of the Native Brethren — Call for Missionaries — Three Weeks in Aintab — The Work there — Petitioned to remain — Appeal for a Missionary Physician — History and Present State of the Mission.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Lobdell was still so unwell that it was with difficulty she reached the wharf, yet they resolved to accompany Mr. Ford on his return to Aleppo; and accordingly on Saturday, Feb. 21st, they embarked in a transient English steamer for Latakiya. The sailors were dirty, greasy, and *groggy*, and the captain more clever than clean. But, with favoring winds, the voyage was only of fifteen hours, and every hour brought renewed health and strength to Mrs. Lobdell. At midnight they stopped a little while in the roadstead opposite Tripoli, one of the most beautiful seaport cities of Syria, quite distinguished in the history of the Saracens and the Crusaders, and recently occupied by Messrs. Lyon and Jessup, as a station of the Syrian Mission. At nine in the morning they reached Latakiya, and though it was the Sabbath, they were obliged to go ashore, that the steamer might continue its voyage. Through the kindness of the American Vice-Consul, they soon found lodgings in an upper room of moderate size, with unglazed and iron-barred windows, furnished with mats, a piece or two of old carpeting, a single chair and a single table — comfortable quarters for Syria, *very* comfortable in comparison with what they were to find afterwards, but now reminding them very strongly of "the upper story of the Danbury jail." And here they were obliged to remain two entire weeks for animals to convey them on their further journey. None could be found in Latakiya, capable of carrying the covered litter, in which Mrs. Lobdell and the child had to be conveyed. Mr. Ford was therefore obliged to proceed alone, and send back animals from Aleppo. Meanwhile Dr. Lobdell occupied himself in writing letters to his friends, ministering to the health and comfort of his wife and child, studying Arabic where not a soul could speak English, looking into the manners, customs, and religion of the people, and learning, what however it did not take a very long time to learn, that Syria is, as a Maltese once said in his broken English to one of the missionaries at Beyroot, "*a plenty-patience country*." After witnessing for the first time the pictures, crossings, kissings and genuflexions, and above all the indecent levity of the priests and the people in the Greek Church, he concludes that it is little better than the Roman Catholic: "I looked on the ceremony with pity and sorrow. And is this the Christianity of the East, thought I? May the day be hastened, when these people shall see a better representation of the religion of the Cross. I have had several requests from the people, that I would remain here and teach them 'Protestantism.' But my work is not here. May they soon have some one to unfold to them Christ and him crucified, with apostolic simplicity and earnestness." In marked contrast with the parade and ceremony of the Greek Church, we see the good missionary holding a simple service with his family in their little jail-like upper room. "I read a sermon from a manuscript. Lucy and Mary were my audience. We had a good meeting." At evening he writes in his journal: "have had a solemn but good day."

In a letter to Dr. Anderson, written from Aintab, he presses the claims of Latakiya upon the attention of the Prudential Committee: "It is a central place, and I have no hesitation in saying, that there is every probability, that faithful laborers stationed there would find the work of the Lord prospering in their hands, before they had expended half the effort and money that have been devoted to many places in the East, which it would be both folly and a crime to abandon. Shall its fifteen thousand inhabitants forever grope their way down to death?"

The question still remains unanswered. And why? "Because the laborers are few."

It may not be amiss to remark. that Latakiya is the ancient Laodicea, not however that of the Apocalypse, but one of half a dozen others bearing the same name; and one of four cities in the same Province (Seleucia, Antioch, Laodicea and Apamea,) all of more or less interest, which Seleucus, the founder of the Seleucian dynasty, built, and called severally after his own name, and after that of his father, his mother, and his wife. Antioch, where "the disciples were first called Christians," has lately received a missionary from America. May Latakiya now famous chiefly for its fine tobacco, soon become an emporium of the gospel!

On the 4th of March, the mules engaged by Mr. Ford arrived. But the owner, who had been paid partly in advance, had pocketed the money and decamped; and the chief muleteer now refused to take them, unless they would pay nearly double the stipulated price. By the intervention of the Consul and the appliance of ready money, the difficulty was at length adjusted, and the contract sealed over a cup of coffee. And at nine A. M. of Saturday, March 6th, they set out on their land journey, which, though as reckoned by distance it was less in all than four hundred and fifty miles, was to take more time than it had taken to cross the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and required a vastly greater amount of personal sacrifice and patience.

"About a hundred persons collected around us as we started. The *takht-i-rawan*, in which Mrs. Lobdell and the little one were to ride, was to them a curiosity, and possibly it would be to Yankees at home. It was a rudely constructed bier, painted blue, with red curtains over windows of glass and shutters of wire, borne between two mules fore and aft, whose backs were covered with immense pack saddles, which of themselves would be a sufficient burden for any four-footed animal in America.* Our train consisted of eight other mules, some having a huge box on either side of their broad saddles, and the rest mounted by three slender specimens of humanity. A couple of donkeys served to make a decent variety, and the mule with large bundles of bedding, and half a dozen bells round her neck, led the van, as we moved off 'over the hills and far away.'"

They were six days of actual travel, and eight days, including unavoidable detentions, in going about ninety miles. The first night they slept in a stable, the smaller of two that "had been scraped out for their reception," and preferred to the larger, because "it gave less marked evidence of the recent occupancy of cattle;" but they found comfort, and even joy in thinking of him who was born in a stable, and afterwards had not where to lay his head. "The people were the most wretched human beings I ever saw. Laziness was visible in every house. Democracy seemed to be the approved form of government. Equality was their din and cry. We must eat, sleep, and act as they did. We did not get out of the village until two of our muleteers had received from each other a number of severe blows; but fortunately we escaped ourselves in a respectable state of preservation."

Near the close of the second day, two men sprung upon them from the way side and demanded "buckshish." But the Doctor professed not to understand Arabic! They followed on, firing a gun, and renewing their demand with sundry significant gestures. But the resolute Yankee did not approve of "taxation without representation." And at length they gave him over for "a hard customer."

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* In a private letter, he likens it to "the covered body of a N. E. market wagon, bating the wheels."

The next day, it began to rain while they were six miles (two hours) from any human habitation. "It poured down like a New England thunder storm, and I rode on drenched and cold. It tried to snow, but split the difference, and hailed tremendously." But they quite forgot the past, when after an hour, it ceased to rain, the sun came out, and they looked down, from the mountain west, on the beautiful valley of the famous Orontes. "The plain was variegated like a Persian carpet. Its red soil, green crops, yellow flowers, and thriving appearance, at once recalled the valley of the Connecticut and the view from Mt. Holyoke." But man — *only* man was vile. What was their disappointment, as they descended from the mountain and entered the village of Jisr, to find amid so much fertility and loveliness, "one-story mud huts, grass-covered, and filled with miserable people, large piles of dung in front of the doors, and every possible sign of wretchedness around. Oh what a blot upon nature, what a curse man can be!"

"We slept in a wretched khan, uncomfortable and sad; for misery was all around us. Morning came, and we began to prepare for departure. I saw that our muleteer made no haste, so I surveyed the Roman ruins of the town. A magnificent bridge of fourteen arches crosses the Orontes, a superbly paved road runs north from the town, a fortress stands in its center, all giving proof of what has been and what may be. The contrast of these noble works with the mud shanties of the people, the ruined aqueducts with the miserable walls, was sad enough: what can not Mohammedanism and human depravity pollute and destroy?"

"Before we left the khan, my servant had some loud words with the landlord over the sum to be paid him; and as usual in such cases, the tumult became general. Mrs. Lobdell, partly from fear and partly to try the effect of music upon them, began to sing, 'Did Christ o'er sinners weep,' &c. The effect was instantaneous. The storm was succeeded by a calm. But this was not the end of their troubles.

"We set out. While on the great bridge, two ruffians seized the bridle of my mule and cried out, 'buckshish,' 'buckshish.' Their requests were a little too authoritative to suit me, and raising my hickory cane, I drove them off with great difficulty. One of them returned to the charge, when I turned the instrument and plied the knob over his skull not very compassionately. While he was attempting to pick up a stone, I made out to escape, and the two, with a dozen others, then attacked Pelo. I feared they would rob, if not kill him; but after an hour, he came on after us, having got away by making them a considerable present. I found out that my chief muleteer was the cause of the attack, and I intended to make him suffer for it when I reached Aleppo, but my proof was deficient."

"As we wandered through the plain we had a good time to muse. What a contrast the peaceful stream and winding valley presented with the dark and bloody people! Mrs. L. could not restrain her tears; but the babe's happy unconsciousness and quiet smile soon gave her thoughts another direction."

Towards night of the same day, they found themselves sinking in marshy ground; the *takht* broke down, Mrs. L. then mounted a mule and *he* fell; the baby was thrown from another; indeed, every animal and all the baggage was precipitated into the mud. Mrs. L. was carried out on the backs of four muleteers, and it was an hour before we "all came safe to land." . . . "It was not till near nine o'clock in the evening, that lights were seen glimmering in the distance. For two hours it had been so dark and stormy, that I had given the reins entirely to my mule. The animal's eyes were better than mine. We were glad to get into a khan once more, after riding thirteen hours amid danger and storms.

"That was an eventful day to us, but we needed the discipline. I need not detail the incidents of our travel thence to Aleppo. We were kept at Maarat Musreen two days by rains, spent another night in a miserable hovel among calves and chickens, and reached Aleppo, the city of camels, bazaars, and smokers, in tolerable health and full of hope.

"I find I have not seen all the East yet; but I have seen enough to know that there is no land like the United States. God grant that our countrymen may never forget the source of their prosperity—the religion of the Puritans—the gospel of Christ."

They were soon comfortably installed in Mr. Ford's house at Aleppo; but to their great disappointment, Mr. Ford had already left with Mr. Marsh of Mosul, to attend the general meeting of the Syria mission at Beyroot, so long had our travellers been delayed on their way. There they remained five days resting, recruiting for their further journey, forming some pleasant acquaintances with English and French merchants, rejoicing in the apparent sincerity and scriptural piety of the few Protestant Christians, looking with more or less interest on the gardens, bazaars, Saracenic walls, and crumbling ruins* of a city which at the close of the last century, numbered 230,000 inhabitants, but now only 80,000; and sorrowing most of all, that a city, still so large, should have but a single, solitary missionary,† to preach the pure gospel to its ignorant and bigoted population.

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* In 1822, an earthquake overturned most of the public buildings and reduced the greater part of the city to a heap of ruins.

† Dr. Pratt now occupies the place then occupied by Mr. Ford.

In Aleppo, Dr. Lobdell received his first package of letters from "home," and among the rest one from the pastor of his beloved church in Danbury. It calls forth the liveliest emotions. He answers it immediately, and as he looks back upon their blessings he thus speaks, in contrast, of what his eyes had seen, and his heart had felt in the villages which he had just passed through, and in the great city which was now his place of sojourn: "I do not believe a single individual with whom I had anything to do in those villages, knows anything about the way, the truth, and the life. Many profess to love Christianity, but their religion has not even the form of godliness. And then the temporal wretchedness — what can relieve it but the gospel? Some of these places appeared to be waiting for the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah. You can form no conception of their filth, misery, and pollution. My heart mourned over them. But I can only send a faint voice to my countrymen for help. Come and teach them; they know not what they do. I will welcome others, as my brethren have welcomed me, to a share in their trials and their joys, their sufferings and their reward. No earthly inducement can be offered, but a mere natural sympathy that is ineffective and futile; but clad in the panoply of heaven, and laboring with the eye upon eternity, one can live and die for their salvation. I do not love my country less, that I am far away; I pray that she may fulfill her glorious mission. She seems to me to be the star of hope for the nations. But her own salvation depends upon her attachment to the Bible, and her zeal in its propagation. There is no worse enemy to his own country, than he who would hoard its blessings like the miser. True philanthropy and true patriotism are inseparable. While the state of the world at large is what it is, that is a false patriotism which turns all its care upon the land of one's nativity. The true patriot is he who views the whole world as his country, who realizes that humanity has a common interest in a common destiny. Let us be neither Greek, Jew, Turk, English, or American, if we must forget our relationship to the universal brotherhood. Let demagogues be partisans, but let Christians be philanthropists.

"Since reaching Aleppo, and seeing the diversity of sects here, all holding fundamental errors, I feel more than ever that the pure precepts of the gospel are the only sure guide to unity and safety. It is sad to find not a score of real Christians among a population of 80,000. But 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' So we will hope. There is much to encourage labor, and it is not too much to ask, that into this quarter of the Lord's vineyard, the American churches should send a hundred laborers this year. New Englanders are generous, but they can afford to be more so. They are at the summit of the race; may their benefactions flow over the earth. Cry aloud, and spare not, my brother. After the conflict is peace and a crown."

Leaving Aleppo on Friday, March 19th, two days brought them to Killis, where they spent the Sabbath; and then after two days more of greater hardship and suffering than they had experienced even on their journey from Latakiya to Aleppo, they arrived, tired, chilled with the cold, and sick, at the *quarantine* in Aintab. The incidents of this journey and Dr. Lobdell's observations by the way, as he narrates them in a full but unadorned journal sent to his friends, exceed in interest many a chapter in those romances and books of travel, which so fascinate the reading public of our day. But they were quite subordinate in his estimation to the moral and religious aspects of those most interesting missionary stations; and we can not dwell upon them in this memoir.

The following extracts from letters giving an account of the Sabbath at Killis, and the state of things at Aintab, though somewhat disconnected, can not but be read with deep interest.

Aintab, Syria, March 30, 1852.

Dear Brother Scofield,—I have just time to say a few words about our journey hither from Aleppo, and the state of things in Aintab. I may also say something of Killis, where we spent the last Sabbath. We had rainy weather most of the time, and were obliged to sleep in very uncomfortable mud huts two out of the four nights we were on the road. But I need not speak of the necessity of sleeping in the same room with a dozen different species of animals of all sizes and habits, of the dirty floors, the muddy yards, the wretched people, and our little difficulties *en route*. I might interest you, perhaps, with a description of our appearance while crossing a swamp, and the house in which we were obliged to lie on the wet earthen floor, while our baggage was left for the night in the mud; our eating rice with penknives, and seeing the natives make their beds in dirty cut straw. But you wish to know the state of the people's souls, and the opinions of your brother regarding the openings here for missionary effort.

I have already sent to the United States a little account of our stay with our native brother Sarkis at Killis; of our cordial welcome to the hospitalities of his house, which he insisted on almost vacating for our accommodation; of the contrast between its whitewashed walls and its curtained, carpeted, and every way comfortable apartments with the hovel in which we had passed the previous night, and with the ordinary houses of the unenlightened masses of the people; of the voices of prayer and hymns of praise from the native brethren which were the last sounds I heard on Saturday evening, and the first I heard on Sunday morning; and of the unity, faith, and love, which were manifested by this little band of truly primitive disciples, gathered almost entirely by the labors of native Protestant lay Christians. I will just show you the way in which I succeeded in communicating with the native brethren. I had no letter of recommendation to them, and was taken to the house of this Protestant by our Moslem muleteer. The brethren were amazed at the diminutive size of my Bible, and though I could speak no Turkish and but little Arabic, I managed to assure them, by quoting passages with proper names, of the identity of our books. We were all of one spirit, and I prayed with them in English at their request. Our songs were heartfelt, if not musical. In the afternoon, they requested me to go with them to a little, low, cold room — their church — and compare our Bibles still further. By learning a few Turkish words, I could refer them to the chapter and verse which I wished to bring to their notice. Desiring to learn the extent of their acquaintance with the doctrines of Protestantism, I requested them to take the lead in the selection. They quoted such passages as these: — "Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you is justified by the law"; "We are the circumcision which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh," &c. I need not specify others. These show that they have the seed of the gospel. Their holy conversation, so far as I could understand it, and their anxiety to have a preacher sent them from America, prove that they are looking to Jesus, and wish their fellow citizens to know the gospel in its purity. They said it could not be pleasant for my countrymen to leave all their blessings and come to dwell with such a poor people as they; nevertheless, they would send forth a Macedonian cry. And do you not think I could appreciate their earnestness, when they turned my eye to the passage in Luke, declaring that "the harvest is great," and to Christ's answer to the man who said, "I will follow thee, but let me first go bid them farewell which are in my house."—"No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of heaven." I never spent such a Sabbath as that. We sat three successive hours together, and I felt that it was good to be there. Poor they were, but yet they were richer than many with their millions; their treasure is in heaven, and their hearts are there also. They held no less than four services of their own, besides the time they spent with me; and even when I awoke in the morning, the voice of prayer and songs of praise were rising from their bowed hearts, declaring that they had a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. They are mostly dyers, but their souls are clean. I could have stopped with them, dirty and unattractive as the town was, with great pleasure. The next morning they followed us out of town—about twenty men—and having bade them a soul-felt farewell, we all looked up to heaven in token of our common hopes, and separated to meet again only in eternity. But, my dear brother, will you not remember those dear poor Christians without a leader? Will not *our* church remember them? They rejoiced greatly, when I told them as I left, that I had written the evening before in their behalf to America. You would rejoice to labor with them; if you can not come, send a substitute. Danbury ought to send forth twelve missionaries in as many years; will you not try to stir up the people to their duty.

Since reaching Aintab, though we have spent a nominal five days' quarantine in a damp room, through which the cold winds whistled mournfully, and have been out only one day, I have seen enough to reassure you that a glorious work is transpiring here. The people are poor, but what a fullness of the Holy Ghost many of them have! The church is not large, but many are seeking to enter. Of the building, I shall speak hereafter—a mere mat-covered frame and bare ground. Schools are held in it, and a blind teacher in the female department is the most interesting man I ever saw. He reminds me of Stephen, —his countenance is heavenly, and his heart is full of peace. You may see his portrait in an old number of the Day Spring. Though blind, he sees. Mr. and Mrs. Schneider are absent; Mr. and Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Dr. Smith are the only missionaries left. They are all feeble. They need medical help very much here, and desire me to stay; but I must go on. The American Board should send not ten, but fifty men into this region soon. The towns are open and the people call. Will the churches hear? It is not rhetoric when the missionaries state the wants of this people—it is sober matter of fact. I rejoice to be here. Mrs. L. is not very strong, but we shall go on next week."

Detained two or three weeks by the sickness of Mrs. Lobdell and their babe, Dr. Lobdell wrote a week later to the same friend. He describes briefly the situation of Aintab, its countless graves, its varied population, and the beautiful valley, in which mounds and meads, flocks and streams are to be seen in every direction. "There is nothing particularly attractive in the region about, except this valley, and there are no public works or remains of antiquity to interest the traveler. But a few years ago it had not been heard of out of Asia Minor and Syria; now its reputation is world-wide. Victories of Saracens and Crusaders — what are *they*, compared with the moral triumphs and conquests that have recently been witnessed here! The town is built of a coarse, chalky limestone, which easily crumbles, and in many places the walls are seen tumbling down. I have noticed the walls of mosks disintegrating and giving a good illustration of the worshipers that gather five times daily in them. Poverty is written all over the city. But a spirit of enterprise is appearing among those to whom the gospel has been faithfully preached for a few years past. Dr. Smith, though dead, yet speaks. The posts which he established in Asia Minor have become the admiration of all the people. His influence is scarcely less apparent in the secular, than in the religious condition of the community."

He fulfills his promise and gives a description of the church edifice; how it grew by successive and irregular additions, till an old one-story stone house, some fifteen feet by forty, became a great tabernacle "enclosed by straw mats against stakes, thatched with straw, like an old-fashioned New England barn," and, with the help of a rude "gallery formed by stretching a few boards across the west end," capable of *containing* rather than accommodating six or seven hundred worshipers; and the original place of worship — the nucleus about which the successive accretions had gathered — was now set apart for the women. "It is of course deeply interesting to see the audience on the Sabbath. The pulpit is a little platform behind a desk, considerably less furnished than those usually found in a New England school-house, and recesses are left in the walls, where the boots and overshoes of the natives are deposited as they enter. They all sit cross-legged on the mats that are spread on the earthen floor; and when a hymn has been read, the whole audience unite in a tremendous burst of would-be music. During prayer their heads are uncovered by removing their turbans. When preaching has commenced every eye is turned towards the preacher and remains riveted on him till he closes his discourse. Oh, how I wanted to preach to that audience!

"The women all wore their white veils or sheets, which cover the entire person; and we could not but think of the contrast of their condition with that of the women at home. Even the ladies of the mission families deem it wise to regard somewhat the oriental notion of their inferiority to the men. It will not do for one of them to ride on horseback here. It is but lately that even the gentlemen of the mission could go out without receiving a volley of stones. You may remember that Mr. Johnston was driven away from here some years ago by showers of stones. I have not had a single insult offered me since I came here. This is owing to one or both of two reasons, — my habit of daily dispensing medicines, and the advance of Protestant doctrines and influence. Probably the latter is the chief reason. All classes, Mohammedans even, have united in petitioning me to remain here. Several hundred have signed a paper, and gray-headed men wept, when assured that I must go. I have sent an earnest appeal to the Prudential Committee of our Board to send them a physician as soon as possible. They also need more ministers. The whole region is awake. Whence shall come the men?"

In the above mentioned appeal to the Prudential Committee, dated Aintab, April 5, 1852, Dr. Lobdell thus writes: "Surely American Christians have not a tithe of the devotion of converted Armenians, if they will refuse to listen to the Macedonian cry of these their oppressed brethren. I have no hesitation in saying, that at least three able-bodied men are required at this station constantly, and a fourth would be able to do great good by circulating among the adjacent towns and villages. The brethren here have already been obliged to diminish the number of their preaching services nearly one-half, though this is evidently much to the disadvantage of the work, which is still as encouraging as ever. I attended the services on the Sabbath, with my pockets full of medicines, from which I had been prescribing on the way, and felt that it must require no ordinary amount of effort to preach acceptably to the six hundred anxious hearers squatted on their mats under that thatched roof. Very many of them have a much clearer idea of the great doctrines of grace, than the majority of Christians in the United States, for they have studied the word of God more faithfully. The number of inquirers, the demand for earnest and logical preaching, the debilitating influence of a foreign climate, and the necessity of prescribing for the sick, are so great, that I do not wonder Mr. Schneider feels that the labor is too exhausting for his energies, nor that Mr. Crane declares that he shall be forced to leave Aintab, unless a reinforcement soon arrives. It is impossible for an enlightened Christian to be among them and not task himself severely.

"It is to be feared the idea is prevalent in the United States, that almost all the people here are Protestants, and the great majority genuine Christians. This is far from being the truth. The work is yet in its infancy. It is not so popular to be a Protestant, that persecution is not still to be endured. The old Armenians are bitter yet, and the Mohammedans of course are contemptuous and bitterly hostile. The city numbers about fifty thousand inhabitants; the Old Armenian Church ten thousand, the Protestant community less than one thousand, and the true followers of Christ less than one hundred. Is the work done?"

After speaking of the necessity (growing out of the education and peculiar circumstances of the people,) that the missionaries should be their medical and secular, not less than their religious advisers, he comes to their urgent need of a physician and their importunate solicitations that he would remain with them, and encloses a translation of their earnest petition to this effect. In this petition, the people acknowledge their unspeakable obligations for the benefits, for which they were already indebted, under God, to the American missionaries. "No words of ours," they say, "can express the gratitude we feel." They impute it to their own ingratitude and sinfulness, that God has removed Dr. Smith from their midst. But what shall they do? They have as little confidence in their old physicians as in their former religious teachers. And "without a physician we shall die. We all therefore, being anxious to get relief, would request Dr. Lobdell (not as a matter of obligation, but as a favor to us) to remain among us. And we would ask it still further, as we believe it would be for the benefit of the missionaries laboring in our midst. With a firm hope and confidence that the gospel will spread still more rapidly in this region, and feeling, moreover, the extreme need of two additional missionaries coming to this place, we would, with exceeding gratitude and desire, receive *this one*, regarding him as already come."

In conclusion of his letter to Dr. Anderson, Dr. Lobdell says: "I was told that the four hundred and twenty names affixed to the above paper, were signed in a single evening. A member of the old community told Mr. Crane he would hand him two or three hundred names from that church, if he wished. I was told by one of the wealthiest of the Armenians — himself not a Protestant — that if I would stay here, and practice for the poor, defending them from the rapacity of their native doctors, he would give a thousand piastres to the cause. He has already given two thousand towards the erection of the new Protestant church. . . . I have been greatly interested in the work here, and I need not say, that I should feel quite disposed to listen to this petition of the people, if it was for me to decide. But I am designated to Mosul, and choose to go there, lest I should meet the fate of Jonah, or at least be said to build on another man's foundation." He adds, in a postscript: "The brethren have just departed, after receiving a second time my answer in the negative. Stout men shed tears. I almost feel it my duty to stay. But I can not. Do send a man."

In 1853, an ordained physician, Dr. Pratt, was sent to Aintab. But scarcely had he reached the station, when Mr. and Mrs. Crane, worn out with labor and exposure to an uncongenial climate, were obliged to leave; one of Dr. Pratt's first letters home chronicles their departure from the city, followed by a great company of men, women and children, "whose sad faces told how they felt to have a spiritual guide depart to return no more." "It seems to me," he says, "that this missionary life is one of high joys and keen sorrows; and one of the keenest sorrows is to feel, that these poor people, who are earnest for instruction, must be left to their ignorance, because none can be found to come and teach them, or those who are here are called away." Well may he add, "We earnestly pray for an outpouring of the Spirit upon our seminaries and colleges, that our fields may thence be supplied with laborers." In 1856, Mr. Schneider was constrained to break away from his overwhelming cares and labors as pastor of the church, teacher of the theological class, and evangelist and overseer of the whole surrounding country, and come home to recruit his health and strength for future usefulness, leaving Mrs. Schneider (who had lately returned from the United States) as she hoped, to supply, in some measure, his unavoidable lack of service; but, as the event proved, to die, after a few months, in the absence of her husband, and in the midst of missionary exertions, appropriate to her sex, and entitling her to a place in the history of missions among the "honorable women" whose names are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. Dr. Schneider has recently returned to the field of his former labors; and Dr. Pratt has removed to Aleppo.

The history of this station is full of interest — full, also, of instruction and reproof to the churches, whose scanty contributions of men and money have been honored as the means of its establishment. In the autumn of 1847, Dr. Smith arrived to take the place of Mr. Johnston, who had been stoned by the people and ordered away by the government; and being a physician, and the cholera beginning to prevail, he was enabled to hold his ground. In less than five years from that time the Protestant community had become what Dr. Lobdell found it, with a church of nearly a hundred members, and a congregation of six hundred. And in the five years that have since elapsed, it has advanced with a steady and uninterrupted progress, till it has doubled in numbers and resources, and more than doubled its influence in the city and the country around. The new house of worship, to which Dr. Lobdell alludes, was dedicated on the first Sabbath of the year, a building of stone, with alternate layers of white and black, eighty-two feet by fifty-nine, with a gallery on three sides, and capable of seating fifteen hundred persons; it was the first church of the Protestant community, built under a firman in the Turkish Empire. The church is even more remarkable for its graces than for its numbers. Five of its members have been trained in the little theological school under the instruction of Dr. Schneider, for the ministerial office, and it was his last delightful work before leaving the mission to ordain them as pastors over Protestant churches; while a score of preaching members, like the lay preachers of the first church at Jerusalem, go "every where preaching the word." And the whole church, and indeed, the whole Protestant community is, what every church ought to be, a Temperance Society, an Industrial Society, an Honesty and Veracity Society, a Society for promoting Christian knowledge and Christian morals; and a Society for propagating the pure Gospel. To be a Protestant at Aintab is, of course, to be, in fact and by the *acknowledgment* of *Mohammedans* and *nominal Christians*, a temperate, industrious, honest, truthful man; in other words, so far forth a real Christian, and not only a Christian himself, but so zealous to make others real Christians that he is a virtual missionary, whatever may be his occupation and wherever his lot may be cast. What would be thought in this country of four or five hundred persons attending an ordinary monthly concert, and large audiences lingering about the preacher, hanging on his lips and almost compelling him to continue preaching till past midnight, and even till the morning dawn! Truly apostolic scenes have been often witnessed there, and as one reads the story in the letters, or hears it from the lips of the missionaries, he feels as if he were reading in the Acts of the Apostles, or hearing from the apostles themselves, the wonderful results which God has wrought through their instrumentality. Christianity has not lost its power. Were so-called Protestant Christian churches every where such, were they all such in our beloved land, the evangelization of the world would not long be delayed.

In a letter to his father, Dr. Lobdell makes the power of the gospel, as displayed in the transformation and elevation of the Protestants at Aintab — in their industry, temperance and frugality, as well as in their intelligence, piety and benevolence — the basis of the following argument and appeal in behalf of the divine origin of Christianity: "To what can all this be attributed but to the spirit of Christ, which they have received within a few years past? Oh, let us not refuse to see the proof, that the Bible is divine, that Jesus is the Redeemer of men, that both the Bible and the Spirit of God are necessary to the regeneration and salvation of the world. My dear father, I would rather hear that you pray morning and night with your family with the earnestness of these poor Christians, than to know that you are making a fortune in gold to the neglect of your duty to God! I rejoice in your temporal prosperity, I pray that it may be still greater: but, after all, I do feel that this is comparatively unimportant, and I can say with the Apostle, whom Christ especially loved, 'I wish above all things, that thou mayest prosper, and be in health even as *thy soul prospereth*.'

"If I have spoken of trials, you must not think that either Lucy or myself would be *willing* to return to America. We love the missionary work more, the more we see of its utility. It is a self-denying, but not an unprofitable calling. We are growing stronger in faith, and feel willing to trust to our heavenly Father our souls and our lives. Whatever be our lot, we feel confident, that God approves our course, and are at rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

Aintab to Mosul — View from the hill — Fences — Pollat Avedis — Fountain of Aleppo Water — Moslem Prayers — Sleeping in a Tent — Illustrations of Scripture — Crossing a River — Native Helper at Nisib — Crossing the Euphrates — Detention — Asdour — Bir — Enlightened Turkey — Woman — The Dragoman Zenope — Desert Plain — Abraham — Dipper — Orion — Khan of the Four Kings — Sabbath there — A Pastoral Country — Oorfa — Lurchiz Avedis — Abraham's Cave — The Protestant Community — Appeal for a Missionary — Severek — Birth-place of Judas Iscariot — The " Black Mountain" — No Forests in Turkey — Thunder Storm — Late arrival at Diarbekr — Gates closed — Key obtained by Mr Dunmore — Diarbekr — Situation — History — View from the hill across the River — Stoned by the Moslems — Promising Missionary Station — Departure — Voyage down the Tigris — Boat of Skins — Scenery — Arrival at Mosul.

A FATIGUING journey, by land, of nine days still lay before our weary travelers ere they should reach the waters of the Tigris at Diarbekr. But their route lay across Northern Mesopotamia; two days would bring them to the banks of the Euphrates, two more to Oorfa, the "Ur of the Chaldees," and the birth-place of Abraham; and every day, while it carried them over lands trodden by the feet of patriarchs, and still pastured by flocks and herds in primitive style, would bring them nearer, not only to their own future home, but to the cradle of human history. Hence though the days were to be long, and the fatigue and exposure great — though they expected to be, as they were, day after day, ten, twelve and thirteen hours in the saddle — yet they set out with more of hope and joy than of fear, on this part of their journey. The *takht-i-rawan*, which Mrs. Lobdell had relinquished for the saddle from Aleppo to Aintab, in the present state of her health, was necessarily resumed; and Dr. Lobdell himself was sometimes so overcome with fatigue, as to be obliged to seek in it temporary rest, Mrs. Lobdell meanwhile taking his place on the back of the mule. His journals and letters on this route are unusually full. One, who should read them thoroughly, would be quite familiar, not only with all the incidents of the journey, but with the physical, social, and moral aspects of the country. The following extracts are chiefly such as illustrate the present condition of the country, the character and habits of the people, and the progress and prospects of the missionary enterprise.

"It cost us some tears to bid adieu to our kind missionary and native friends in Aintab; and as, on the 14th of April, we wound our way out of the city through a crowd of Turks who took some pleasure in insulting us. I felt that the triumph of the gospel is not complete, even in that favored field of missionary effort. Mr. Crane walked out with Lucy — an abominable procedure in the eyes of those who consider woman nothing but a slave; Stephen carried little Mary; I rode Mr. Schneider's horse, having a red girdle about my loins, and a white turban round my *tarboosh;* while a band of Protestants followed to do us honor. We found the *takht-i-rawan* at the east end of the town, near the extremity of the great 'city of the dead;' and after it was loaded and adieus were said, we proceeded on our way. Mr. Crane wished to go with us to Diarbekr; but the demand for laborers is so great at his station, that he could only accompany us a short distance. Pollat Avedis, a native preacher, a giant in theology and a dove in gentleness, with a young Armenian, also rode out with us. *We* galloped on, Zenope, my dragoman, (a very agreeable graduate of the Bebek Seminary, who speaks English remarkably well and understands practical chemistry better than any college graduate I ever met), and Stephen keeping near the *takht* to protect its inmates from harm. We rode to the top of a hill southeast of the city, and had a fine view of the plain and the moving companies upon it. A village lay south of us on one of the roads to Aleppo, past which Dr. Bacon came. You may recollect he said, the prospect, as he came in sight of Aintab, was one of the finest he ever saw. It is a characteristic of these countries, that all the fine valleys are surrounded by barren hills, which throw a cheerless gloom over what would otherwise be some of the fairest fields of nature. We busied ourselves in examining the geological character of the region, and in enjoying 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' while the rest of the company went around the hill. We then rode down into the valley, taking a view of a narrow ravine, which the water had worn out from the lime-stone rock, and for myself casting a last glance upon the minarets and light-brown houses of Aintab. A stream of considerable size winds through the valley, turning a mill and watering the fine meadows and trees. Tall, slim poplars were planted close together, and formed quite a beautiful fence around the well-tilled and productive lots. Here, almost for the first time since I came into the country, I have seen the division of land by fences. Even here, the fence is raised for its intrinsic value; for as soon as these trees get to be five or six inches in diameter, they are felled and employed as sleepers to support the mud roofs of houses. Peach and apricot trees were loaded with rich pink blossoms, and gave evidence of the budding propensities of spring.

"Pollat propounded various questions of a theological character, and we passed the time very agreeably in discussing them. I was surprised at the acuteness and clearness of his mind. He was once a thorough infidel, but thought out his way into a pure Christianity. Such a man will not be weak-minded. He has endured great persecution; but it has been a purifying furnace, and now his faith glows all the brighter for the trial.

"After riding about two hours and a half, we came to a bubbling fountain, which, after running about seventy miles, supplies the people of Aleppo with water. I took a drink from it, and noticed near by a Moslem repeating his howlings and his prayers. Soon one of our train followed his example, keeping his eye turned towards the Prophet's land, instead of heaven."

That night, they slept, for the first time, in a tent, "with fez and coat on," and wrapt in thick quilts and blankets to protect them against the chilly night air. They met, of course, as travelers in the East always do, with frequent illustrations of Scriptural facts and images—such as shepherds *leading* their flocks, as the Lord leads his people; carrying the lambs in *their bosom*, as the Good Shepherd carries the young and the feeble of his fold; and separating the sheep from the goats, as the Judge will separate the righteous from the wicked in the day of judgment; women watering the flocks at the wells, like Rebekah and Rachel, and carrying water in their pitchers into the city; men following the plow with an ox-goad ten feet long, pointed with iron, and as good as a lance or spear, wherewith Shamgar might well slay six hundred men; and roads, if roads they may be called, not enclosed by fences but running in an indefinite number of separate tracks through the plowed fields, so that the "sower as he went forth to sow," could not but scatter more or less of his seed on these beaten and barren tracks.

"At 1 P. M. we crossed a large river by a roof-like bridge—a work indicative of ancient enterprise. A woman was carring two kids in her bosom across the bridge, and the mules stood hesitating whether to step upon it, or stem the flood. Some chose one way, some the other. It was rather interesting to see our bundles of bedding dipped in the stream! We had them covered with oiled-cloth and put in a painted bag, so as to endure the wind and weather."

"Our native brother, who is trying to teach the inhabitants of Nisib the truth of the gospel, came out to see us, and accompanied us some distance. It is gratifying to see how anxious our native brethren are to make known the riches of the gospel to their countrymen. They ask only the means of living, and they will go anywhere to preach the word. At first, they were called vagabonds, and were often imprisoned as such; but now that they go with the tools of their trade, or as merchants, into the towns about Aintab and even through all Asia Minor, they have a right to civil protection. They generally take a room in a khan, and work, sell, talk, and pray. Thus the truth spreads. Paul worked as a tentmaker, and his humble imitators emulate his invaluable example. Nisib presents quite a neat exterior, but it is said to bear marks of poverty and shame within. It has mosks enough to make it a little pandemonium."

They reached the western bank of the Euphrates, over against Bir, (or Bir-i-Jik,) just as the last ark for the day was ready to start for the other side. "It could take nothing but our persons; and preferring to sleep in our tent, rather than separate from our baggage, we concluded to show our tezkerehs (passports,) and pitch near the lazaretto. Not a particle of food could be got but that we carried with us, and before we could get that in an eatable condition, it commenced raining, and the clouds threw quite a shadow over the bright expectations I had cherished about the paradisiacal Euphrates. We had rode eleven hours that day, and the last three under a burning sun, which not even my white-covered umbrella and huge turban could resist.

"16th. We were thankful for a pleasant sleep, and resigned to the rains of the morning. But when we learned that no boats would be over that forenoon, we were a little disquieted.

"I gathered some pebbles from the sacred stream, and got well wet in the operation. I hope you will prize them for the difficulty I had in collecting them, if for no other reason. Much to my surprise I found all my boxes from Aleppo had been undergoing a ten days' *quarantine* here. Our iron bedstead is left behind. Well, we can sleep on the floor for a while, if need be. That is a small inconvenience in this country.

"If I had not felt that the delay was not owing to my own negligence, I should have been ill at ease, for it was a fine day to travel, and I knew the hot season would not tarry for us. But I cast a thought towards Connecticut, and succeeded in making Lucy with myself feel that we were doing acceptable service even by delay. I had time to *draw* Bir, which lies like another Gibraltar, frowning over the waters.

"About three P. M. we were greeted with the sight of twelve boats drawn by a hundred nearly naked men — the boats some twenty-five feet long, with flat bow, sharp stern, and an immense rudder, and the men ten or a dozen to each boat to draw it up the stream, and then two to see that it is pushed into the current and steered slantingly down to the landing-place; it was the most original method of navigation I had yet seen. A number of camels had just arrived, and we were obliged to hurry up our muleteers to get in advance of them. Just as we were ready to embark, we were agreeably surprised to see another native brother by the name of Asdour, who had taken quarters at a khan on the other side, that he might preach the pure gospel to the inhabitants of Bir. He offered the boatmen a present if they would take our party over first. They consented, though it appeared by their remarks about their happy disappointment when he gave them ten piastres, that they had little confidence in his truthfulness. Their surprise was over when they learned that he was a Protestant — another name for a temperate, virtuous, and honorable man.

"We of course found no distinction between cabin and deck passengers; travelers, muleteers, boatmen, horses and mules were huddled confusedly together. But the sail was short. A great crowd stood around the custom-house, as we came to land, and it was with some difficulty Lucy reached the *takht*. She was suddenly shut up there, as it was dangerous for her to go through the streets unveiled and walking by the side of a man! This is that enlightened Turkey, of which you hear so much of late.

"Our baggage was taken to a cave, and we went to Asdour's room in the khan; where, after putting up our beds, and then taking a walk about the town, our brother and host prayed with us in Turkish, and he, our dragoman, and ourselves, lay down and slept, all within the compass of one small room.

"In the morning, our brother Asdour accompanied us on foot about two miles, anxious to do us honor, and to receive words of encouragement in his work. He has yet had but little success in convincing the people of the truth. But one's faith must not waver, if he does see but little fruit. The plant he fosters and the seed he sows may nourish another generation and bring forth 'an hundred fold.'

"We at length separated. I took a last view of the city and the gardens, and felt that I should probably see the Euphrates no more. There were no willows, or I should have imitated the captives of Babylon, and sat down to weep over the strange desolation before me.

"A troop of men, women and children passed us on their way to Aleppo. They presented a curious spectacle, the women wearing immense turbans, and carrying their children before them on little donkeys, while the men on horses, alone, gave them neither sympathy nor aid. Woman here has no advocate.

"Pretty soon we saw a man plowing with a team composed of a donkey and a steer. I smiled, whereupon our young guards informed the company, that this man was very poor, and therefore obliged to harness together these animals of so different a nature. I took occasion to dilate to Zenope on the glories of America. He is a man of fine talents, and came to Aintab to teach, though he knew his compensation was to be but ten dollars a month, and though he had a prospect of rising to affluence, if he would engage in a selfish pursuit of gain. He chose to be poor, that he might be Christ-like. Glorious choice for thee, my brother! May God give thee 'a crown of life.' I know no young man in America, of finer talents or a better heart. And when he told me his wages just enabled him to pay his board and get his clothing, and that he was unable to purchase books, I was affected to tears! He reads English, and I have rejoiced to give him some leaves of knowledge. It is well that treasure can be laid up in heaven.

"I noticed several familiar flowers as we rode along, but very many unknown ones. Every thing here wears a new aspect.

"A thunder storm obliged us to put on our rubber coats, and it was sunset when it cleared away. On and on we rode over an immense plain, covered with grass and sand. I had time to think of the friends across the sea, and muse upon the wanderings of the patriarchs. It was a consolation to believe that Abraham once drove his flocks across that wide expanse. We saw only a few clusters of mud-huts, looking like stacks of hay, before darkness rendered observation impossible. One by one the stars came out, and I was glad to see the Dipper hanging round the pole, just as I used to see it in my native land. Orion, too, with his shining zone, assured me that I was still on *terra firma*. I trust I was accepted in my renewed consecration and prayers to God. The desert plain was like a boundless ocean then; it symbolized infinity. I could discern the horizon, and the guard ahead; but little more. That was a silent evening — a time for holy thought. I feared to go far from the *takht-i-rawan*, and was glad to see that Lucy and Mary were sleeping in it, unconscious of the weariness that was settling down heavily upon me, after twelve hours' riding on horseback.

"We dismounted at nine P. M. at the gate of the great Khan, three hundred feet square, built by four kings, as a meritorious deed whereby to purchase heaven, and hence known and noted through all these parts as the *Charmelek Khan*. No human being lives there. It is simply a place to accommodate mules and muleteers on their way across the country. We could not endure the dust and noise and filth of the building, and, having ascertained that there was no alternative, we *pitched our tent* in the inner court, and having taken tea, lay down to rest just as my watch ticked the hour of midnight."

The next day was the Sabbath; and they rested according to the commandment. Near by was a well with sixty steps down to the water. Opposite was a mosk, with the unusual number of six minarets. In the neighborhood, several hundred mud *stacks*, or *hollow cones*, were arranged into a sort of city, already deserted for the summer — they were the winter abode of wandering Arabs. All around spread those plains of Mesopotamia, on which Abraham had pastured his flocks, and where — perhaps, on the Sabbath — the God of glory appeared to him, and called him to the promised land. And now one of his promised seed, from a continent then unknown, gathers his little family and his few servants about him, reads the story of the patriarchs in the seventh chapter of the Acts, comments upon it, doubtless with some reference to his own call and wanderings, and then lifts up his heart in prayer to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, not for himself only, but for the land from which the Father of the Faithful went out, and which his believing children would now reclaim for a spiritual inheritance.

The next day, (Monday, April 19,) they rose at three in the morning, and rode on, the greater part of the day, through a singularly romantic country, whose wells and cisterns and herds and flocks, sometimes very large, with their male and female keepers, constantly reminded them of the patriarchal age, and whose whole aspect convinced them, that this had ever been — as it is represented to have been in that oldest and truest of ancient histories, the book of Genesis — a pastoral land.

"At eleven o'clock, twelve men on fine steeds, and armed to the teeth, appeared at a turn on the road, and, for a moment, my ears stood straight, and even my long hair began to rise. How it gratified us to learn that they were government officials. After about a month, as we learned from our guards, it will be very dangerous to pass along that route. Indeed, none who understand the danger, will travel it then. The peasants will retire from the territory as soon as the heat begins to dry up the verdure, and then the *Aneezees* will take possession. They are ferocious, and spare nobody that falls into their power. Two years ago, the *Mutsellim* (local governor) of Bir was stripped right there, and sent on his way quite empty and naked.

"At length, the remains of an old Roman road assured us that we were approaching the famed *Edessa.** In one place the rock was excavated for the road, and the steep descent towards the northeast was rendered quite passable by art. The sun's rays, reflected from the white rocks, were quite annoying; but we were consoled by looking down upon the fertile plain of Oorfa a few miles beyond.

"At two P.M., the tombs north of the town came in sight, and the first view of the city was cheerless; I was glad to see a company of the people of Oorfa seated at the mouth of the caves in the suburbs, and a few urchins playing ball. This indicated some degree of civilization. We soon reached the road, which, by turning south, conducted to the city. Zenope rode ahead to find us lodgings, and our train waited in the hot sun about an hour for his return. Our Protestant brother, Lurchiz Avedis, invited us to spend the night with him, and we proceeded to follow him. I was urged to take off my white 'California' and put on a tarboosh, as the fanaticism of the natives in that quarter is proverbial. I rode into the city, carrying Mary, while Lucy walked with Zenope. It would not do for her to ride. We entered the south-west gate, and my eye most unexpectedly fell upon a beautiful grove, a crystal stream, and many marks of enterprise. A high castle was on the right, and two tall Corinthian columns stood upon its summit, where a certain Nimrod is fabled to have suspended malefactors!

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* Oorfa, the Ur of the Chaldees, is supposed to have been the Edessa of the Romans.

"The bazaars appeared to furnish all the necessaries of life — a consideration of much importance in reference to its occupation by missionaries from America. The custom house is quite a respectable building. We noticed, also, a large square tower, and a mosk formerly occupied as a Christian Church. But the chief object of interest in Oorfa is Abraham's Cave. There is no good reason to doubt that the patriarch was born very near it. A mosk has been erected over the spring that bubbles in the cave, of whose clear, cool water I had a taste, and which supplies sacred water for the sacred fish, that are domesticated in the stream below. It was amusing to see these fish, which no one is allowed to catch, jump over each other, as we threw a few crumbs into the water.

"Our Protestant brethren were alike ready to do us service, and to ask us questions. They requested my interference in some ecclesiastical difficulties, and I went with them to the Pasha to secure the official acknowledgment of one of their number, as their legal head. They wanted me to address them as they gathered in a circle round me after tea, which I did through Zenope. I had quite a discussion with an Armenian of the Old Church, and hope I was instrumental in animating the faith of the persecuted ones."

The following extract from a letter to Dr. Anderson will present this interesting place and people in their missionary aspect: "We spent a very pleasant night in Oorfa. The late head of the *Armenian* community was formally acknowledged by the Pasha, when we came before him, as the head of the *Protestants*. The Pasha had not before heard of their firman, a sufficient commentary on the mode of legislation, and the amount of general information in the Turkish Empire. I addressed fifteen of the brethren through an interpreter, and commended them to God — sheep with only Christ as Shepherd. It was deeply affecting to see the tears fall from 'eyes unused to weep,' as we separated the next morning. A few of them accompanied us some miles from the city, and besought me to use my influence to procure them an American missionary. What can *I* do? Few places in this part of the empire have so many attractions as Oorfa. It is beautifully situated on the west side of a fertile plain; and, though it is Edessa fallen, it retains many marks of its ancient greatness. Abundant reasons offer for its immediate occupation. I drank from the spring in the cave, where Abraham is said to have been born, and should have been glad to end my wanderings there. In the name of the persecuted Protestants of Oorfa, I beg you to send them a missionary."

Persecution afterwards scattered this little flock, and drove most of them to Aintab. But they have returned, and now rejoice in the presence of "an American Missionary," who is not only the spiritual guide of the Protestant community, but labors in hope that the little leaven will yet leaven the thirty thousand inhabitants of Oorfa, and the thousands more who dwell in the surrounding Pashalic. Mr. Nutting, formerly of Aintab, now enjoys the high privilege of preaching and teaching, where God "preached before the gospel to Abraham," and where one of the most famous of the theological schools of the early Christian Church trained up ministers and missionaries for all the East.

We must hurry over the remaining journey of four days from Oorfa to Diarbekr. The only important place is Severek, which lies half way between, and where the second night after leaving Oorfa, they pitched their tent on a fine grass plot without the city. "A number of officials called on us; and soon after my return from a visit to the bazaars, the Mutsellim, or governor of the place, invited us to dine with him. This we declined as politely as possible, knowing that the less one has to do with such persons, the better. The higher in office a man rises in these parts, as a general rule, the deeper does he plunge in iniquity. The town is built of dark volcanic stone, and the rough pavements are very inconvenient for foot passengers. The streets are, of course, narrow and dirty. We purchased a few nuts and raisins, and were just passing outside of the wall near the castle-crowned hill, when we were credibly informed, that in a certain garden of the city, were to be seen some memorials of *Judas Iscariot*, that Severek was his birth-place, that he went to Jerusalem, learned something about Christ and his new doctrines, returned, and by mistake married his mother in the place now occupied by this garden, discovered his error, went back to Jerusalem, betrayed Christ and hung himself! Not having any particular admiration for his character, I did not feel very anxious to pay my respects to his memory. The wretched appearance of the town might perhaps lend some plausibility to the belief that it was cursed for being the scene of his nativity."

The next morning they were up to breakfast before two, and on their way soon after four, Dr. Lobdell leading the van through the rocks and mud with a lantern. Their object was twofold, to get on as far as possible before the sun was up with a burning heat, and also to reach the summit of the *Karajah Dagh* or Black Mountain before night-fall. "This *Karajah Dagh* is the terror of all travelers in Mesopotamia. We were forced to make quite an acute angle to reach a convenient pass. We hoped we were late enough in the season to cross it comfortably. It is a region of extinct volcanic fires, every rock told its Plutonic history, lizards and poor Koords diversified the scenery. At eleven A. M. we descended a hill and dined by a rippling stream. When the proper time arrived to start again, I could not rouse the muleteers, so I took Mary on my horse, and rode ahead. The appearance of a hundred horsemen defiling through the pass, and guarding as many unarmed and handcuffed convicts, engrossed their attention and detained them still longer, but they at length got started. Then began the mud; and the clouds threatened rain. We wished to get near the summit of the mountain if possible. The heat of the sun contended with the cold air of the mountain for supremacy. We suffered from both. The rain troubled us a little, and we feared the consequences. The grass was the finest we had seen. At three P. M. we came to a fine camping ground occupied by a troup of mules with loads of soap. We had previously met a string of ninety camels, each having two huge bags of gall nuts on their way to Aleppo. Several of them were hairless. Sometimes the owners pull off the hair that it may grow out uniform; but I believe, they generally shed it every year. It was hardly possible for our *takht* to get through the mud. A few weeks earlier, it could not have been got over the mountain. The animals, even now, would often sink half buried in the mud. About sunset we came to a bifurcation in the path — one track leading to a little village some three miles off our course, the other going straight over the mountain. We took the direct route, and encamped near a ruined Khan. Before our tent was up, the rain came in torrents. We pinned up the folds of the tent, and by means of stakes braced it against the wind, and made arrangements for all *our* party to get within. The poor muleteers deserved no better fate than to sleep exposed to the wind and weather. A small encampment was near, but we felt that we were alone. My thoughts were homeward and heavenward. I slept soundly, and the morning found us in a comfortable state to resume our journey.

"The ground was black, and hence the name of the mountain. The air was cold, the snow lay around us, and we were an hour reaching the table-land on the summit. This was crowned with oaks, that looked like apple-trees, and I thought of the storm-swept hills of America. There are no forests in Turkey. Trees are a luxury that my countrymen little prize, because they do not know their loss.

"We crossed the little table-land, and having ascended a very difficult steep, soon came in sight of the plain and the clouds through which the Tigris was winding. I never saw more fleecy vapors; they shut out of sight the city of our destination, but portended a cool journey through the day. Down we went. The descent was very difficult — mules fell now and then — but it was pleasant. We took strong puffs of the cool air, thinking that we were soon to feel the grateful influence of a mountain atmosphere no more. We dined at the base of the mountain."

There again the tardiness of the muleteers delayed them a long time, in consequence of which they were exposed to a fearful thunder-storm, and were in imminent danger of being shut out of the city over night. Drenched and cold, Dr. Lobdell put spurs to his horse, and rode on to overtake the advance guard, consisting of the chief muleteer and a native brother who was traveling with them, and then to the gate of the city to make arrangements for the reception of the whole party. "I found that plain very long. After I had overtaken Aposh, the city seemed to be an hour distant; I found it was two. The walls loomed up black and grand, and the turrets and minarets, surmounted with floating clouds, gave promise of no ordinary city. . . . . We went up quite an ascent — but it was still far, very far, I thought, to the city. The sun was about to go down — we had scarcely seen it all day — when we rode past the Moslem burying-ground, and approached the massive gate that let us into the well-walled city. We hurried to Mr. Dunmore's house, and before I could go in, he told me the gates would shut out Lucy, if we did not hurry back at once. We hurried back, but they were already bolted. Mr. Dunmore started for the military Pasha's house to see if he could get the key. I was almost pulled from my horse by a soldier, while waiting alone.* I was wet, and felt almost certain Lucy would have to stay out in the damp, chilly air all night. I thought of the sinners who find the gate of the celestial city closed. I could only pray; my anxiety kept me from suffering by the dampness and cold. At length I heard a noise at the outer gate. I called, and got a response from Zenope. I told the party to wait there; and fortunately Mr. Dunmore soon arrived with the key. He told me he had got it only after much difficulty, and even then by stating I was an English *Hakeem*, or physician. I need not say I was rejoiced to see our party, funeral-like, move through the streets of Diarbekr. I heeded not the streams that poured from the roofs into the narrow streets. We had a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Dunmore, and having changed our clothes, and taken tea, it was sweet to retire to our quiet rest beneath the roof of a countryman and Christian brother."

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* So the first American missionaries, who entered Damascus, were obliged to dismount. Koords — heathen — may ride through the streets, but not Christian dogs. Such is Moslem hatred of Christianity, where it can manifest itself without fear or restraint.

Diarbekr, Mosul and Baghdad are the three principal cities on the Tigris, each a walled town of about forty thousand inhabitants, and situated at intervals of nearly three hundred miles from each other; the first toward the source of the river, the last some two hundred miles from its mouth, and the other about midway between them. Diarbekr and Baghdad are situated at points where the Tigris and the Euphrates approach most nearly together, and Mosul at a point where the two rivers are most widely separated. Diarbekr stands near a bend in the Tigris, where it approaches nearest to, or rather is least distant from, the Mediterranean. It is for this reason chiefly, that the missionaries and other travelers to Mosul take a course so much to the north of the direct route; they strike for the nearest point on the Tigris, and then it is comparatively easy to float down the river in its first easterly, and then southerly, course. This general situation has doubtless conspired with the natural advantages of its immediate site — the sweep of the river by which it is encircled, and the noble plain which spreads around it — to make it, what it has been from time immemorial, an important city. It is the Amida of the Romans; its massive lava walls, of surpassing height and solidity, crowned with seventy-two towers, were built by the Emperor Constantius; and its great mosk, magnificent even in its ruins, was reared for a church, and after being burned, rebuilt by order of his imperial successors. It once contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. As one of the two stations of the Assyrian mission, it was an object of special interest to Dr. Lobdell; and, during a stay of ten days, he had ample opportunity to look about the city, as well as to become acquainted with the character of the inhabitants.

It was on the 23d of April that he arrived. On the 24th, he "walked about the town, examined the venerable walls, and the gardens and groves beyond; went through the bazaars; was saluted with the cry of '*Prote! Prote!*' called to see the sick wife of Hohannes, formerly a fierce persecutor, but now himself a persecuted man; examined several diseased women and children; pitied the native quacks, who terribly lacerate for supposed diseases; and went home with the conviction that the town is a rendezvous for fanatics, scamps and Koords, and a miserable home for the Jacobites, Chaldeans and Armenians, who dwell within its massive walls."

"The 25th was Sunday. The Protestants met at sunrise to pray and read. At eleven A.M. was preaching, as also at four P. M. I addressed them in the afternoon through Zenope, after which a young persecuted brother preached. Though not a member of the church, he seemed to speak from the fullness of his soul, of the power of the gospel."

The ensuing week he spent in visiting the sick, conversing with the native Christians, surveying the antiquities, the paved road, the bridge of ten arches, and the old Roman walls, and exploring the city and the surrounding country. The view of the city, with its minarets and domes and walls and bastions, from a hill across the Tigris — in Koordistan — answered to his youthful imagination of an Oriental city, rising like a rocky citadel out of the broad plain — like a turreted and castle-crowned island out of a sea of tropical verdure — girt around by a magnificent sweep of the Tigris, enclosed by rugged hills and snow-clad mountains, which, though distant, seemed like Nature's own impregnable fortifications thrown around it; and all this glittering and flashing in the cloudless and dazzling sunshine of the Orient. But as he returned through the neglected burial grounds which lie outside of the gates of this, like other Mohammedan cities, and looked on the falling and decaying monuments, and saw the very walls of the city crumbling and dissolving, he was led to reflect on the perishable nature of all human works.

"I could not help asking myself how long it will be before not a single monument now standing over the dead in America will bear any memorial of the dust beneath. There is no immortality but that of thought and righteousness. The thinker lives forever; and so does the work and memory of the benevolent and good. Let me be a Henry Martyn rather than a Napoleon or Alexander."

A letter to Dr. Anderson, written from Mosul, will supply all that need be added of Dr. Lobdell's personal experience at Diarbekr, as well as his observations of the missionary work there:—"As I remained there about ten days, I had an opportunity to see the nature and extent of the work in that place. It is deep, wide-spread, encouraging; indeed, it is more so than in any place I have yet seen in the East, with the single exception of Aintab. The cleanliness and enterprise of the Protestants are very noticeable. The audience that gathers to hear the native helpers from Aintab, varies from sixty to ninety. It was with great pleasure I spoke to them, through an interpreter, of the instrumentality of gospel truth in fitting souls for heaven. The very novelty of the circumstances increased the interest. The women looked through a window from an upper room; and the men, seated in Oriental style upon the straw-woven mats, seemed anxious to catch every thought. They have suffered severe persecution, but it has done more for the cause than indifference would. That for which a man will give up friends and a livelihood, which will enable him to meet the jeers and blows of enemies with a joy like the martyrs, must have a divine significance and power.

It will excite inquiry and a desire for conformity to the claims of truth. The brethren in Diarbekr have been subjected to great trials, of which it is not my purpose or province to speak.

"A few circumstances of a personal nature may be worthy of statement. I never went into the streets without being saluted with the cry of 'Prote,' and seldom without receiving a shower of missiles. Several times, while walking for exercise with Mr. Dunmore, on the roof of his house, I was hit by stones flung from the roofs of adjacent buildings. The women screeched and threw dirt; the boys hurled stones and brick-bats; while the husbands and fathers stood by cheering them on in their diabolical work. The Saturday before I left, we happened to be walking through the open court of a mosk, and stopped to look at the tall Corinthian columns of marble raised around it by ancient Christian hands. A crowd of forty or fifty gathered round us, and though all classes of the citizens pass daily through the court, we were foreigners and Protestants, and it was a good time for the Moslems to wreak their vengeance. They at first attacked me, but when they saw I would offer no resistance, they fell upon Mr. Dunmore; he tried to parry their blows with his cane, but was seized by the throat, and I feared he would be strangled. It would have been madness for me to rush to his assistance; I tried to pass quietly away, but a part of them turned upon me, seized and hurled away my hat, and, though now in the open street, we both felt that it was quite uncertain whether we should escape alive. They at length began to throw stones; one of two pounds' weight hit my side, and I picked it up as a witness against the offenders. The missiles came so thick, and the mob was so fierce, that we were obliged to run with all our might. We found temporary safety in the bazaars, and soon after effected our escape to Mr. Dunmore's house. We were thankful for deliverance from such a death, but we deemed it expedient to make a complaint to the Pasha; we were refused redress, and were even told by the Pasha that he did not believe a word we said! Such is justice and toleration in Diarbekr. We left him, not doubting that our representation of the facts to the American Embassador at Constantinople will secure his removal. The Moslems even call him a beast. Both Mr. Rassam, of Mosul, and Colonel Rawlinson, of Baghdad, have written to Sir Stratford Canning to procure the appointment of an English Consul to reside there.

"It is to be hoped you will send Mr. Dunmore an associate soon; the labor and excitement at his station are too great for the powers of one man, especially while unfamiliar with the language. A judicious adviser would be able to render brother Dunmore much assistance, even though fresh from America. Both Mr. Williams and myself are anxious you should not long allow him to endure the trial alone. I am confident that, when a favorably disposed Pasha and a broad-minded assistant missionary reach Diarbekr, the station will assume an interest inferior to few under the care of the Board."

Persecution continued to rage at Diarbekr for years, but the progress of the church and the Protestant community there has fully justified the expectations of Dr. Lobdell.

After many vexatious delays, occasioned chiefly by the dishonesty of the Moslems, who at first constructed their raft of rotten skins, and, when compelled to re-construct, still left it without any suitable floors — after all these difficulties had been adjusted by repeated visits to the river, in which they became so familiar with Moslem insult and abuse that it excited only thankfulness for their own persecutions, and prayer for the forgiveness of their enemies — all was at length in readiness for their departure.

"Besides Mr Dunmore, a number of our native brethren accompanied us to the river, and among them three who had just come to the city from a distant village to procure some one to teach them true Christianity. It is deeply affecting to see the interest which many in this country are now manifesting in the study of the Bible, particularly in regard to the errors of the Armenian, Jacobite, and Syrian churches. It is a just occasion of sorrow that the stations of our Missionary Board are unable to attend to the wants of all the villages around them."

The raft, which had been constructed expressly for this voyage, and was to be taken to pieces as soon as it reached its destination, consisted of a hundred and twenty goat skins, inflated, tied side by side and end to end to a rectangular frame-work of large poles, and overlaid by successive layers of smaller ones, and these last, for the special accommodation of Frank voyagers, were covered with a plank floor. About one half of the space was occupied by their tent, which, being permanently pitched, formed an awning over their heads, and a separate cabin for their own accommodation. "By placing a row of trunks, a couple of chairs, and a few boxes around our beds, we have quite a cozy apartment. To be sure, the chairs are mounted upon the trunks, and we are obliged to sit on the beds, but what of that? It is a palace worthy of a king. The bow, or part which usually goes *forward*, is inhabited by two Koords, who ply a couple of rough oars, to the extremity of which are fastened a dozen slats of wood at right angles, while the center rests and turns round upon a pivot on a platform, to which they are attached by a *split* in the oar some eighteen inches in length! Stephen, two Protestant Syrians, and the wife and two children of one of them, with their goods, occupy the remainder of the raft. They are going to reside in Mosul. I hired the whole *kelek*, and they pay a small part of the expense. One of them has been in the army, and he is not afraid of all the Arabs in the land. He has two or three long pistols, a dagger and a sword, and it would require a pretty stout heart to meet him, standing, as he does, withal, nearly six and a half feet high; he is a resolute-looking man, and yet he is a mild fellow in a calm, and also a good Protestant brother. He left his family at Diarbekr. His brother, a pleasant man, was in considerable trouble before he started, for the Pasha would not give his wife a *tezkereh* — a passport or permit to leave the city. Fortunately for him, his wife was a woman of true courage; she came to Mrs. Dunmore, and wanted to give her the eldest child, and declared she would go without permission. She had a plausible, legal excuse, since she was a native of Mosul. It is the policy of the Pashas, particularly in this part of Turkey, to be careful about losing the inhabitants, and consequently some part of the taxes, of their pashalics. I am very sure that few persons, of any enterprise or probity, would remain long in Diarbekr, if they could get permission to emigrate. Not long since nearly a hundred Protestants went to the Pasha, in a body, and told him that they wished to go to a place where they might have protection. They were refused permission. Their only hope of a redress of grievances lies in the appointment of a new Pasha, or of an English Consul to reside there."

All are now "aboard," — not excepting the heroine who had to go without a passport; — a tender and affectionate leave is taken of the resident missionary and the persecuted native brethren and sisters; the raft is unmoored and pulled into the swift-flowing stream; they drift through one of the arches of the great Saracenic bridge, and away they glide down the arrowy Tigris. We can not follow them from day to day, as they float down the swollen flood of this Oriental Tiber — this greater Pactolus, "yellow not with gold but with mud," now between banks enameled with flowers of every hue, now by sand-banks alive with swallows, and now past bluffs and highlands rivaling in grandeur those of the Hudson; we can not render the Koordish songs with which they were entertained by the boatmen, or paint the soft moonlight, or the beautiful sunrise, with which their eyes were delighted; still less daguerreotype the moving panorama of mounds and meadows, of mud villages and rock-hewn caves, of men and beasts and inanimate things, which Dr. Lobdell's quick eye observed and his ready hand jotted down in notes too brief to be fully understood by any one but himself, but which, had not his too busy and short life forbidden, he would, some time, have expanded into a full and life-like picture of the *Arrowy* River,* and the country through which it flows.

"We were only four days and a half in going down, and we stopped every night on the river's bank to sleep. We had some fears for our safety; but God mercifully watched over us. The fierce Shammar tribe of Arabs, we have since learned, were within a short distance of us the day before we reached Mosul; but we escaped their bloody hands. The Arabs, who did swim out upon their skins, and the Koords — armed to the teeth upon the shore — were unable to touch us, as the river was unusually high and alike swift. We had just fear enough to make the trip interesting. I do not remember ever having enjoyed four successive days so much as I did those on the river. The scenery is grand, equaling that of the far-famed Hudson. It might not wear as well, but it is unique and wonderful.

"I need hardly say, that we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Williams and his family, as well as from the native brethren. Mr. Marsh had been absent about three months. They seemed to mourn his absence, and glad to welcome me and my medicines as a partial substitute. Thus ended my long journey. I hope that I have not come hither in vain. Pray that my faith may not waver, and hope with me, that the clouds, now hanging over the Christians of Mosul, may soon pass away. God grant that neither ill health nor ill success may ever force me to lay my bones in America. I love my country; but I love the heathen and the deluded followers of the Fathers more. I wish that hundreds of my young Christian brethren would remember these souls, dead and buried in trespasses and sins, and come to preach to them the Resurrection and the Life."

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* Such is the meaning of the names by which the river is known in the several languages of the East.

CHAPTER IX.

Mosul—Situation—Description—Site of Nineveh—Nebbi Yoonus, Nimrood, &c.—Fulfillment of Prophecy—Al-Kosh, and Nahum the El-Koshite—River Chebar, and Ezekiel—Babylon—Ezekiel's Tomb—Tomb of Daniel—Shushan the Palace—Heaps of Ruins—The inhabitants a sadder ruin—Ruined Churches—The Nestorians—The Jacobites—The Armenians—All admit the authority of the Scriptures—Inroads of the Papists—Providential Preparation for the Missionaries—The Malabar Priest—The mill-wright Micha—Trials of the early Missionaries—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. Hinsdale, Mrs. Laurie, and Dr. Grant—Puseyite influence—Mr. Badger—Temporary Suspension of the Mission—Arrival of Mr. Marsh—Of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Mosul is perhaps a modified form of *Mespila*—the name by which Xenophon knew the site of ancient Nineveh. The city of Mosul is on the west side of the Tigris, some five hundred miles from its mouth, and nearly as many from its source. The dark and massive walls, the substantial stone houses with vaulted and terraced roofs, the handsome mosks, cafês, khans, and bazaars, bear a favorable comparison with other Oriental cities; but, like almost every other city of Turkey or Persia, and as the natural consequence of the government and the religion, Mosul is in a declining state, its best buildings crumbling into ruins, the population reduced to half its former number, two-thirds of the space unoccupied with houses, and more than two-thirds without inhabitants. Trade and manufactures are in a like depressed condition, the former being confined chiefly to the carrying trade on the river, and the latter consisting of little besides leather and cotton, particularly *muslins*, which are said to have derived their name from *Mosul*. The river, which is three hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep at the narrowest point, in a high flood spreads out to a mile in width, thus going over its banks, and inundating more or less of the surrounding country. It is ordinarily crossed by a bridge of boats, but when the water is high, this lies useless by the western bank, and they pass over by a ferry. The abutments of a massive stone bridge still remain, which, like the walls of Mosul itself, was built of materials taken from the ruins of Nineveh.

Opposite Mosul, about three-fourths of a mile from the river, is a small village, *Nunia*, which bears up the name of ancient Nineveh. A mound here, crowned by a mosk-covered tomb, is called Nebbi Yoonus, and is venerated alike by Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians, as the tomb of the prophet Jonah. Another, of still larger dimensions, and approaching two hundred feet in height at the highest part, rises out of the plain a short distance north; it has become familiar to those interested in Assyrian antiquities under the name of Koyunjik. Similar mounds, or hills, cover the plain in every direction. A space about four miles in circuit is surrounded by a ditch and a moss-grown wall, about twenty feet high, — a part, doubtless, of the walls of Nineveh.

Six hours below Mosul, on the east bank of the river, a still more remarkable mound, or pyramid, is found, with traces of a wall enclosing a circuit of four or five miles. This, from the mighty hunter of the primitive age, bears the name of Nimrood, and is well known to all who have seen Assyrian sculptures in the United States, as the source from which those sculptures came. Koyunjik and Nimrood, together with Karamless and Khorsabad, similar and scarcely less interesting mounds, mark the corners of a parallelogram, or trapezium, some sixty miles in circuit, which was probably once covered with the streets and bazaars, the private and public edifices, and the palaces, gardens and parks of Nineveh — that "exceeding great city of three days' journey," and containing, at the least calculation, more than half a million of inhabitants, upon which the prophet Jonah was commissioned to denounce the judgments of heaven. The coincidence in dimensions is somewhat striking, — three days' journey in the East being just about sixty miles. This agrees also with the extent assigned to "Nineveh the Great" by profane authors. But when they go further, and represent the city as being surrounded in this whole vast circumference by lofty and solid walls, they state what is no where affirmed in the sacred records, and what seems to be contradicted by modern observation, since no trace of so extensive a wall can any where be discovered. These mounds are perpetual monuments at once of the doom of wicked nations and of the truth of Scripture history and prophecy. They contain the palaces of the Assyrian monarchs, on whose walls of gypsum and alabaster heathen artists recorded the histories of their heathen masters, and sculptured the images of their false gods; but the servants of the one living and true God in these latter days find in them a running commentary on his written word — dead yet speaking witnesses to the truth of the Old Testament Scriptures. They read in those strange characters the same names of sovereigns and cities, not only of Assyria but of Judea also, with which they have become familiar in sacred history, while they see the fulfillment of prophecy in the utter ruin of those proud monuments of ancient wealth and power. The peasant now drives his plow over some of these mounds, while others pasture the flocks of the wild sons of the desert. The language of prophecy has now become simple history. "Nineveh *is* a desolation, dry like a wilderness; flocks lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations; both the cormorant and the bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; desolation is in the thresholds." Travelers from distant lands — lands not in existence when Nineveh was "the rejoicing city, that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am and there is none beside me," — now "pass by, and hiss and wag their hand, and say, How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in!" Xenophon passed over the ground two thousand years ago, and admired the ruins, but never so much as heard the name of Nineveh. The Greeks, the Romans, the Parthians, the Sassanians, the Saracens, the Turks, have since ruled there, ignorant alike of those buried palaces and of the proud sovereigns that built them, and that strove to perpetuate their memories in imperishable sculptures on the walls. Twenty-five centuries have rolled away since the Lord "stretched out his hand against the North, and destroyed Assyria,"* and now for the first time those monuments have found an interpreter. The same wise and prescient Power, which was treasuring up coal in the bowels of the earth ages before man was placed upon it, to drive the wheels of modern manufactures and commerce, — the same wonder-working Providence which kept the new world from the knowledge of the inhabitants of the old, till our pilgrim fathers were ready to plant it with their new principles and institutions, — buried these wonderful monuments out of sight through all the centuries in which they were not needed and could not have been understood, and brought them to light to reward the learning and to counteract the skepticism of modern times.

Thirty-four miles north of Mosul, a little way up the side of one of the mountains of Koordistan, is the village of Al-Kosh, settled by a colony of Jewish exiles in the time of the Babylonish captivity, and now peopled entirely by Chaldean Christians, where Nahum "*the El-Koshite*" was born, and whither Jews and Christians still go on pilgrimage to a tomb that bears his name. There, from his mountain watch-tower, he looked down upon the lofty walls and magnificent palaces of the Assyrian capital, and taking up "the burden of Nineveh" denounced upon the bloody city the opening of her gates to the enemy, the destruction by fire of her gorgeous palaces, and her utter depopulation, like the once populous No of Upper Egypt.*

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* Zeph. ii, 13-15.

About one hundred and thirty miles west of Mosul, another band, or a succession of bands of exiles, transplanted by Assyrian and Babylonian conquerors from the mountains and valleys of Israel, settled down on the banks of the river Chebar. There, too, the spirit of prophecy came upon one of the captives, and he saw visions of God — of Jehovah, the God of Israel, riding upon the living creatures, and the wheels in majesty and glory which transcended infinitely the utmost pomp of the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchs with their winged lions and bulls, the grand but motionless and lifeless symbols of their idolatry — Jehovah riding forth at the beginning of the vision, conquering and to conquer, as the appearance of a flash of lightning, and with a noise of great waters, as the noise of the Almighty; and, at the end of the vision, establishing his own kingdom on earth, even as in heaven, with the New Jerusalem for its capital, and the new temple for its palace, in comparison with whose vast dimensions and magnificent structure all the temples and palaces of Nineveh and Babylon, even in their highest glory, would dwindle into insignificance. The prophecy of Ezekiel still lives, and the kingdom of God is marching steadily onward to its final and universal triumph; but the waters of the river Chabour (for it still bears essentially its old name) mingling with those of the Euphrates, have gone over Babylon like a "sea," and turned the surrounding country into "pools of water;" and "the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and the dragons in their pleasant palaces." The ruined site of

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* Nahum, i., 1; iii., 7, 8, 13.

Babylon is some three hundred and fifty miles south of Mosul, on the Euphrates. It has "become heaps, an astonishment and an hissing, without inhabitant." Twelve miles south of it is a tomb which bears the name of the prophet Ezekiel. It is at "the little town of Keffil, which, from its want of luxuriant trees and vegetation, looks dull and somber in the extreme — a fitting place for the sepulcher of a captive prophet in a strange land."*

Some two hundred and fifty miles east of Babylon, near the banks of a river which unites its waters with those of the Euphrates and the Tigris a little before they empty themselves into the Persian Gulf, is shown the tomb of the prophet Daniel, whose prophecies, like those of Ezekiel, are deeply colored throughout with the geography and history, the ideas and usages, of the city and empire of Babylon. The place, though now almost without inhabitant, bears the name of Shush, and unquestionably marks the site of Shushan the palace, and of Susa the rich and splendid winter capital of the Persians. Captain Loftus has recently laid bare the foundations and fragments of the marble columns of the palace which was built by Darius, and where, as he supposes, Xerxes, the husband of Esther, and the Ahasuerus of Scripture, "made a feast unto all the people that were in *Shushan the palace*, both unto great and small, seven days in the *court of the garden of the king's palace*, where were white, green and blue hangings fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and *pillars of marble;* the beds were of gold and silver upon a *pavement* of red and blue and white and black marble." †

Nineveh, Chebar, Babylon, and Shushan may be taken for the angles of a great parallelogram, or oblong, some four hundred miles in length, and more than two hundred in breadth, whose surface is more or less thickly sown with mounds and "heaps," which mark the sites of ancient cities. Indeed, the entire space enclosed between the two great rivers, and lying on their tributaries — rivers more than a thousand miles long and watering a valley two hundred miles broad — is intersected with dry canals, and dotted with heaps of ruins. Many of these cities were already in ruins when the earliest Greek historians wrote. Forsaken cities occur in Xenophon's expedition through Mesopotamia quite as frequently as those that are inhabited. The cities which Alexander and his successors built out of the ruins of older ones have themselves been in ruins now a thousand years, and the few remaining cities of the Saracens and Turks are fast going to decay.

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* Loftus' Travels in Chaldea and Susiana.

† Esther, i., 5, 6.

A country so abounding in antiquities, and those of the oldest and grandest kind — a country so rich in sacred and classical associations — could not but interest any curious mind, especially any scholar, and, most of all, a scholar from the new world. Dr. Lobdell, as we shall see in the following pages, took a lively interest in Assyrian antiquities, walked repeatedly through the deserted palaces of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Sardanapalus, visited the more desolate capital of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar, formed the acquaintance of several of the English explorers, and corresponded with the Oriental Society, and other scholars in his own country.

But Mesopotamia has seen a sadder fall than that of Babylon and Nineveh, and is overspread with more melancholy ruins than those heaps which cover ancient palaces, temples, and tombs. The Euphrates and the Tigris were among the rivers that watered Eden; and how sad the fall of man since he walked and talked with God in the garden of primeval innocence! The human race went out from the ark of Noah to re-people a world that had been washed from its pollutions by the deluge, and whether that ark rested on the Armenian Ararat, as is commonly supposed at the West, or on

Yudi, a spur of the mountains of Koordistan, according to the more common tradition of Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians in the East, there can be little doubt that it was in Northern Mesopotamia that the post-diluvian patriarchs served God in their generation. The race was already fallen and ruined by sin, but what a decline has there been since in physical health, strength, and longevity; what degeneracy in moral purity and intellectual power; what mere wrecks of humanity, scarcely retaining the human form, scarce deserving the name of human beings, now wander to and fro between the table lands of Northern Mesopotamia and the alternate sands and swamps of Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldea, and Susiana.

And then — saddest of all ruins! — there are the wrecks of Christian churches in the cities and villages and on the mountains, like gallant ships stranded on the rocks and islands, and strewn along the shore after a storm, or like the drift of human works and human habitations that is left here and there on the high banks, after a fearful flood has swept over the valleys. The Christians, for whose benefit especially the mission at Mosul was first established, are the Nestorians and the Jacobites, both branches of the ancient and venerable Oriental church, but both cut off in the sixth and seventh centuries from the so-called Catholic Church, for heresy, the former because they believed that Christ had *two* natures in one person, and the latter because they believed that he had *one* nature in one person. These were the two extremes in the great monophysite controversy, which so long agitated the church and convulsed the Roman empire. The church which claimed to be infallible, professed to stand on some undefinable mean between them, but in reality swung from one extreme to the other, according as the one or the other dogma gained the ascendency on the imperial throne at Constantinople. The question was about words and names, or about metaphysical subtleties too nice for the clear discernment even of the sharpest intellects. Hence it has long since become obsolete, not only in the Catholic Church, but in the churches whose extreme views were the cause of their excision. Whether Christ *consisted of* two distinct natures, whether he *subsisted in* two distinct natures, or whether the natures were distinct only in *conception* but not in their *actual existence* — not whether he was *in fact* both God and man, but *how* the divinity was united to the humanity — this was the question which perplexed councils and cabinets, divided churches, distracted provinces, and even set armies in hostile array against each other It is a dark chapter in the history of the church. It demonstrates more conclusively than any amount of reasoning, the deplorable evils of a union of church and state. It proves that the church in this age was more concerned for the form than for the substance of Christianity ; that she was more afraid of the smallest constructive heresy than of the grossest injustice and immorality; that she was more zealous for the honor of the Virgin Mary than for the worship and service of Jesus Christ ; and that the authority of the church — in other words, of the church and state hierarchy — was quite paramount to the law of God. As we read this dark chapter, — to say nothing of subsequent darker chapters — in the history of the church, we almost cease to wonder at the otherwise mysterious providence of God in permitting the rise of Mohammedanism. We see that the church not only deserved such a scourge, but needed such an iconoclast to dash in pieces her idols, and herself too, if she would still cleave to her idols, and her sins.

The Nestorians derived their name from Nestorius, a presbyter of the church at Antioch, who, "for the rigid austerity of his life and the impressive fervor of his preaching," was made patriarch of Constantinople in A. D. 428, but was deposed, excommunicated, and finally banished from the empire because he presumed to *question* the propriety of calling Mary "the mother of God," and to hold the damnable heresy, since held for substance by all Protestant sects, that Christ unites "two distinct natures in one person for ever." The Jacobites are so called from Jacob, a monk and presbyter from the district of Nisibis in Mesopotamia, who, under the disguise of a beggar, traversed Syria and the adjacent provinces, rallied the believers in the doctrine of the *one* nature of Christ, who in their turn were now persecuted and oppressed; "ordained clergy for them, gave them a superior in the patriarch of Antioch, and labored for them himself during a period of thirty years, until A. D. 578, as a bishop, probably at Edessa."* This name was never adopted by all who held the doctrine, and the Jacobites, as a sect, have always been chiefly confined, as they now are, to that section — Mesopotamia — in which the founder of the sect lived and died.

But the Nestorians have a history, which is one of the brightest chapters in the history of the church — a history of missionary enterprises which extended their churches from Egypt to China, and from north of the Caspian Sea to the southern bounds of India, but alas! a history of bloody and cruel persecutions too, which have extinguished the last spark of Christianity in the larger part of this vast territory, and driven the poor remnants of the Nestorian church, like hunted and stricken deer, into the mountains that mark the confines of the Turkish and Persian empires. They have been called "the Protestants of the East." In their palmy days, their theological schools were in advance of all others in sound learning as well as in Christian influence, and their teachers and preachers were the best expositors of the Scriptures.

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* For the origin of the Nestorians and Jacobites, see Neander, Vol. II., pp. 435-557: History of the doctrine concerning the person of Christ.

They have retained not a few unscriptural ideas and usages from the corrupt church from which they sprung; but the three great dissenting branches of the Oriental church, the Nestorians, the Jacobites and the Armenians, all acknowledge the Bible as the infallible rule of faith and practice. This gives the missionaries of the Protestant Christian churches a great advantage. They have a common standard. They may misinterpret it — they may wrest it to their own destruction — but the law and the testimony are confessedly to be found in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. The Greeks and the Roman Catholics will insist on the authority of the Church, and make void the law of God and the gospel of Christ by their traditions. The heathen not only deny the authority of revelation, but they have almost put out the light of reason. The missionary to the heathen must not only give them the Bible, he must almost create in them a conscience. The missionary to the Roman Catholics or the Greeks can scarcely find any common and solid ground on which to stand. He wants the fulcrum on which he can rest the lever, whereby he would move and elevate those dead and sunken masses. But these interesting fragments of the ancient Oriental church are "more noble,"— they are willing to search the Scriptures, to see whether the missionary tells them the truth, and they will not deny the authority, though they may fail to submit to its divine teachings.

The papacy has long had a covetous eye on these eastern churches, and has seized every opportunity to make inroads on their territory. Infallible and immutable as the Romish Church is, she is now quite willing to overlook the doctrinal difference which was the ground of their excision. Provided only they will acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, she can wink, for a season at least, at errors in doctrine and practice — she can wait for time and tact and persuasion and power, when once it is reëstablished, to effect a full conformity to her own ritual. By such unscrupulous means she has been but too successful in the accomplishment of her end. In 1780, the Nestorian Patriarch of the Plain, whose residence was at Mosul, submitted to the Roman See, thus leaving the Patriarch of the Mountains and the feeble churches, which acknowledged his supremacy, to stand alone in their resistance. "This secession," says Mr. Laurie in his admirable biography of Dr. Grant, "was secured partly by bribes and partly by violence, and was followed by still severer oppression of the proselyted patriarch. At his death, in 1841, his office, instead of descending to his nephew, according to previous custom, was conferred on a Chaldean from Salmas, and the very name of Mar Elias (hitherto the hereditary and official name of the patriarch,) exchanged for that of Mar Nicola, by a decree from the Pope. Nor is this interference with the patriarchate the only wrong Rome has inflicted on a sister church. She has altered her ancient liturgy, introduced her own idolatrous worship of images, suppressed the second commandment, and, as a matter of course, forbids the circulation of the Scriptures that would expose the mutilation. The people are restive under her yoke, and the day of retribution may be near at hand." Such was the state of the Nestorian Church, when the missionaries, sent by the American Board to the mountain Nestorians, found themselves shut out from that field by an exterminating war, and in the mysterious providence of God placed in another (Mosul) amid a population of forty thousand souls, "of whom nearly one-third were Christians."

Very similar was the condition of the Jacobites, the other branch of the ancient church of Antioch. "By her usual arts," we borrow the language of Mr. Laurie, "Rome had seduced a portion of the people, and, true to her persecuting character, she now invoked the aid of the Turks to take away the churches from those who still remained true to their ancient faith. 'On the side of their oppressors there was power,' and soon rough partition walls divided the sanctuaries of their fathers. On one side, the faithful remnant chanted their ancient hymns; on the other, rose the voices of the Papists amid images imported from Rome."

The Romish perverts, or seceders, from the churches of the East, have taken new names, and have had the wisdom to choose, and the arrogance to assume the national or provincial names, which should have belonged to the original churches. Those who have gone out from the Nestorian church are called Chaldeans, and those who have left the Jacobites, Syrians. The patriarch of the Chaldeans and Syrians resides at Mosul; of the Jacobites at Mardin, in Mesopotamia; and of the Nestorians in the mountains of Koordistan.

The missionaries seemed to have come too late; they found "the whole region abandoned to Papal superstition and Moslem fanaticism." But Providence had prepared the way in a remarkable manner for their favorable reception and the immediate communication of the pure gospel to their persecuted brethren, even before they had acquired the language. This can not be better told than in the words of the biographer of Dr. Grant, who has himself been on the ground and borne a part in the early history of the mission: "As they had once been duped by the plausible pretences of the Papists, they were cautious in their advances towards strangers. But Providence had provided for this also. When Dr. Grant arrived in Mosul, he found Joseph Matthews, a Jacobite priest from Malabar, — a graduate of the English College at Cottayam, and very evangelical in his views, — on his way to the patriarch at Mardin, to be ordained Metropolitan of the Jacobites in India. He spoke English with much propriety, and manifested a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his church. He at once gave the missionaries the right hand of fellowship, and did all in his power to recommend them to the people. But then, though with the former he could converse in English, he had no medium of intercourse with the latter. And this opens another page of missionary providence.

"A young Jacobite millwright had grown up to manhood without knowing a letter. Such a thing as an adult learning to read was, to him at least, unheard of, so that when he made the attempt he was laughed at for his pains. Undismayed by ridicule, he induced the son of a priest to teach him the Syriac alphabet; and after he came home from his day's work among the rude horse-mills of the city, by the light of his lamp, in the solitude of his own room, he spelled his way into a tolerable knowledge of the ancient Syriac. Not content with merely repeating the sounds of the words, as others did, he sought for their meaning, and, mark the result! the priest from India spoke this language freely, and, with Micha (the millwright) for an interpreter, he preached Christ and him crucified, to the Jacobites of Mosul. What a chain of providences! Just when that church, hard pressed by its enemies, was looking round for help, the missionaries were sent; and while they were held back from entering the field they came from America to occupy, a priest from India, prepared to appreciate their object, was sent to introduce them into another; and from among that other people, in an unusual way, God provided an interpreter for his servant from the East."

For two months, this coadjutor, sent by Providence from a distant land, coöperated with the mission, in the circulation of the Scriptures, and in the preaching of the gospel; and then, at the end of September, 1841, he went with his interpreter to the residence of the Jacobite patriarch in Mardin. "In the spring, Priest Matthew returned to Mosul as Mutran* Athanasius, his zeal no whit abated by the transformation; and Micha returned also, a more intelligent and valuable assistant, though not then, as he thinks, a converted man."

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* Bishop. With this new office, he took also a new name.

The bishop remained during the summer, rendering cheerful assistance to Mr. Hinsdale, while Dr. Grant was absent on a tour among the mountain Nestorians; and then he returned to India, where he proved an able and faithful pastor and teacher of the flock. Micha continued to be the interpreter and teacher of the missionaries, till repeated deaths and adverse providences occasioned a temporary suspension of the mission. During the dark and stormy night, he stood at his post, encouraging the little band of true believers, and watching and praying for the morning. When other missionaries at length arrived, he was there to welcome them; and there he still remains a pillar in the church, and, so far as his imperfect health will allow, an efficient fellow-laborer in the work of the mission.

We must now revert to the sad history of the many and peculiar trials which befell the first missionaries. It was in the autumn of 1839, that Dr Grant, the intrepid pioneer in the mission to the mountain Nestorians, first visited Mosul, partly for the sake of exploring Mesopotamia and Assyria, and ascertaining the state of the Jacobite and Nestorian churches, and partly for the sake of entering the mountains from the Turkish side, since they are, for the most part, subject nominally to the Turkish empire. In January, 1841, Messrs. Hinsdale and Mitchell, with their wives, left the United States to go by way of Mosul, and join Dr. Grant in his mountain mission. Detained by ill health and the unforeseen but unavoidable delays incident to travel in the East, it was already the middle of June before they reached Diarbekr. They set out almost immediately by the land route for Mosul. But Mr. Mitchell died on the way, and was buried at Telabel, about five hours from Jezirah. On the 7th of July, the remainder of the party reached Mosul, having suffered every thing but death from the heat of the climate, the hardships and trials of the journey, and the barbarity of the inhabitants But Mrs. Mitchell was to find rest only in her grave. On the 12th, she went to join her husband in that land where they shall no more say, I am sick. "Mr. Hinsdale, who had watched with Mrs. Mitchell, till he fainted in attempting to walk from one room to another, was taken violently ill before her death, and was not able to leave his bed till August. Mrs. Hinsdale, at the same time, was too ill to render him any assistance." On the 24th, Dr. Grant arrived from the mountains just in time to save Mr. Hinsdale from a relapse, that would otherwise, probably, have proved fatal. On the 12th of November, 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie reached Mosul, the former sick with chills and fever, and the latter worn out with fatigue and anxiety. Mr Hinsdale, who had just returned from the mountains, devoted himself to their recovery till constant watching and care, together with a cold contracted in the mountains, induced a fever, of which he died on the 26th of December. In December, 1843, Mrs. Laurie, after two months' decline, fell asleep in Jesus. And in April, 1844, the mission was called to endure a more severe trial than any it had yet experienced, in the death of the enterprising pioneer, the fearless soldier of the cross, the skillful physician, the heroic and devoted missionary, Dr. Grant. It was just nine years since he left Utica, N. Y., to embark for the shores of Asia. During that time, he had made five distinct missionary tours among the scattered tribes and villages of the Koordish mountains. Once he had visited his native land, chiefly to plead the cause of his beloved mission, by his tongue and by his pen, and, if possible, to enlist volunteers in the service. Constrained by a sense of duty to his own family, he was soon contemplating a second visit to the United States. But another home and other friends were destined to welcome him. Exhausted by incessant ministries to the bodies and the souls of the poor Nestorian fugitives, who, driven from the mountains by their unrelenting enemies, fled for refuge to Mosul and died there in great numbers of a malignant typhus fever, he also took the disease. Dr. Azariah Smith had providentially arrived just before; but the disease baffled medical skill, and the extinction of the independence and almost of the existence of the mountain Nestorians was soon followed by the death of their indefatigable friend and benefactor. Of the seven missionaries who first went to that field, five sleep on the banks of the Tigris — precious dust awaiting a glorious resurrection — precious seed, too, we doubt not, destined yet to spring up in a spiritual harvest that shall wave like the corn in the Assyrian valley, and like the trees of the forest in the Koordish mountains. Nor were these their only trials. Not only did cruel and bloody enemies destroy the fold and scatter the flock on the mountains, wolves in sheep's clothing seized upon the fugitives in the valley. Most of them fell into the hands of the papists. The patriarch of the valley had gone over to the pope, and taken most of the people with him. The papists had possession of the churches, the schools, the convents, the revenues, all the ecclesiastical property. So long as the fugitives adhered to the faith of their fathers, they could expect neither charity nor justice. They were denied needful food, raiment, and shelter. Nay, they were even refused burial in the churches that were properly their own. But if they would only turn papists, not only charity but bribes were distributed with a liberal hand. "Forty thousand piastres of French gold are said to have aided the arguments employed to convince them of the identity of that church with their own." They were generally too weak in the faith to withstand such temptations.

Moreover the papists found a virtual ally, and the Protestants a bitter enemy in one from whom better things should have been expected. An Englishman who denounced the American missionaries as mere schismatics, tampered with Micha and others who had become more or less enlightened, and endeavored to withdraw them from the influence of the missionaries, and even labored to poison the minds of the Jacobites against the Syriac Bibles of the British and Foreign Bible Society, (which were circulated by the missionaries,) because they did not contain the Apocrypha. Micha spurned his insinuations. Bishop Athanasius withstood him to the face. The missionaries bore opposition from this unexpected source with Christian meekness and forbearance. But it was among their sorest trials; for it was not an *enemy* that reproached them—it was one who should have been their friend.

Bereaved, disappointed, and shut out from their expected field of labor, the survivors returned to America. After little more than three years from its commencement, the mission was suspended. For a time, Micha was left almost alone to stem the flood of papal errors and diffuse the light of the pure gospel. But the influence of the truth, preached by the missionaries and further extended by the circulation of the Scriptures, was still working on many minds, not only among the Jacobites, but among the papal Nestorians. There was a remarkable movement especially in the convent at Al-Kosh, the seat of papal learning and influence; and Micha found coadjutors among those who had been monks in that monastery. The visits of Messrs. Perkins and Stocking from Oroomiah, and of Mr. Ford from Aleppo—the former in 1849, and the latter in 1850—encouraged the native brethren and kept alive the flame. In March, 1850, Rev. D. W. Marsh, a graduate of Williams College and of Union Theological Seminary, arrived at Mosul, and with the advice and coöperation of Mr. Ford, purchased a house for a place of worship, and took measures for the formation of a Protestant community. In May, 1851, Rev. W. F. Williams, of Utica, N. Y., and a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary, arrived from Beyroot, bringing together with Mrs. Williams, Miss Salome Karabet, "the first missionary from the native church of Abeih," to engage in the instruction of females. Mr. Marsh and Mr. and Mrs. Williams composed the mission, when Dr. and Mrs. Lobdell joined it; though Mr. Marsh was then absent on a visit to his native land, and only Mr. and Mrs. Williams were there to welcome them, on their arrival on Saturday, the 8th of May, 1852.

CHAPTER X.

Climate of Mosul — Extreme heat — Dryness — Houses — Bargains — Cheap living — Opening of his Boxes — Medical Practice — Dispensary — Accompanied with Religious Services — Diseases, bodily and spiritual — His own Health — Recreations during and after sickness — Assyrian Antiquities — Missionary Physicians — Stated Religious Services of the Mission — Native Helpers — Priest Michael — Deacon Jeremiah — Micha and Hanna — The Arabic — First Impressions of the Field — Discouragements — Women — Schools — Extracts from Journal — Selections from Letters — To Dr. Perkins — Mr Coan — Mr. Stoddard — Mr. Seelye — His Brother — Dr. Anderson — Mr. Scofield — Dr. Hitchcock.

The latitude of Mosul is about the same with the south line of Virginia. But the heat of summer is far more intense in Assyria, than it is in any part of the United States. For weeks and months together, the thermometer ranges from 100° to 110°, and sometimes rises even to 117° in the shade at mid-day; and not unfrequently it stands through the *night* at the highest point which it ever reaches in the day-time in our climate. The average temperature of the day and the night is usually as high as 95° in the month of July, 90° for the three summer months, and 67° for the whole year. The dryness of the atmosphere is as excessive as the heat. Rain, dew, and even clouds are unknown through the summer, which is the dry season. "For two weeks past," writes Mrs. Lobdell early in November, "87° has been the highest point the mercury has reached. We are just beginning to sit in our room with the doors closed, and I fancy in about two weeks more we shall find a fire comfortable. Last night, we had quite a shower of rain, and most of the day has been cloudy. A clouded sky is a new thing for us to see in Mosul. No rain fell for four or five months after we reached here, except a few drops the week after we arrived." Add to this excessive heat and dryness an occasional sirocco, when the atmosphere becomes a stifling cloud of fine sand, and an impalpable dust penetrates not only every crevice about the doors and windows, but every closet and drawer in the house, and the reader will readily imagine some of the inconveniences and discomforts of a summer in Mosul. "In July, every dry object communicates the sensation of heat. Beds seem just scorched with a warming-pan, and even the stone floor is hot to the touch. A change of linen, instead of imparting the cooling sensation that it does in other climes, feels as if fresh from the mouth of a furnace; for perspiration keeps the body cooler than the dry substances around it. Such extreme heat deals most unmercifully with furniture. Solid mahogany desks are split; articles fastened with glue fall to pieces; miniatures painted on ivory curl like a shaving, and the ivory handles of knives and forks crack from end to end. An unfortunate piano that had wandered from England to one of the consulates, was continually wrenched out of tune and rendered useless." Such is the graphic description which Mr. Laurie, in his Life of Dr. Grant, gives of the effect of the climate, even on inanimate things; and the unanimous testimony of Dr. Lobdell and others who have spent years in the country, forbids the supposition which we are at first inclined to entertain, that it is exaggerated.

No wonder, that the first missionary families, who were so unfortunate as to arrive in mid-summer, were swept away almost as by the plague. The marvel is, how any human being, how any living thing but salamanders, can exist in such a climate. Men and animals shun, by every possible means, the heat at noon-day. The direct rays of the sun scorch and burn like the flames of a furnace. Even the buffaloes, in default of a shade, bury themselves up to the nostrils in the waters of the Tigris. The kings and nobles of ancient Nineveh built the walls of their palaces under ground. The rich men of Mosul, and all who can afford the luxury, "have *serdabs* or cellars fitted up under the court of the house for sitting-rooms in the summer; and the nights are spent on the roofs by all classes, from May till September." In the spring and autumn, the occupants of the better houses find a delightful place for sitting and breathing the pure air, for lounging on the divan, or talking with a friend, in the *leewan* — a spacious alcove opening into the court by a broad and lofty arch, and often elegantly furnished and adorned.* In Damascus and some other cities of the East, the court, and sometimes the *leewan* itself, is made doubly refreshing by the cooling air and the sweet music of an ever-flowing fountain. But no such luxury charms the senses of the wealthy inhabitants of Mosul, who are content to drink water brought to them in skins on the backs of animals from the muddy Tigris. Dr. Lobdell and his family boarded with Mr. Williams for two months and more, till the heat of the summer, and their increasing calls for medical advice and spiritual counsel, rendered it necessary that they should find more ample accommodations. They then leased a house belonging to Eunice Bey, — one of the Moslem nobility, — for which they were to pay him an annual rent of about seventy-five dollars. The bargain was made through Mr. Rassam, the English Vice-Consul; for, as Mr. R. said, "the Bey would think it a disgrace to talk about the bargain with the other party; though he would not hesitate to rob all the poor in Mosul." In making purchases, of whatever kind, Dr. Lobdell was continually reminded of Abraham's purchase of a burial-place from the sons of Heth. They would begin with offering to *give* him the article, or allowing him to set his own price; and, after setting a price and rising upon it, perhaps more than once, they would end with demanding two or three times the market value. Even at this rate, however, every thing in the East seems cheap to an American, so low is the standard of prices. Thus wheat sometimes does not exceed fifteen cents a bushel. A common laborer can be hired for twelve to fifteen cents a day; the best masons and carpenters for thirty, and females for eight. Dr. Lobdell bought a horse for twenty-seven dollars, which, in this country, would have been worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty. His house was in the Moslem quarter of the city. The windows were at least twenty feet above the street, and looked out upon brown walls from fifteen to sixteen feet high, and nothing else all around it. Not a green thing was to be seen. The donkeys trudged along the pavement loaded with dirt, grapes, *joss*,* and the like; and the only variation afforded to this monotony was the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of the mosks, and now and then a coarse Arab song from the back of a donkey. As he was making some repairs for his own convenience, the Bey requested him to remove the letters of the Koran, with which the *leewan* was ornamented, fearing that they would be profaned by such drunken revels as were too common in Frank houses in the East! Dr. Lobdell almost reproved himself for expending so much money on a house; yet, when he had done his best to improve it, (being very often his own architect and mechanic, while the workmen whom he employed, after the manner of the country, stood, and smoked and talked and looked on), he said no minister in America would live in it.

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* Dr. L. suggests that it was probably in the *leewan* of the High Priest's palace, that Jesus underwent his mock trial, while Peter and other lookers-on were in the open court. Hence Jesus could *hear* Peter's denial, and *look on* him.

When he came to open his boxes of goods, he was sorry, but hardly disappointed, to find that they were in a sad condition. A box of glass, which he bought at Aleppo, was, two thirds of it, broken. Furniture from America was scarcely in a better plight; and books, bedding, and wearing apparel, wet, moldy, smoking and fermenting, were so massed and matted together that it was not easy to distinguish one thing from another. He had, however, the comfort of knowing that he had fared better than some of his brethren, who, on opening their boxes, found flour and fruit, coffee and cocoa, books and bedding reduced to such a state that they could not tell whether pulp or paste predominated.

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* A mixture of stones and pounded gypsum.

Scarcely had Dr. Lobdell set foot in Mosul, when he was besieged by patients of every class and description. He therefore went every where armed with pills, pincers, and lancets. He made professional calls in the city, and, after a while, in villages at some hours' distance. He opened a dispensary, where medicine was administered to all classes, always accompanied with prayer, and the reading and expounding of the Scriptures. For a time, he did all this gratuitously, and received patients at all hours of the day. It was afterwards found necessary, or deemed expedient, to open the dispensary only at a fixed hour in the after part of the day, and to charge a small fee in case the patient was able to pay, and in proportion to his ability. Still the room, and sometimes the court, was crowded. A hundred patients, high and low, rich and poor, Moslem, Jew, and Christian, were often present together. Some rode on horses, some on donkeys, some came on foot, and some were borne on the shoulders or in the arms of their friends. The majority were often Mohammedans. But they made no objection to the religious services, which were the indispensable condition of receiving the medicines. While Dr. Lobdell was ignorant of the language, Mr. Williams, or one of the native helpers, conducted the religious services. It was not long, however, before the Doctor himself could point a lancet or sweeten a pill with more or less of the truths of the gospel. He soon trained an assistant also in the administration of medicines, though Ablahad's office was chiefly that of an apothecary, and in that he needed close and constant watching.

The diseases were of every kind, real or imaginary, possible or conceivable. As in soul, so in body, they answered to the description of the prophet. Every organ, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, had its disease or its bruise. All was wounds and putrifying sores; and they had not been bound up, neither mollified with ointment. Goitre, leprosy, ophthalmia,—all so bad as to make the person a mass of deformity,—and those worse diseases, which are not to be named in Christendom, but with which the whole body of Islam is, as it were, rotten, and the whole blood cancerous—these were among the most common types of disease, with which he was every day familiar. But the most frequent distemper with which he met, and which tried his patience most, was *fear*, fright. If any thing fell near them, especially the women, they must see the *hakeem*. They wanted medicine to make them thin, and medicine to make them fat,—medicine to make them hot, and medicine to make them cool. Children must have medicine to make them strong. They asked for medicine for the idiotic and the insane. A man holding a high office in the government, once brought him his watch to mend, thinking *the hakeem* must, of course, understand the mechanic arts. In short, they regarded him as a kind of *magician*, who knew all arts, and could work all miracles. They were astonished at his diagnosis of diseases and his foresight of the issue. He was not only more skillful but more frank than the native physicians. The native doctors were in the habit of assuring those who were near their end, that they would recover. He made it a rule to deal in perfect honesty and truthfulness, as with the well, so with the sick and the dying; and whenever there was any chance or any hope of a good result, to direct those who were at the point of death to Jesus, as the only Physician who could now be of any use to them, — the Physician of the soul.

Their ideas and uses of medicine were as strange as their diseases. They would apply pills externally, and swallow the papers in which medicines were put up. They would ask, if the *papers* were to be dissolved in water, as well as the contents. They would insist on taking a quart of medicine all at once, or, perhaps, go to the other extreme, and lay aside the medicine till they should get better. The Doctor would direct the removal of a little of the superfluous hair, and, on re-visiting the patient, find his whole head shaven. It was no uncommon thing for the native doctors to blister the *head* all over, and to cauterize every other part of the body with a hot iron. We do not mean to say, that this last was done all at once; but after repeated prescriptions, in some cases, scarcely a square inch could be found on the whole body that was not cauterized. At the same time they had a great dread of cutting and amputation, as this is the mark of a convicted thief or felon.

The draught which such scenes must make upon the sympathies, was scarcely less exhausting to Dr. Lobdell than the bodily fatigue. He was treated with the utmost kindness and respect. He was saluted with the title, not only of *Hakeem*, but Consul, Bey, Effendi. He received welcome and valuable presents. The people, sometimes at least, showed that they were *capable* of gratitude, though there is no such word in the Arabic language. But he never could forget that they were immortal beings, hasting — and, as he could not but believe, unprepared — to the retributions of eternity. Their bodily diseases were, to his eyes, but the symbols of the more dreadful malady to which their souls were subject; and the deaths, which he so often witnessed or foresaw, were, in his view, but the awful prelude of death eternal. These were realities to him; and he longed, but could hardly hope, to make them realities to his patients. Even when worn out with care and toil, and so sick himself that he could not foresee the result, we find in his brief journal such entries as these: "Calls plenty. Poor people! What will become of their souls? Oh that their *souls* may be touched and healed!" And on seeing or hearing of a death among his patients, the reluctant conviction is forced from him that another soul is lost.

At three different times during his first summer in Mosul, Dr. Lobdell suffered from severe attacks of acute disease. The first, in June, was only an inflammation in the ear and face, not dangerous but protracted and painful in the extreme, so as sometimes to extort from him the cry, "pain, *pain*, PAIN." The latter part of August he was attacked with a fever, which lasted only a few days, but left him very weak, and brought him to look death in the face.

Again, late in October, he was seized with a violent headache, which continued day after day, and threatened to end in inflammation of the brain. At the same time Mary was suffering severely from ophthalmia — a disease which often produces such swelling of the face that the eye is invisible, and is attended with such extreme pain, that the sufferer would gladly have the eye bored out, if he could thus find relief. But both the father and the child were mercifully delivered from the extreme forms of their respective diseases, and, with the return of the cooler weather of the autumn, they were restored to their usual health.

Mrs. Lobdell was, at times, quite overcome with the fatigue and anxiety of watching the sick, superadded to the extreme heat of the climate; but she generally enjoyed as good health as she had enjoyed in the United States.

Dr. Lobdell employed his sick days, when he was not *too* sick, and sometimes when he *was*, in reading a variety of literary, religious, and professional books, of which he was as passionately fond as ever, but which, amid the pressure of medical practice and missionary labors at Mosul, he found less time to read than he had ever before found in all his life. While recovering his health, and for the sake of regaining his strength more perfectly, he made excursions in the surrounding country, particularly among the mounds of ancient Nineveh; examined with his own eyes the remains of Assyrian antiquities, which were at that time being brought to light; compared notes with Capt. Loftus, Mr. Rassam, the English Vice Consul, and Mr. Hodder, to whose skill in drawing Col. Rawlinson has been so much indebted; and was preparing to form an independent judgment, if possible, of the history and the significance of those wonderful monuments.

But neither books nor antiquities, his own sickness nor his attendance on others, could divert his mind from the proper work of the Christian missionary. He valued his medical practice and reputation only as an auxiliary to the propagation of the gospel and the salvation of souls. He was impatient for the time when his command of the language would enable him to preach Christ with his own lips to the sick and the dying: "Called to see a woman dying. How I wanted to point her to Jesus. But my tongue is tied!" Meanwhile he insisted that they should hear the gospel from the lips of others; that none, whether Christian or Mohammedan, should go from the dispensary with medicine, without having the offer of medicine for the soul without money and without price. This was the way in which Christ and his apostles conducted their mission; and he believed the modern missionary would be safe and wise in following their example. Wherever missionary *physicians* had labored, especially in the early stages of a mission, he thought he had seen the good effects, and he looked for happy results to follow his own labors as a physician. He hoped and expected that the faithful preaching of the truth at the dispensary would be followed by an increased attendance on the religious services.

The regular preaching services were at or near sunrise in the morning, and at half-past four in the afternoon of the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening. Besides, there was a Bible-class Sabbath noon, and a stated prayer-meeting on Saturday, at the house of some of the brethren. In the preaching, Mr. Williams had the coöperation of Priest Michael and Deacon Jeremiah.

Michael is one of the papal priests — the "El-Koshites" —referred to in the last chapter as having come to the help of Micha during the suspension of the mission. In a joint-letter, which he and Micha then wrote to the native helpers at Oroomiah,* they give the following account of themselves: "It is proper that we make known to you, dear friends, that we are two men in the city of Mosul who have cast off the way of error, and laid hold of the pure doctrines of the gospel of life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our names are, of one of us, Michael, of the family Joomalah, who has come out from under the yoke of Rome; and the other, Micha Alnakker, the son of Jonas, of Jacobite Syrian origin, of Mosul. We both became acquainted with the way of truth through study and examination of the holy Scriptures, under the supervision of our English Christian brethren, that is, the Americans, who formerly dwelt in Mosul, but not one of whom is now here. And behold we are now striving for the faith once delivered to the saints, and bear the testimony of Jesus Christ, witnessing to all and teaching all whom we meet, in private and in public, according to the ability given to us of God."

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* The letter is translated by Rev. J. Perkins, D. D., of Oroomiah.

Deacon Jeremiah was also a papist and a monk from the monastery at Al-Kosh. Dr. Perkins saw him when he visited Mosul, and speaks of him as follows: * "Early this morning, one of the evangelical 'brethren' called to see us. He was formerly a monk, in the papal monastery of Rabban Hermas, near Al-Kosh, where he spent nine years. He escaped from the monastery, after many previous attempts, more than a year ago. He had long been deeply disgusted with the abominations of that den of evil agents and evil deeds. He is a very interesting, intelligent man, twenty-six years old, and was now engaged in teaching a school for the Jacobite bishop, Mr. Rassam having obtained this place for him after he left the monastery and discarded the papacy, as he was cast off by his friends and sorely persecuted by his enemies."

Dr. Perkins did not see Michael, as he had been sent by Mr. Rassam to Jezirah to look after a school there, which Mr. Rassam had undertaken to sustain at his own expense; but he heard him spoken of as entirely evangelical and ready to coöperate in efforts to make known the gospel. His conversion was the more remarkable, because he was already sixty years old. Jeremiah accompanied Dr. Perkins and Mr. Stocking on their return to Oroomiah, and while spending the winter there, came under the influence of one of the revivals by which that mission has been so much blest, and experienced there, for the first time, as he thought, a saving change. He had been enlightened before, but now he was regenerated, and when he returned to Mosul, and began to preach the gospel there under the direction of Mr. Marsh, "the great change in his whole character made a striking impression on all who had previously known him."

Among the lay members of the little church, Micha, the stone-cutter, was still a pillar. His brother, Hanna, was also a consistent and devoted Christian.

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* Missionary Herald for February, 1850, p. 55.

With these and the other brethren, Dr. Lobdell enjoyed sweet communion in prayer and conversation, listening to the simple narration of their Christian experience and their trials in the past history of the mission, rejoicing in the manifest identity of the Christian spirit though on opposite sides of the globe, and communicating to them, first through an interpreter and afterwards with a stammering tongue, as best he could, still more of the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. Next to the Chinese, the Arabic is perhaps the most difficult language in which our missionaries have occasion to teach or preach. It is easy enough to get a smattering of Arabic words; but to *master* it, as it is written in books, and, what is a very different matter, as it is spoken in its different dialects by the people, and to make it an accurate and adequate vehicle of Christian truth to unchristian, or at best, unspiritual hearers, is a task to which few missionaries have felt themselves fully competent. It is amusing, though it excites somewhat of compassion also, to hear the missionaries tell of their own blunders in the choice of words, — how, for example, they prayed that the gospel might be a light to "the *ears of corn*," and how, when they inquired if there was any such thing as *thunder* on Mount Lebanon, a *plowshare* was brought them that they might see it with their own eyes. Dr. Lobdell complains particularly of the complicated grammatical structure of the language, and its inadequacy, with all its richness, to express the ideas of spiritual religion. "I hope," he says, after seeing the crowds of thoughtless and careless people that gather around the sick and dying, "we may be able to produce some conviction of the solemnity of life and death. The Arabic has no word for *solemnity*, nor *gratitude*, nor *love* in its fullest sense. It has a word for *sin*, but it is only a name. Words have lost their meaning. Death broods over the people." A little more than a month after his arrival, at the earnest request of the people, Dr. Lobdell preached his first sermon through Micha as interpreter. A week or two after, he had the satisfaction of taking part, for the first time, in the examination of a candidate (Budrus, that is, Peter) for admission to the church. Sometimes he is much encouraged by the increasing number of Bible-readers, of attendants on the daily service connected with the dispensary, and of sincere if not anxious inquirers after the truth.

But his first impressions of the field did not, on the whole, promise a speedy harvest. He could not but think it a much less promising field than very many others that were open and yet unoccupied among the Armenians. In his first letter to the Mission House, dated Mosul, May 21st, 1852, he thus expresses himself: "It would be presumptuous for me to express the conviction that there is little probability of great immediate results in Mosul, if I had not some sufficient data as the basis of that prediction. At present, the work advances very slowly. Yesterday I saw for the first time considerable encouragement. A large number of persons have assembled daily in our court, since my arrival, to receive medicines, and yesterday eleven men called and asked permission to discuss the question of Protestantism versus Tradition. Mr. Williams says this is the most encouraging fact he has met during the past year. There are doubtless a few individuals, besides the members of the church, who are earnest in the investigation of the truth; but I have been surprised to mark the contrast of this people with the Armenians. The latter are anxious seekers, the former indifferent spectators. We trust that when they come to understand the benevolence of our motives, they will be led to feel that we have the gospel spirit and are laboring for their salvation.

"Of course you will receive these views as simply first impressions. Wherein they conflict with those expressed by others more experienced, they should doubtless be regarded with corresponding distrust. I have just come from places where the gospel is drawing multitudes around it, and this may account for the convictions I have expressed."

The greatest number of attendants on the Protestant services at this time was twenty. The Chaldean (papal) priests threatened to excommunicate (one of them actually executed the threat) any of their flock who should even *speak* with the Americans. The archbishop of the Jacobites (Behnam by name) was secretly hostile, though he did not dare openly to oppose the Protestants. The government, at the instigation of the ecclesiastics, taxed the Protestants much higher than the members of any other Christian sects, and, being so far from Constantinople, could disregard frequent firmans with impunity; just as a former Pasha at Mosul answered the firman, which reserved to the Sultan the right of inflicting capital punishment, by throwing down before the leading men whom he had assembled for that purpose, the heads of all who were then in prison. The taxes being promptly paid, under the influence of the missionaries, it was for the interest of the Pasha to protect the Protestants in the undisturbed enjoyment of their worship. Yet during the great fast of Ramadan, they were not allowed to sing, and their meetings for prayer on the roofs of their houses were sometimes disturbed by the howlings of the fanatical Moslems. Want of harmony *in* the church, and that imperfection of Christian character in its members which must be expected in converts from semi-heathenism, and which we see even in the churches gathered by the apostles, — these were sometimes severer trials than any that could come from without. And then most discouraging of all was that general apathy, of which he speaks in the above letter,—that block-like insensibility to spiritual and eternal things, which astonishes the preacher of the gospel at home, and is still more distressing to the faithful missionary, wherever men are not moved by the special presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

The women, who, in Protestant Christian lands, are usually the most susceptible to religious impressions, were found in Mosul, as they are apt to be found in the East, less accessible, because more degraded and besotted, than the other sex. Mrs. Lobdell thus commiserates the unhappy condition even of the *Christian* women. "I long to be able to talk with the degraded women here. Oh, they are so degraded! Only two women are members of our church. One is the mother of Micha, and the other a middle-aged woman, wife of one of our church members. *They* are very exemplary in their lives, and love to come to the prayer-meeting and listen to the truth. Only one of our church-members has a pious wife. The others give no indications of concern for their immortal souls. One of them does not know how to read. The two others can read a little, but I think not understandingly. The mother of Micha can not read, and thinks she can not learn now, as her eyes are growing dim. A woman here, as in all heathen lands, is of small consequence. If she attends to her husband's wants and her children, which few of the women here do, she has fulfilled her mission. The Christian women seldom go to their churches. It is a great shame for a woman to be often seen in the street. But it is no matter whether they go to their churches or not; for when they do go, they only pray to the Virgin Mary and worship pictures. The priests get their money, which ought to be spent in buying clothing for their half-clad children. It is very difficult to procure little girls to educate. They grow up uneducated, and often marry before they are twelve years old. We have a girls' school here numbering about fifteen, and a school for boys also."

The following extracts from his diary will show the spirit in which Dr. Lobdell bore disappointment, sickness, and the various trials of missionary life. "May 23. Sunday. Preaching by Mr. W. at a little after sunrise. Only twenty hearers — hope my medical practice will open the way to the people.

"May 26. Went to see Kos (Priest) Michael's boy — very sick; also a poor female teacher. Poverty is scarcely distinguishable from riches among the Christians — they are so plundered, it is policy to conceal. Lucy is tired out. I am in pain from my ear. But we have been blessed.

"May 30. Sunday. Went to our chapel. Jeremiah preached. But few present, and half of them asleep. Felt the need of living to God. Oh for his guidance and blessing! Reading journal and letters of Henry Martyn. He says: 'How mean does —— appear in my view compared with David Brainerd.' I agree with him, and hence shall try to live only for the welfare of souls. O for great grace!

"June 3. Very sick and sorrowful. If I knew it were God's will, I could easily die to-day. I have thought much of what I can do. Perhaps God will show me that he can get along without me.

"July 13. Great crowd at the dispensary. Good done. *Butrus* door-keeper. I hope these great numbers will furnish the means of approach to souls. What are the diseases of the body, compared with those of the soul?

"Aug. 1. Greatly taken with Stuart's Daniel. How learned that man! When I last saw him, he knew infinitely less than now. Rest, glorified spirit! thy work is well done.

"Aug. 8. Evening. On the roof. Brown walls. Dismal place; but by the stars so clear and bright, I shall soon tread my way to heaven. Then be cheerful, my soul; faint not, grow in grace, and muse on the rest above.

"Aug. 22. A day of preparation for heaven. Looked at this world and the next. No fear to die; care not which shall come, death or life. Blessed be God for faith in Jesus. This sustains me. I can leave all my cares and friends to him. How little I have done for him! Well, he can do without me. I am ready to be offered or to live. 'Thy will be done.'

"Aug. 24. A little improved, perhaps, but very weak. What is to be the result of this attack? I trust it will make me more heavenly-minded, and more careful of my strength. How it should be husbanded here. How would my friends feel, if they knew my situation? My greatest concern is, that some of them are in the broad road. Oh, turn them to Christ, Divine Spirit, and let us all meet in heaven!

"Aug. 25. Able to write out my short diary for four days past. Not much stronger than yesterday. Read an article in Littell on Wellington. Meditated on the battles of Napoleon's time. Be it mine to make peace.

"Aug. 27. Have felt very ill to-day. Now (4, P. M.) I am feeling a little better. Have not been able to read to-day. Life, Oh, what is life! May the rest of my life *tell* on *souls*. How little can I do at best.

"Aug. 29. I am very weak still. My hope is in God.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.

Read Henry Martyn this morning. As he envied Brainerd's devotion, so I envy, if it be Christian, his. He lived to effect much. I have done nothing. Must I be taken away without seeing any fruit of my labors? Well, be it my chief business now to be ready for my dear Saviour's coming. O! my soul, be thou transformed into the likeness of Christ. I long to depart; but I am yet desirous to remain. God's will be done!

"Aug. 30. Feel much better; air cool. Oh! how good to *feel* that I am recovering. Now I can do something for the poor souls here. May I not, like Jonah, mourn the loss of my gourd, while these Ninevites are perishing. Oh for wisdom and grace!

"Sept. 12. Sunday. Attended church after three Sabbaths' absence. Pleasant. Brother Williams preached earnestly on the essence of the gospel. Meditation sweet. Private prayer consoling. Feel more entirely given to Christ than formerly. Yet I cry out, 'My leanness, my leanness!' My strength is not great; but my illness is teaching me not to complain of my ills. How much God has favored me! With whom would I exchange places in the whole earth? There is not a king or prince living with whom I would make a transfer. Intensely interested in D'Aubigné. Kept Mary in my arms, while Lucy went to church. Sat on roof after tea. Stars far off, but I shall soon visit them."

To this outline of the history of the mission, and of the outward and inward life of Dr. Lobdell, which we have gathered chiefly from his journal, we now append selections from his letters which were written during the same period, viz., from his arrival at Mosul in May, 1852, to the close of the year. They are arranged in the order of their dates.

Mosul, June 1st, 1852.

To Rev. J. Perkins, D. D., Oroomiah, Persia.

My Dear Elder Brother:—Your welcome note of the 4th ult. was as joyfully as it was unexpectedly received. After a tedious voyage and journey of five months, when the heat of a Mosul summer is beginning to come on, and with much to depress the mind, I need not say that words of fraternal greeting and sympathy are twice dear. How universal is the tie of Christian sympathy. It is not necessary that one follower of the Redeemer should *see* the countenance of another to recognize his spirit; in Christ, the disciples are one. United to him as their head, they are united with each other as members of the same body. This invisible union of Christians is the pledge and prophecy of everlasting joy. In the simple fact that we are laboring together for the same end, there is enough, as you say, to create in us "a deep interest in our success and welfare;" but it is to me a pleasant thought, that I can look back upon the home and friends so dear to you. Amherst, I love thee well! Thy missionary sons are all dear to my heart. There is something about *that* college of peculiar interest to the church of God. I bless him that I was led thither, and that my future was shaped under the molding influence of Prof. Fiske and Dr. Hitchcock. The one has gone to his reward; the other is soon to go. And we, dear brother, are to come after. How much I owe to them. It is a great change from infidelity to faith in Christ. And though neither of those men can know the extent to which their godly lives and scientific demonstrations of divine truth contributed to turn my thoughts to the matter of personal religion and consecration to the missionary work, still I delight to think of the time, when on "the mount of God," we shall converse together of these things. Perhaps the fact of your having gone to Persia had much to do with my leaving the land of my birth. Thus it is we are constantly touching springs that move the mass of mind. There is then some reason why we should attach some interest to the simple fact of our having come from the same college hill. I would not unduly magnify it; for well do I recollect the pleasure I had in communing with brother Stoddard, when in America. Indeed, we are all one in Christ Jesus; and it is my prayer that in the relation we sustain as members of adjacent missions, we may ever feel that we have a common object and ever be animated with a desire for the glory of our Master.

We found the state of things here less encouraging than we had been led to expect. The number of hearers does not exceed twenty, and there appears to be a dead-ness to religious truth very unlike the state of things among the Armenians. But these Jacobites and Chaldeans are to be converted to God, and we will have faith. At the time of your visit there were many things to encourage. But ecclesiastical opposition and civil oppression have done much to retard the work. A time of trial, however, is often the seed-time of a glorious harvest.

I am glad to know that the brethren of your mission are all encouraged still, and that you have so much evidence of the presence of God. May he never forsake you.

TO THE SAME.

Mosul, June 16th, 1852.

Rev. Dr. Perkins,

Dear Brother: — We received letters last week from some of the native brethren of Diarbekr, requesting us to use our influence with Mr. Rassam and the Pasha here to secure redress for an act of violence. Before Mr. Dunmore left for Erzeroom, it seems, he married a Syrian girl to a Protestant, with the consent of her father, mother, and uncle. The next day her brother came into the city from a village, and began to show his indignation by taking her case before the Pasha. The Pasha referred the matter to the bishop, who asked the girl whether she was Syrian or Protestant. She replied that she was not a Protestant *then*; whereupon he married her at once to a Jacobite! The case is important, as the bishop threatens to annul all the marriages performed by Dr. A. Smith, while he was in Diarbekr. The work there is deeply interesting, but full of perplexity and trials. It is hoped that the appointment of another Pasha will not long be delayed.

As to matters in Mosul, there is nothing occurring of very special interest. My dispensary is pretty well patronized. Brother Williams opens the *dispensation* with reading the Testament and prayer. I am glad to say, that the brethren appear to be getting awake. The people on the Boohtan are needing attention.

You will remember me, if you please, to brother Stoddard, and assure him of the fact that I am *one*, whom his earnest appeals, while in America, very much affected.

TO HIS BROTHER.

MOSUL, June 16th, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER FRANK:—As to your advice not to kill the Arabs at first, I can only say, that their bodies are of such peculiar make, that I have succeeded in killing only two since I have been here. It is but justice to add, however, that these two would have died sooner than they did, had they not received some American physic. I find that the people consider me a sort of magician. Often, as I ask them, "What is the matter?" they say, "You know," and say no more. The touching of their pulse has a mysterious power. I am very confident, as Dr. Mott told me it would be, that I do twice as much good here by my knowledge of medicine, as I could without it. But after all, if the practice of medicine is not made subservient to the higher purpose of religious instruction and impression, it is of comparative insignificance. The medicine for the soul is of infinitely more importance than that for the body. Hence the necessity that every medical missionary shall have a thorough theological training. To secure this, a collegiate course is almost indispensable. I do not regret that I worked my way through Amherst College. I am very sure that even here it pays. Do not think that the best acquirements will not be serviceable on missionary ground. The man who has not force of character enough to do well at home, can never do much as a missionary. He will have more perplexing questions to solve there than at home, and he will have far less counsel and advice.

Therefore let me say, again, that you should bring your mind, as soon as Providence permits, to a decision respecting your place of labor, and then prepare yourself for *that*. If I had known that I should come to Mosul, I never should have studied Spanish or German; but should have given more time to French, and a good deal more to Italian.

I am very well contented here, and am sure I shall do more for the everlasting good of men than I should have done in the United States. What is fame? Ask the buried dead in their sepulchers of Nineveh. I am glad you are going into the temperance question. Study your speeches. Talk methodically. Dress plain. Be earnest; be holy.

So much advice I have given you and my sheet is full. My prayers do not fail to go up for your welfare, and for the dear sisters and friends in America. I shall not look upon them again in the flesh. I pray that I may meet them on the Mount of God.

TO DR. PERKINS.

Rev. J. Perkins, D. D.

My Dear Brother:— Yesterday was our post day, and having dispatched some missives to America, I had sat down to read the Koran, when not less to my joy than to my surprise, the package from Oroomiah was announced. With the mercury up stairs at 112°, you may believe that we retreated to our cool *serdab* to spend an hour in the perusal of those pleasant letters. *Your* parcel was thrice welcome, for I had sweet communion thereby with those dear professors in my Alma Mater. How my heart clings to Prof. T—. That instructive epistle of his was read by me, I am sure, with quite as much interest as by yourself. I was glad too to see again that little-bodied but broad-minded Professor of Zoology, and hear again the reason for his belief in that doctrine of a plurality of *Adams*. He has one of the keenest and most logical minds I ever met. How I wish he could take that trip to the East he so much desires.

We sent Jeremiah up to Diarbekr about three weeks ago, and last post brought us intelligence from him. He had an interesting visit at Mardin, though from his zeal in making known the truth, he was threatened with banishment from the place. Matters in Diarbekr were in a less troubled state than we had been led to fear. He will talk considerably in the Boohtan on his return. We need a work of grace, here, such a work as you have had in Oroomiah — this only will make our converts zealous and strong, and bring opposers to the foot of the cross. We *expect* to see that day; but if we die without the sight, we are confident that the day will come.

At present there is a good deal of stagnation. Perhaps our occasional remarks and prayers at the dispensary are not in vain. It is so hot, that we find it difficult to keep up our Wednesday and Saturday evening meetings. We hold them on the roofs. Brother Williams is a statistical man, and will no doubt tell you how the mercury has ranged here thus far this summer. I hung a thermometer in the sun the other day, and the heat soon snapped it. I was not mindful at the time, that it was marked for only 120°. The mercury has been above 150° in the sun here, and several days last week it stood at 115° in the shade. The air is very dry, and like that from an oven. I never knew what power the sun has, till I came to Mosul.

TO REV. G. W. COAN, GAWAR.

Mosul, Aug. 4th, 1852.

Dear Brother Coan: — I hope you will have no more such *deeply interesting* intelligence to communicate as your last contained. I had the impression that Mosul was the worst place in the world; indeed that was the chief reason Dr. Anderson begged me off from Fuh Chau. I had consulted with Mr. Merrick, formerly of Oroomiah, about the nature of life in Gawar, and at one time was about to put in a strong plea to the Prudential Committee to send me thither instead of to Mosul. You will remember, they *advertised* for a physician for that place.

But if you are never to have a house to live in, and are to have men shot down before the door of your hut frequently, I shall, perhaps, have special occasion to thank God for sending me a little farther to the south. I got some faint idea of a village in Koordistan in a recent visit to Tel-Keif. I was called out there—a donkey ride of about three hours — to see some very sick persons; and after traveling about the village till midnight, looking at the sick and dying, I stretched myself upon a roof to sleep. Every house in the place appeared to have two or three wide-awake curs, and their constant yelping, together with the vigorous bites of the mosquitoes and the fleas, induced me to get up in half an hour and start for Mosul. I suppose Tel-Keif is a magnificent place for Koordistan — what then is Gawar? I can sympathize with you in your privations and trials, and pray that you may soon get a strong foothold in that realm of Satan and his vicegerent the Pope.

Would n't some of that snow, piled up near you, find a warm welcome in Mosul? It is so cold to-day, that I begin to fear the summer is nearly past. I doubt if the mercury gets above 110°! It has risen to 115° frequently of late. Last night I was sufficiently cool, though I suppose the mercury would have shown the air in my sleeping room at 90° or 93°. The body becomes very susceptible to the influence of the cold after being heated so tremendously for a month. The skin is exceedingly sensitive; indeed, a sheet of water hangs about the body all day. The pores are all wide open.

I pray that the dreadful scourge now sweeping over the plain of Oroomiah may not visit you nor us. What fearful havoc it would make in this climate. The cholera and plague have done their dreadful work here in days past. The city is now becoming restored to its former condition, and for the sake of the poor natives, as well as our own, we pray that the cholera may not soon come again.

I do not yet see that Mosul ought not to be occupied by our Board. There are some fifty thousand sinners here, and though the work for the present must necessarily be slow, it is destined to go forward. The bishop of the Jacobites forbids his flock to come near us, but they are gathering courage. Formerly the Chaldean priests would not salute Kos Michael or any of our people; but now we are all on a good footing with them. We only need a refreshing from on high to enable us to bear patiently all our trials, and to nerve us for our work.

TO REV. DAVID STODDARD, OROOMIAH.

Mosul, Aug. 5th, 1852.

Dear Brother Stoddard:—I had just finished all my letters for the messenger but yours, when Brother Williams handed me your very valuable letter of June 26th. He wishes to despatch the postman in a few minutes, and though I should be very happy to waive all ceremony, agreeable to your suggestion, I am unable at this time to write you a very long letter. My soul grew to you in America, and you are not changed materially, I apprehend, in Oroomiah. Do you remember my finding you at the Tontine in New Haven, and your telling me that you went there to avoid conversation with friends? I did not think at that time, I should ever be settled so near you. But I rejoice to be here, and to know that in our loneliness we have the sympathies of kind friends beyond the mountains as well as beyond the seas, who will take delight in trying to smooth for us our thorny way, or at least scatter flowers by its side. There is no joy like that of Christian communion. "Blest be the tie that binds" us together. May we be one in spirit, as we are one in aim. When you said once, "It is sweet to be a missionary," I dropped my head and wept. Yes, brother, I find it so. This consciousness that we have followed our Lord's will, that we are not living unto ourselves but unto him who died for us and rose again — oh! what better thing is there on the earth? I feel that I have too little of that spirit which Christ manifested in behalf of man; but it is comforting to know that if we are his, we shall one day awake in his likeness. The likeness of Christ! The same image! How great the change! How bright the glory! It is enough, then, that Christ is ours. We will toil on till he calls us home.

Our community seems to be encouraged. I see no reason for despondency. We need to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and then why can't we preach the gospel here as Peter probably did on his way to Babylon? Perhaps Thomas labored here, as well as Jonah — this proves the practicability of our laboring here, does it not? It remains to be seen whether we shall be burned out [by the summer heat]. I am not anxious about that. Let the Lord direct.

TO REV. J. H. SEELYE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Mosul, Sept. 10, 1852.

My ever dear Chum and Brother: — . . . I must come to personal affairs in Mosul. For the geography, antiquities, &c., I must refer you to the books, premising that my ambition to write some big thing, has departed. I am quite content to attend to my appropriate work. If conversation or recreation shall enable me to develop any new thing, I will not despise it; but my aim henceforth, by the grace of God, shall be to save souls. For three weeks I have been confined to my bed, or at least to my house. At one time I thought it probable I should die. My mind was calm. I had come hither in obedience to the call of God; he would take care of my wife and child; to him I commited them and myself. He has raised me up; I hope it is for some good purpose I have been afflicted. Severe exertion brought me down. A hundred patients daily and a heat of 105° to 115° were too much. Yesterday was the first day since the 23d of June that the mercury did not go above 100°. Seventy-eight days and nights oven-like! You will not wonder that I melted. It is trying when the bed-clothes burn you, and the morning is more oppressive than any noon in America. Still we are happy. Our work is plenty, and, we hope, slowly progressing. We may have to retreat to Oroomiah — a journey of nine days through Dr. Bacon's Koords — next summer. By the way, the money they took from him and his party has been returned.

Layard gives a fair view of the ruins of Nineveh. But I can not stay to tell you my feelings as I walked through the palace of Sennacherib. As a recreation, I expect to pay a visit with Mr. Rassam to the Sheitani or Devil-worshipers, at Sheikh Adi — three days distant — in a week or two. This is a very interesting region to the church historian and antiquary. The old churches are *deader* than the *gospel-dealers* were before Luther's day. May a reformer arise! We make good progress in the Arabic. Lucy and Mary are in excellent health. The little one is a great comfort to us; she begins to chatter and walk nicely. We have no occasion to repent coming hither; nevertheless we are constantly looking away from our miserable sun-burnt abode to that house not made with hands — that city whose builder and maker is God.

TO HIS BROTHER.

MOSUL, Oct. 19th, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER FRANK:—Shall I write you an account of twenty-four hours in modern Nineveh?

The first business in the morning was an operation for hemorrhoids. Then Deacon Jeremiah had a friend he wished me to visit. We found her in a room about eight feet by ten, on the floor of course—perhaps not half a dozen families in Mosul use bedsteads—all spread rugs or coarse mats on the floor or ground, and generally roll them up and lay them away during the day. She was surrounded by a dozen women anxious for her recovery. She said she had a fright in the night by the fall of a looking-glass, which broke at her feet. A *fright* or *hobtah* is the most common cause of disease here.

I assured her of her speedy restoration to health, and wrote a prescription which my clever assistant, Ablahad, would put up at the dispensary, and charging her not to lay the physic up on the shelf, left to accompany Deacon Elias Fuez, (a native brother from Beyroot, who has come to take Salome thither,) to Koyunjik. We started, and Thoma and Suleiman donkeyed behind us. A rapid gallop soon brought us through a crowd of camels, donkeys, and mules, and piles of cucumbers and melons, to the mound. This, according to C. J. Rich, formerly English Consul at Bagdad, is 178 feet in its greatest height, 1,850 feet from east to west, and 1,147 from north to south. It stands about midway of the ruined walls of Nineveh on the river side, a short distance north of Nebbi Yunus, or the mound of the prophet Jonah. Out of this latter, a number of sculptures have been taken, and last week, in digging a cellar, a large bull was found. The Pasha, I am told, sent men to break the monster in pieces, to prevent the English and French from digging into the sacred precincts.

About thirty men, Jebour Arabs for the most part, are now employed by the English in excavating at Koyunjik. Latterly, nothing has turned up but blocks inscribed with cuneiform characters. The western part of the mound has been pretty thoroughly explored, and trenches are still open in all directions. The slabs are somewhat injured by exposure to the air and water, yet hundreds of feet still remain of the great halls, that Sennacherib built for the satisfaction of his pride. The large winged bulls now remaining (several have been removed to London) are cracked and show the effects of fire, as do many of the slabs. The slabs are about six feet high and eight feet long, and they line the halls. Exquisitely wrought sculptures of battle scenes—warriors armed with spears, bows, arrows, swords, and slings, and holding the heads of victims in their hands,—gigantic deities with the arms of a man, the head of a dragon and stoutly horned,—splendid horses led by grooms—swimmers and fish—palm-trees and grape-vines thick with clusters—captives, perhaps from Jerusalem, tied together by their waists or handcuffed;—who would not wish to read the inscriptions on the bulls and learn the true import of these figures?

These sculptures are about fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, and in the mass of clay above, pieces of pottery, fragments of carved stones, and pieces of coals are sometimes seen. We knocked off a few specimens of the gypsum containing arrow-headed characters, and suppose they will be interesting to our friends in Beyroot. Although I had visited this place before, it had a fresh interest. At some future day, I shall write out, if I get time, a full account of the ruins and relics.

At 4 P. M. we were at home, and I visited the dispensary as usual.

Little Mary has been suffering some days with ophthalmia, and Lucy has become quite fatigued. All last night, we were much disturbed by her cries. She buries her face in the pillows, and sleeps on her knees. Half the people are, sometime or other, sufferers from this disease. Many eyes are entirely lost.

A crowd of patients every morning sit in my court, and as I mount my horse for exercise or visiting, I have generally half a dozen arms thrust into my face, that I may feel their pulses.

I forgot to mention one item of yesterday's doings. A

Moslem dignitary, with a couple of black attendants, was forcing his way into my bed-room for medicine, when Thoma called on him to desist, upon which the dignitary struck him over the head. I was informed of this, and at once sent for Mr. Rassam to attend to the matter. He despatched his cavass or official servant, to the Pasha, who sent a soldier and imprisoned the Bey. The punishment was left *to my pleasure.* There is no statute law in Turkey. Before the Tanzimat, a Pasha could imprison without any charge being brought. I thought the man had better reflect on the fact, that although we Americans do not have a train of armed servants around us, we can nevertheless have justice done us; and so I let him sleep in prison last night. His relatives came this morning to beg his release.

TO REV. DR. ANDERSON.

MOSUL, Oct. 20th, 1852.

Rev. R. Anderson, D. D.

MY DEAR SIR:— . . . . . Frequent rides outside of the walls of the city,* prepared me for a visit to Nebbi Yunus, the village around the tomb of our illustrious predecessor, and now the theater of the Pasha's antiquarian researches! A few days after, Mr. Williams accompanied me to Nimroud. Shemmas Ereemiah (Deacon Jeremiah) also went with us, that we might bear the gospel to the Jacobites of Bartulli, and the Syrians of Kara-Kosh. The excessive heat and a terrible fright occasioned by the approach of forty mounted Arabs twirling their long spears and shouting their battle-cry, while we were sitting down in the tomb of Sardanapalus to dine, induced us to mount our horses in haste and turn their heads towards Mosul. We thus lost the opportunity to preach to the people in those villages, but hope to make another attempt, as soon as the weather becomes cool enough to allow of comfortable travel.

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* While recovering from the sickness of which he speaks in the former part of the letter.

Much has been said about the inability of the Mosullees to understand the publications of the Beyroot press, but so far as I have been able to learn, the only difficulty is that a higher order of Arabic is employed in the books, than in conversation. Nations of different Arabic localities have no difficulty in comprehending each other's meaning, when brought together. I think you may take it as a settled matter, that the issues of the present Arabic press will become intelligible, wherever the language is spoken, when the minds of the people are a little elevated. And previous to that, the voice of the living preacher must be heard. Dr. Kalley found the conversion of the Arabs much more difficult than that of the Portuguese. The latter could read already or were easily taught, while the former have a deep aversion to study. It is no part of their education. Of course, the perusal of spiritual books at this day is essential to the progress of the truth; and it is pleasant to know, that very many works are disposed of even in Mosul. The city is a central place, and we have many opportunities to make ourselves and our work known in the villages from the Zakho to the Zab. A short time since, three Chaldeans from the Tiyari came to us, and stated that they had been deputed by their brethren, to come to Mosul and learn if it was true that the Americans pay the salian,* of every Protestant convert, and give him two hundred piastres a month besides! If so, they were authorized to treat for the capitulation of their village. Should we offer a pecuniary inducement, I have no doubt, that very soon Protestants would be sufficiently numerous among the flocks of the Jesuit and Jacobite bishops. Paul never bought anybody to be a Christian, and his example is safe.

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* The *house*-tax of fifty piastres annually.

Our little community stand together manfully. We find more engagedness on their part in the great work, than was apparent in the early part of the summer. They are beginning to feel an *individual* responsibility. The attendance at our evening meetings is considerably increased. The threat of excommunication uttered a few Sabbaths since by a Chaldean priest against every member of his church, who should dare to visit or to speak with the Americans, has had the usual effects of such attempts *ad terrorem.* Mutran Behnâm, the Jacobite Archbishop, is too cunning to threaten his people; he takes the images out of his church, preaches somewhat evangelically, and thus persuades his flock, that they are sure enough of salvation, if they remain in their own communion. He has not a particle of sincerity, but is crafty and resolute in his efforts to secure the patriarchate. All he wants is office and money. He would sell himself to us for ten dollars a month; indeed, he has made that offer. Is not this a strong indication that he fears our influence among his people? For so much evidence of our prosperity, we thank God and take courage.

Shemmas Elias Fuez of the Beyroot church came here about a fortnight since for Salome, who is soon to marry John Wortabet of Hasbeiya; and he has been very faithful to our brethren in his sermons and conversations. He has done us much good; it would be worth a great deal to us, if we had with us permanently a native preacher like him, an example of cleanliness, ability, and devotion. The best way to convince the Yezidees, Moslems, and even native Christians of the truthfulness and value of our Protestant doctrines, will be to give them a proof in the general thrift, neatness, and honesty of a truly Christian community. We pray for such a regeneration as shall change the outer as well as the inner man. Let integrity and industry become a general characteristic of Protestants here as in Aintab, and we shall not need to faint even with a heat of 115°.

What work can be pleasanter than to instruct and guide an ignorant and deluded people in the doctrines of the Bible and the reformation! Already we begin to see the legitimate effects of free thought and bold inquiry. The shackles are breaking. Pray with us, that the liberty with which Christ makes his children free, may be enjoyed by all these priest-ridden people. As a place of ease and physical enjoyment, give me the meanest cottage in the most secluded part of New England for a home, in preference to the best palace in Mosul; but as a spot whereon to build a structure to the glory of God, and fulfill the mission of the Christian, I ask no better place than this adopted home.

TO REV. W. S. SCOFIELD, DANBURY, CT.

Mosul, Oct., 1852.

My Dear Brother Scofield: — . . . Have I told you that I was kept to my bed-room for three weeks, last month? At one time I stood very near the grave. I looked into it, but it had no terrors. Not that I felt any conviction of my personal holiness. God knows I feel myself unfit to join in the melodies of heaven. But I realized the preciousness and power of the Saviour's blood; I knew that I placed my salvation in it, and "he that believeth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." Oh, the *infinite* value of faith in him at such an hour! If the Sultan, the Czar or Victoria had offered me the throne of empire for my hope, they could not all have purchased it. The Christian's treasure is not corruptible; the bank of God never breaks!

I still live; but oh! what is life, my brother? It is worth little but as a time for getting ourselves and others ready for the kingdom. Preach "as a dying man," and let no blood be in your skirts in the day of account. Oh that your hearers, my townsmen, many of them my personal friends, would all "look to Jesus" and be saved! Let our little church be a burning and a shining light;

it matters not whether the wealthy sit in her seats; "unto the poor the gospel is preached." This is emphatically the case in these lands. So it was in the time of Christ and his apostles — so it is now. Oh the deceitfulness of riches! I look over these multitudes in Mosul, and from the rich, proud Moslem Bey down to the meanest beggar I see scarcely a descent. If anything, the lowest part of the inclined plane supports that which is highest in the sight of the world. From a higher point of view, all are alike sinners, and need a Saviour's blood. It is a law in Turkey that has few exceptions, the larger a man is, the more of a knave. A Moslem thinks nothing of beating a Christian any time. I was called the other day to see a Christian's skull, after a Mussulman had given him a public drubbing. He dared not go to the Pasha for redress, although in America such an act would subject the offender to a year in the State prison. True Christianity prevailing in a community renders even the noble by birth and wealth respectful towards the poor, and it is a matter of rejoicing that *our* country shows so many examples of a consecration of fortune to the service of humanity and God. No American is poor in reality, for he has held out to him the light of life. The heathen are poor; they grope in perpetual darkness. A Yezidee woman told me, the other day, she knew nothing about Christ — the women of her race never prayed — the men only once a year! What will you think, when I say that, even this once, they pray only to the *Devil!* It does one's soul good to be here amid so much sin and pollution. The eye looks upward to the everlasting hills.

As for us, we must ripen for the kingdom fast. God help us while you pray. I did not expect a long life when I left America; I am fully persuaded it will be a short one. But with the grace of God it will be long enough; and then it will be so sweet resting after the work is done! Let such a thought cheer you, dear brother, in your arduous toils.

TO REV. E. HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, Nov., 1852.

Pres. Hitchcock.

My Dear Sir: — By the last post I received a letter from my cousin, Mr. H. N. Barnum, and in it he stated that you had requested him to inquire of me, if I could send some specimens from the ruins of Nineveh for the college cabinet. It will give me the greatest pleasure to select something of interest, and presuming that your remark to Mr. B. was made with some understanding of the difficulty of transportation, I shall not hesitate to incur the *necessary* expense. Could I send you the specimens at my own expense, I should be very glad; but you know, we missionaries are expected to receive only what is necessary to feed and clothe us.

I am almost afraid that, in your land of railroads, you will think the cost exceeds the value. Please remember the blocks must ride some five hundred miles on the backs of animals, and some five thousand on the sea. So, as it will be some weeks before I can get the loads ready, you will do me a favor by intimating whether you wish some large or only small specimens. And yet I think I shall just pack up *what you ought to have*, and let you look to some benefactor, like Williston, for the wherewithal to pay mule-drivers and the ship-captain.

Bless God for benefactors. If your college had had none, I should not have been here. I never shall forget that evening, my dear father in the gospel, when you kindly told me, as I was about to leave college for the want of funds, not to despair — "some way will open; look to God; have no desire but to do his will and — WAIT." I waited, and then resolved from my inmost heart to preach the gospel and trust in God.

You were a father to me in college, and may God reward you for your kindness. I owe no man more than you. I am glad the trustees will not accept of your offer of resignation—you can not be spared from the presidential chair. Your labors are abundant, but your reward will be proportionate. My pen refuses to say all that my heart prompts; suffice it that I acknowledge myself eternally indebted to you.

I have had no occasion to regret coming to Mosul. There is a great field here, and it is whitening. Send us the reapers.

P. S. The geology of this region is quite peculiar; are you acquainted with it?

P. S. No. 2. Jan. 1st, 1853. This note was sent back from Constantinople, more than half way to America, and is to start again on Monday. The blocks will be got under way soon.

TO DR. PERKINS.

Mosul, Nov. 3d, 1852.

Rev. Dr. Perkins.

Dear Brother:—After returning from Sheikh-Adi, I was attacked by a severe cold, and am still suffering somewhat from the effects of an inflammation of the membranes surrounding the brain. While on my bed the other day, I took up the journal of the American Oriental Society, and it occurred to me that I might ask a question or two of you regarding your article on a visit to Mosul, with profit to myself at least. I do not write as a reviewer, but as an inquirer. My first query is: On the supposition that the river washed the walls of the city in the days of its glory,* have you any way of accounting for the existence of the iron clamped dam across the Tigris near Nimroud. It seems pretty evident, that the dam, the remains of which are still magnificent, must have been made in order to turn the water near Selamiyeh over the plain. It would have given great facilities for irrigation. You are aware that quite a garden lines the river now, near the bend at the northwest angle of the plain. . . . The native idea, that it (the dam) was a footpath for Nimrod to visit the Hamam Ali, or Sulphur Springs, the other side, will hardly satisfy a Yankee.

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* The mounds are now at some distance from the bank of the river.

. . . What do you think of the idea, that the "exceeding great city of three days' journey," has reference to Jonah's preaching through the various streets? If that idea is tenable, Nineveh would have been large enough without Khorsabad and Nimroud. Pass over these queries as hastily as you please in reply, and allow me to say, that I derived great pleasure from the perusal of your journal.

We had a visit from Mr. Loftus some days since. I saw a few of his coins from Susa. I suppose you saw them. He is a very pleasant man. He surely has a claim to our gratitude for his efforts to benefit our Gawar brethren. He has gone to investigate the great Assyrian burying ground near the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam has just returned from England with instructions to pursue investigations under Col. Rawlinson's direction.

Dec. 3d. Mr. Williams has gone to Diarbekr, taking Micha with him. Last night, about eleven o'clock, our little Mary was taken with a cough, which greatly resembled an attack of croup. I gave her medicine, and thought of your beloved Judith, who also crossed the sea. I have felt much for you, ever since I heard of your daughter's death, and I trust my prayers have been fervent that God would give you consolation. Mary is better to-day, and we hope she may not be seriously ill. You must have had a very interesting communion season, when all the members of your mission were together. Such are heavenly places in Christ Jesus. One of your deacons preached for us half a day, when they were here. We were pleased with them. They accompanied brother W. as far as Jezireh.

TO REV. J. W. SEELYE.

Mosul, Nov. 4th, 1852.

My Dear Brother J.:—I have no reason and no right to doubt, that in deciding your course of life, you have had sole reference to the question, how you can best promote the divine glory on the earth. Your decision disagrees, indeed, with my convictions; for no educational interest in America can have, *at present*, so strong a claim upon a preacher of the gospel, as the lost condition of the heathen. There will always be men enough to accept posts of honor; there are too few willing to enter places of secluded toil and great hardship. Let the best scholars of our colleges, for a single generation, seek to convert the heathen to Christ by direct labors among them, and the time would not be distant, when their salvation would become the prominent consideration of the church. It would return more to its apostolic character, and, both at home and abroad, the gospel would have free course, and be glorified. But you have not a particle of doubt, that "your present plans are in the line of duty." That is enough for me.

. . . By the way, why do n't you have the "Rational Pyschology"* put into German while at Halle. It would flourish better among the philosophers, surely, than among the practical utilitarians. I am convinced it is a great work. After all, Albert Barnes is doing more for humanity in his simple commentaries. The truth is, there is a great practical conviction in all western minds of the truth of Christianity. Hegel and others may get up a party, but they can not triumph over the instincts of an enlightened people. Still, as there are not many men who *can* philosophize, I do n't know as one should object to the success of a few!

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* Dr. Hickok's.

What do you hear about those inscriptions along the supposed route of the Israelites? Dr. F., a semi-donkey, of England, says, they are Arabic, and proves that the Hebrews used that language in Egypt!

The arrow-headed inscriptions are very plentiful throughout the valley of the Tigris, and there is every reason to suppose, that a complete history of the land will soon be made out, and that it will confirm the allusions of the biblical writers to the state of things before and subsequent to the captivity.

I have visited most of the mounds, where excavations have been made, and need only refer you to Layard and Botta for faithful delineations of the discoveries. I have walked through the palace of Sennacherib at Koyunjik, hid in the tomb of Sardanapalus at Nimroud, to escape a band of mounted Arabs, gazed on the majestic bulls in the palaces of Pul and Esarhaddon, and taken a rough view of the relics of the dynasty of the Khorsabad kings. These antiquities are deeply interesting, and I might write a long account of my excursions to the mounds, and their contents. But I choose to refer you to the books, and to wait and answer any special inquiries you may wish to make. At present, I will only say, that a block some ten by fourteen feet, and a foot and a half thick, was lately discovered at Nimroud, bearing on each side a complete record of the later dynasties of the empire. The lists of kings are complete.

We have a variety of sects,—Jacobites, Syrians, Chaldeans, and a few Nestorians, all in Mosul; and besides these we can find Yezidees, or devil-worshipers, Koords that are sun-worshipers, Koords Mohammedanized, and a host of bigoted born Moslems. The field is open and wide. We have frequent calls from inquirers; but, of course, prejudices are very strong, especially since Mr. Badger, who was here some two years ago, did all he could, as he admits in his late volumes, to show the native Christians, that he had no connection with the Independents from America, and that their faith is the high road to infidelity. His influence is dying out, and we expect to make an impression here, that shall be permanent. We have formed a distinct Protestant community, as the only safeguard for our followers against severe persecution; but their number is as yet not more than twenty. Having protection from the English Consul, we are not insulted here, as I was in Diarbekr; and our great, if not only enemy is — as in Christendom — the carnality of the heart. We are about to open a book-store, and to devote ourselves exclusively, if possible, to getting at men's hearts. Every pill must have its attendant tract and appeal.

TO REV. D. STODDARD, OROOMIAH.

Mosul, Dec. 3d, 1852.

Dear Brother Stoddard: — We are not in the midst of a great commotion, nor in a dead calm. The surface is doubtless more quiet than the depths. People frequently call upon us for the purpose of conversation on religious topics, in spite of the threats of excommunication uttered by their clergy. But it seems very hard work to give any of them a conception of the true nature of sin. Religion is with them so much a matter of business, that it has lost all sacredness; and I sometimes wish there was a sprinkling of infidelity among them, that we might be able, with God's help, to excite an *earnestness* of inquiry that should enlist the conscience as well as the intellect. Perhaps you have the same difficulty; though I have been accustomed to think the Nestorians more susceptible to religious emotions than many other communities.

I am getting more and more in love with these people. I was a little disappointed when I came here, having passed through Aintab and Diarbekr; but I now feel that

I would not exchange my place of labor for any other in the world. I can but think, that this is a center of great importance in relation to the villages of the plain.

I have recently removed my medicines to my own house, and with the assistance of Kos Michael, by seeing each patient privately, the matter of salvation is pressed upon all—Moslem, Chaldean, Jacobite and Jew. I sometimes see indications of a solemnity and interest truly encouraging. I have sent for some thousands of short tracts from Beyroot, and hope to use them to advantage. The sudden deaths of brother Sutphen and Mrs. Morgan*—both lovely Christians—make me feel that what I do must be done quickly. Yet my great temptation is to wear myself out too fast. What wisdom, as well as grace, we missionaries need.

Your Gawar station is truly in peril; I am glad, though, our brethren returned to their post—on the same principle, I suppose, that we Northerners oppose the observance of the fugitive slave law, *preferring to take the penalty.* The command of Christ to preach the gospel to every creature, is more authoritative than such an order as our brethren received from the corrupt Turks. And then, too, they do not violate the conditions of their firman. I suspect you will see pretty clearly from this matter the necessity, brothers Williams and Marsh were under, of forming a Protestant community.

Mr. Loftus desired a kind remembrance to the Americans over the hills. He went to Baghdad, but was forced by the Arabs to abandon his design of excavating in the great Assyrian burying ground near Hillah.† He has left for England.

Your account of your astronomical observations‡ was very interesting. I shall be trying my eyes here. What philosophical difficulty is there in our *low* position? Your letter to Sir J. Herschel, I have no doubt, will be appreciated by him and by the world.

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*The former was his fellow-voyager; the latter was at Malta when he arrived there.

† In 1854, he resumed and completed the exploration of Warka, and found it to be indeed "a vast cemetery." See Travels in Chaldea and Susiana, chap. XIV.

‡ Mr. Stoddard found the air so clear, that he could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye, and communicated the fact to Sir J. Herschel.

Mr. Dunmore is back to his post, and says he hopes good from the new Pasha.

TO HIS BROTHER.

MOSUL, Dec. 8th, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER FRANK:—I promised in my last letter to our mother, to give you by next post some account of a recent trip to Tel Keif. This is a large village of Chaldeans—papal Nestorians—about nine miles north of Mosul, on the east side of the river. I was sent for to visit the sick wife of the *Kiayah*, or mayor of the town. Some successful powders that I left there, have given me quite as large a reputation for medical ability as I care to have cherished. Almost daily some one calls on me from that place for medicine, and I have the satisfaction of being the means of removing the great prejudice of the people against the Protestants, whose fame has spread all over the plain.

Arrived at Tel Keif, the black-faced *Kiayah* embraced me with quite as much warmth as I desired, and respectfully saluting Jeremiah, who accompanied me, and for whom, as a Protestant, he had long entertained the greatest contempt, he led us by an entrance common to horses, donkeys and women, into his wife's sick room. I could see nothing but "the blackness of darkness" at first, but at length, by the aid of a dim taper and the uncovered holes in the wall, I discovered her, lying on the mat, and surrounded by about a score of sorrowing women. The people now crowded in, and crammed the whole place. As soon as I touched the woman's pulse and saw her eye, I promised, if God will, (a phrase always used here on such occasions, and indeed on all occasions of doubt, *without a* *thought of God,*) to restore her. She had had extreme unction performed the evening previous, and the oil was still visible, accomplishing its sanctifying work! A priest was on hand, also, and seemed quite vexed at my determination to save the husband the necessity of giving him a thousand piastres for prayers over her soul, after she had given it forth to God.

A consumptive man who was present drew from me the remark, that his business henceforth was to "look unto Jesus." The people expressed their approbation, though the priest might have advised a different resort.

I was soon moving through the muddy streets, and entering the dark huts of the poor villagers, dispensing pills and papers with an unsparing hand. Some invoked the peace of God upon me, some the blessings of the Virgin, and all were profuse in their demonstrations of respect.

A wealthy Christian is always known here by the coins and ornaments on the head, neck, wrists, and ancles of his daughter. I had been prescribing for several in the family of such a man, and was so tormented with the jargon of *salaams*, blessings, and prayers for the increase of my posterity, (*house*, as they call it,) that I determined to see what idea the people had of a prayer. One woman begged me, for the *Virgin's* sake, to give her physic. I asked her why she did not say, for Jesus' sake. This was beyond her depth. "Which is the greater," I asked, "Jesus or Mary?" "Why, the Virgin, of course; she is his *mother*." "Who is greatest, Yesua (Jesus), Miriam (Mary), or Allah (God)?" "Mary and the Father are greater than Christ." "How are you to be saved from your sins?" "By prayers to the Virgin." "*In the blood of Christ alone*," I told her, to the great astonishment of the priest-ridden crowd.

I wanted to return to Mosul before night, but the *Kiayah* seized me, after the fashion of the land, *around* the body, and stay I must. After eating awhile upon chickens and bread, with the aid of fingers and a lamp, burning oil of sesame, I sat down for a little *kaif*, or pleasure. Jeremiah preached Christ to the crowd, and I explained the mystery of inoculation, and "the mystery of iniquity."

About nine o'clock, the men dipped their rag tapers into the cup of black oil, (like "the *vessels*" of "the ten virgins,") lighted them, and started through the rain and darkness to their homes. I lay down with my clothes on, not to sleep nor to dream — but to scratch! What a living sacrifice! What filth! What fleas!

In the morning, I gave the great crowd of applicants on the roof the needed medicine, and having taken a second look at the mayor's wife, started for home. You will find a specimen of Tel Keif officials in the first volume of Layard. The drunken Kiayah who honored *him*, has given place to my host.

CHAPTER XI.

Excursion to Sheikh Adi, the seat of the Yezidees, or Devil-worshipers — Their number — Called *Heathen* — Baadri — Hussein Bey — White Garments — Cleanliness — English Consul — Convent near Al-Kosh — The Monks — The Jereed, and the Shaking of the Spear — Bozan, the Place of Gathering for the General Judgment — Spirit-rappings — The Butcheries of Beder Khan Bey — Sunday — The Locality — Ceremonies — The Dance — Baptism of Children — The Temple — Doctrines — Sheikh Adi, the Good Principle — Melek Taoos the Evil — His Symbol, a Peacock — A Breakfast with Sheikh Nasir — Reverence Satan — Adore the Sun — Relic of Sabeanism — Schools, &c., at Mosul.

In October, 1852, Dr. Lobdell made an excursion to Sheikh Adi, the seat of the Sheitani, or devil-worshipers. While he was on the ground, he wrote brief notes to Dr. Perkins and Mr. Coan, giving some account of the ceremonies at their annual festival. In December, he prepared a fuller narrative of his journey and observations, for the Mission House in Boston; and in January, 1853, he forwarded to his brother a minute and graphic journal of the excursion, which was published in successive numbers of the New York Tribune. The last, though very interesting, is too long for these pages. The letter to the Mission House will occupy the present chapter. We have, however, taken the liberty to insert a paragraph or two of special interest, from the columns of the Tribune.

Mosul, Dec. 20th, 1852.

Rev. R. Anderson, D. D.

Dear Sir: — I intended to give you a few particulars of a visit which the ladies and gentlemen of our station made with myself to the Shrine of the Yezidees, the first week in October, soon after our return; but the pressure of more important matters prevented. The heat of summer had begun to abate, and we were all so prostrated with general debility, that a short journey to the mountains of Koordistan seemed no less a duty than a pleasure.

I had previously come in connection with some of the reputed devil-worshipers medically, and hoped that the opportunities I should have for free intercourse with the political and religious chiefs of the hundred thousand of these people, a great number of whom assemble at Sheikh Adi in the time of their annual festival, would enable me to form some definite opinion with regard to their religious observances. I desired a sight of the *heathen*, as the Mosulleans allow us to call the Yezidees. The Moslems and nominal Christians of Turkey deem themselves the possessors of the whole truth of God, and they have often asked me why I came to teach *them*, when their neighbors need the instruction, which *they* do not. In this brief account of my visit I can state but few of many facts, which show that the Yezidees form a connecting link between the idolater and the Moslem, and that they differ much less from the Nezrani * than the pride of the latter is willing to acknowledge.

We left Mosul about daybreak, on Friday, the last day of September, and after a wearisome ride over the plain in a northeast direction, arrived at Baadri, the residence of Hussein Bey, the political head of the Yezidees, to receive the respectful salutations of some hundreds of his people, before the hot sun sank behind the distant Sinjar hills across the Tigris.†

The officials kissed our hands and treated us with the greatest attention. The white garments of the people at once struck our notice. Their horror of *blue*, of lettuce, and of *bamiyeh*, their reverence for the name of Satan, the peculiar cut of their garments, — all crescent-shaped at the neck, — their love of streams of water, and their apparent regard for each other, were soon observable.

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* Nazarenes. So Christians are called in the East.

† A good description of this prince can be found in Layard's Nineveh and its Remains, vol. 1, p. 227. Indeed, his reliable account of the opinions and practices of the Yezidees supersedes all necessity for a lengthy detail of the events of my visit.

The next day I breathed, for the first time within five months, a bracing atmosphere that reminded me of the breezes of New England. The western face of the mountains from Jesireh to Baasheika is skirted with the villages of these people; and my observations go to confirm the statement, that cleanliness is half of their religion. They may have rags, but these are pretty sure to be clean. Whereas the Moslems and Christians through the mountains appear to consider filthiness the essence of household felicity.

The English Consul and his wife had joined us at Tel Keif, and he accompanied me, at my desire, to Rabban Hormuzd, the Chaldean convent near Al-Kosh, which is about three hours west of Baadri. Hussein Bey led the van with his retinue of spearsmen with gay *abbas*, long spears, shining daggers, and greasy, braided locks, as an escort of honor. At short intervals, we met troops of his people in their Sunday, or, rather, festive "suits." All eagerly seized and kissed their chieftain's hand. It was pleasant to witness their affection for their young patriarch, who traces his ancestry back to the Sassanian dynasty. The men all carried guns, and the women generally had a kettle or a baby on their backs.

We reached the convent by a precipitous ascent, and forty monks came out to proffer us coffee, fruit, and *wine*. Kos Elisha generously showed us the coarse pictures of the chapel, the sanctum sanctorum hung with images of female saints, and the graves of the Chaldean patriarchs. Some of them were more than five hundred years old. From one of the tombs, Hussein Bey desired to take a little of the sacred dust celebrated for its febrifuge properties. A tall, gaunt monk handed him some with all the gravity imaginable. Every sect in those regions venerates the saints of every other sect. Moslems, in time of famine, have been known to come in crowds to Christian priests, and beg them to offer prayers to their sacred dead for the return of plenty. The next month they would not hesitate to bury their daggers in Christian hearts for the propagation of the faith.

We took dinner with the head of the convent, who was quite liberal with his new fruits and old liquors. He expressed great indignation at the Italian emissaries for their attempts to introduce the Latin liturgy into their churches, which have hitherto made use of the dead *Chaldee.* They are endeavoring to establish a school in Mosul for the instruction of youth in the forms of the popish service; but it is not expected they will teach the embryo priests the Latin as a language. If they can only read it, as the priesthood now do the language of their fathers, so as to *hide* truth from the people's eyes, that will be enough.

The impression I got of these monks of Rabban Hormuzd was that which I have received of the priesthood in general in this country,—they have resorted to the convent chiefly as a means of livelihood. They thus avoid taxes, and when they go among the people, are honored with the salutation of "Rabbi, Rabbi." The priests wield a tremendous power in this part of Turkey. True, it diminishes, as the light of truth spreads, but the darkness is very thick—so thick, we *feel* it. Whenever I have asked the question in Mosul, whether of a Papist or Jacobite, if he supposes a single priest in the city sought his office *to benefit the people*, I have invariably received the answer — *no.* It would, therefore, be too charitable to suppose that the monks of the mountains all go through their long prayers from any deep conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin; though it is possible, some of them at times feel the necessity of having their iniquities forgiven from some quarter. I could not help feeling a special desire to teach one or two of the inquisitive among them the way, the truth, and the life, especially when I remembered that our two most efficient native assistants were formerly members of the same convent. Kos Elisha presented me a cane as we left, little thinking that I was one of those hideous Americans, whose Protestant movements had borne terror even to his eyrie in the mountain.

On our return from Rabban Hormuzd to Baadri, we were joined by the red-robed chief of the *Deuideh* and his train; and the plain we were crossing afforded a fine opportunity for the skillful horsemen to play the *jereed*. As they darted swiftly past us to the *acting* enemy, I enjoyed a sight of that expressive "shaking of the spear," at which "leviathan laugheth." At Bozan, we saw the place of gathering at the general resurrection, according to the creed of this people. The immense plain, stretching north, west and south, would indeed furnish a grand theater for judgment. A score of places, where angels had sat conversing with their prophets, were distinguished by conical piles of burnt gypsum, about three feet high, having a square hole near the top looking toward the south, and a sort of altar at the base, for the nightly lamp. I afterwards saw "the man in black," who holds direct communication between Sheikh Nasir, the religious head of the Yezidees, and his Satanic Majesty. The doctrine of spirit-rappings is not so new, as some of you Americans suppose. The devil-worshipers here have as good reason for their belief in the messages which this go-between brings from the spirit land, as the spiritualists in America have for the messages of their mediums. The simple-hearted devil-worshipers here are far less bound to the observance of the principles of the inductive philosophy, than the seers of Rochester and Stratford. Before the latter sneer at their brethren in this quarter of the world, let them look at home. The same kind of credulity that has made these people adopt their curious religious notions, is working among spiritualists and free thinkers in America; it will not be strange if *they* come to adopt, in many respects, a system like that of the Persian Magi. God will then be a fire; the stars his manifested essence; the universe a machine played with by lawless spirits.

The sun was just setting, when we returned to Baadri, and the shepherds were leading their immense flocks from the hills to their folds. All carried arms. The Koord and the Arab respect no right but that of might, any more than the Czar or the House of Hapsburg. The shades of evening cast a wild gloom over fort and tree and plain; a silence disturbed only by the bleating of the flocks and the sullen growl of the watch-dogs on the roofs. A few years since, this quiet spot was the scene of a butchery of the most horrid kind. The cruel Koord has found the Sultan, influenced by England, too strong for him; and it is hoped the world will never again hear of such atrocities as those of Beder Khan Bey.

Sunday was a clear and beautiful day, but too little like a Christian Sabbath! Women washing the garments of their lords in the brooks, shepherds watching their flocks, men gathering cotton, and all regardless of the sanctity of the day. The Yezidees observe no day of the week as *holy time.* The women do not *wash* on *Wednesday*, but labor of other kinds is not omitted. Their religious festivals are regarded with the greatest respect; but even these, as I shall have occasion to show, are destitute of any observances which to a western mind have any resemblance to true religious worship, unless it be the adoration of His Satanic Highness.

We read the episcopal service * and a sermon, but were constantly annoyed with calls from the officials; I thought of the Sabbaths and sanctuaries of my native land — the great and silent congregation, the devotion, the intellectual repast, the solace of the gospel of peace, the warnings of a coming judgment. Oh, when shall this remnant of the Sabean fire-worshipers have such opportunities as Christendom affords, for learning the will of God! Here they live from generation to generation, a changeless people, reverencing faint symbols of the Almighty, but never offering him a tribute of thanksgiving; adopting exaggerated notions about Christ and Mohammed, but choosing, in the main, the path of their fathers, though it leads to destruction.

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* Thus uniting with the English Consul.

From Baadri, on Monday morning, we were four hours reaching Sheikh Adi. The *French* Consul had joined us *Sunday* evening; and with about forty horsemen, armed to the teeth, bound to the scene of the festival, our entrance by a narrow defile upon the holy ground was made in considerable state. The multitude of trees, the babbling brooks and conical temples on square pedestals, though giving forth but a very "dim religious light," were grateful sights to eyes that had seen no green thing for half a year.

It was estimated that about five thousand were present on our arrival. Soon the *worship* opened. The whole valley is holy ground. Chiefs and people trod its terraces with naked feet. We foreigners were allowed some liberties. A large circle of men was formed beneath the mulberry before our hovel, and shuffled their rough feet upon the rough pavement to a solemn tune upon tambourine and fife, turning one's thoughts to the days of the Sweet Singer of Israel. The timbrel, which is in common use in the Moslem and Christian villages, is never used at these festivals. This dance was repeated every afternoon for five days. It is deemed a shame for females to join in it, unless at very special request. What has woman to do with worship? The shrill *tahlehl* would now and then set the circle into a perfect frenzy. Every morning, mothers brought their naked children for baptism to the holy fountain, whose waters, some of the priests tell the Moslems, have a secret connection with the Zemzem of Mecca. The *kawahls* receive a fee for this service. The offerings made at the shrines of Sheikh Adi were, for the most part, blankets and rugs, the offerers of which threw them over their heads and were followed with a terrible clattering of tambourines to the temple. Over the western face of this building were numerous figures, apparently hieroglyphical, the import of which not even the priests understand. Serpents, shepherds' crooks, sharp-beaked birds, coarse combs, and various other objects were represented — possibly the work of an impious builder, but probably significant of doctrines in their creed.

We took off our shoes as we entered the coarse, dark room, where, every night during the festival, were music and dancing before *Melek Taoos*, King Peacock, or the *devil's image* as one of the Sheikhs privately informed me. The shyness of strangers, generally remarked of them by travelers, seemed entirely removed towards us; doubtless owing to the consular interference of Mr. Rassam with the government in their behalf. Sheikh Nasir, the *religious* head of the tribe, declared to me that the tomb in the temple was that of Sheikh Adi, probably the Adee, a disciple of Manes, and not Mar Adi, or the Apostle Thaddeus, as some have thought. In the minds of the people, Sheikh Adi and God, or the Good Principle, are nearly synonymous. They attribute to him omnipresence, omnipotence, and the other attributes of Deity; but are generally willing to admit his inferiority to the one eternal Being. In this respect Sheikh Adi bears some analogy to the Christ of Christianity, but more with the Good Principle of the Manichees. Their doctrines are a motley mixture of Mohammedanism and Christianity with the philosophy of the older Persians. Ever suspicious of inquirers, they try to answer them in the way that will least offend. They are all things to all men, that they may save themselves and their rites. In private, I found the priests quite communicative, especially after an emetic and some arrack had restored a man to his senses whom hundreds supposed to be in the last hour of life. Their thanksgiving and presents seemed to indicate a willingness to tell me all they knew.

It is very seldom, that Moslems or Christians reside in the villages of the Yezidees. Each village has its house at Sheikh Adi, a stone structure, some ten or fifteen feet square, with a flat mud roof, in which they deposit their valuables and their sick at the time of the feast. The greatest part of the pilgrims lie in the open air along the sides of the mountains, which shut in all but a narrow entrance. Each company at night had its flaming torch, and the jewelled hills flashed with their numerous lights. Every new comer fired his gun, as soon as he came in sight of the temple. The hum of music, tramping and conversation scarcely died away at night, before the sun lifted his burning head upon the clean-dressed multitude that adored his beams. Whenever a priest appeared with a torch, they would pass their hands through the flame and reverentially kiss the blocks of stone around the shrines, where their respected leaders had placed the sacred fire. Every family brought a *meat* offering to Sheikh Adi. This was generally a sheep. The animals are thrust into an immense cauldron, and every morning each head of a household receives a share of the sacrifice. The surplus, with the baptismal fees and voluntary contributions, go into the purse of Hussein Bey, who is expected generously to provide for the needy among his people. I am glad to say, that their confidence in him is not misplaced.

Mr. Rassam and myself took breakfast with Sheikh Nasir and the other dignitaries one morning. A "blessing" was asked by a *kawahl*, who cried at the top of his voice in Koordish, their usual language, "Now let us celebrate the feast of our glorious Sheikh Adi." Large copper dishes of meat and vegetables were passed first to the priests and "great men," and after that to the crowds of hungry bystanders. We ate meat, of course, with our fingers, and soup, rice and *lebn*, or sour milk, with rough wooden spoons. We were then expected to partake of tobacco smoke and coffee.

Our Mosul party were quite pleased to see the apparent regard the two head chiefs paid their half dozen wives. Polygamy is common among them. Among all sects in Turkey, woman is considered as the servant of her husband. It is a great shame in Mosul for a woman to learn to read; but the Yezidees go farther, and count it a disgrace for a *man* to learn! Not half a dozen men among their one hundred thousand can write their names. It seems to be thought necessary that a very few should know how to read and write, that the covetous world may not cheat them, and that the fragments of their religious books may be preserved. They seldom take a note for money loaned, and their honesty far surpasses that of their neighbors.

They greatly dislike to be called *Sheitani*, though more from regard to the honor of Satan than their own shame. To take his name in vain is unpardonable sacrilege! That they worship the devil, is to them a glory. God is too good to need propitiating; and they see no reason why, if the bad kings of this world receive reverence, His Satanic Majesty should not also!

Sheikh Nasir candidly admitted that, according to their theology, none have a certainty of salvation but the disciples of Sheikh Adi and Melek Taoos — all others are left to the uncovenanted mercies of God! They traditionally hold to the great facts of the Biblical history, though under very distorted forms — forms that show how impossible it is for tradition to do more than convey a dim intimation of the truth. One of the chief priests related to me the following account of the origin of the devil's appellation — *Melek Taoos.*

When Christ was on the cross in the absence of his friends, the devil, in the fashion of a dervish, came and took him down and carried him to heaven. Soon after the Marys came, and seeing their Lord gone, inquired of the dervish where he was. They would not believe his answer, but promised to do so if he would take the pieces of a cooked chicken, from which he was eating, and bring the animal to life. He agreed to do so, and bringing back bone to his bone — the cock crew! The dervish then announced his real character, and they expressed their astonishment by a burst of adoration. Having informed them that he would henceforth always appear to them in the shape of a beautiful bird, he departed. The peacock (*taoos*) was henceforth chosen as their chieftain's symbol; and the Deity, if not the Sun also, was forced to give way in the Sabean system to the Prince of Hell. It is easy to see, in the above myth, some features of the gospel story of Joseph's laying the body of the Saviour in a sepulcher, the approach and inquiry of the women, the answer of the angels, the trial of Peter at the crowing of the cock, the appearance of Christ among his disciples, and the exclamation of Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"

The cock-shaped brazen symbols of Satan stand on pedestals a foot high, and are occasionally taken from village to village by the priests. They are sacred, as was the ark to the Israelites. The highest bidder always receives the honor of lodging the image over night. Sacrifices are offered on such occasions.

One thinks of Tetzel and his sale of indulgences. But I believe these priests are more honest than were he and his sanctimonious companions. I presume this account of the origin of the regard of the Yezidees for the cock — which they never eat, though they do the hen — never before came to Protestant ears. Let it be compared with Mohammed's miraculous communings with the spirit world, and the popish miracles of Saint Januarius and the

Virgin, still in good repute, before the Moslem and Papist affect to smile and despise.

Dr. Lobdell afterwards received a somewhat different account of the brazen standards of the Yezidees, (as we learn from his journal for 1854,) and was led to doubt whether they were not rude images of the *dove* rather than the *cock*, and whether they did not represent Sheikh Adi, or the Good Principle, instead of Melek Taoos, or the Evil Principle, as, in common with Layard and Badger, he had previously supposed. "Sheikh Adi," he was afterwards told, "is always symbolized by a *white dove;* and the *sinjaks* (*signs*, *banners*) carried about by the *kawahls*, are symbols of the *faith*—banners of Sheikh Adi, and not of Melek Taoos."

The Druzes of Lebanon, the Yezidees say, were formerly Yezidees. When the Jews were brought to Gozan, in the captivity, *they* were carried off to Lebanon, but soon became corrupted, and refused to receive the *kawahls* from Assyria. So they were called *Dur* (far off) *Yezd* (God), or People far from God. So much for the contradictory stories which Dr. Lobdell heard at different times, of this singular people. We return now to the letter.

Sabeanism predominates over the elements of Mohammedanism and Christianity in their creed, if these were not added simply to secure the good will of the Moslems and Christians around them. However this may have been at first, it is evident that the people have as much faith in the myths now, as in the distinct relics of the Assyrianized Zoroastrianism preserved among them. They do not pray, even to Satan; but, as they told me, they simply reverence him, not, however, according to the maxim of Confucius: "Respect the devil, but have as little to do with him as possible." Their meat and drink appears to be to do his will.

Their great festival affords the young men a fine opportunity for the choice of companions; but, in all my stay, I saw no indecent gesture. The modesty of the females, while dancing, would put to shame the refined trippings of Christendom. But their ignorance is great. One of the women told me, that the females never pray nor engage in any of the acts of reverence; for her part, she did not know as there was any life beyond this; she had heard of Christ from her neighbors, but did not know what he proposed to do, nor who he was; and she never had thought of sin as originating and existing *in the heart.* She promised to think of these things, which she then heard for the first time.

How thankful I felt, at the scene of these orgies, that God had given me a birthplace where Christ crucified is known and preached, as the sinner's only hope. Amid all my discouragements, privations, and trials here, I am never sad when I put to myself the question, "Why art thou better than these?" "Not unto us," not unto man be the glory of redemption; let God be acknowledged as THE ALL IN ALL.

We left the valley of Sheikh Adi five days after our arrival. The feast was to continue three days longer. We stopped for the night at Ain Sifneh, a village two hours distant; but the fleas and sand-flies forced us to leave the mud floors an hour before midnight, and start on our starless way. We passed Khorsabad about daylight, but had only time to see one of its immense winged and human-headed bulls — the old Assyrian symbol of the divine intelligence, swiftness, and power — and reached home as the sun was gilding the tomb of Jonah.

Only three of our party had caught the prevalent ophthalmia; and though it was only after much care and pain that their eyes were restored to health, we all rejoiced in invigorated strength, and felt more happy with our lot, having seen what man can become without "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

I have not pretended to give a *complete* view of the religion of the Yezidees. This is not to be done in a small compass. I do not think, the best way to evangelize them will be to send missionaries directly to them, while they are so much needed in other fields, and are so scarce. But it will be well enough for our friends to bear in mind that when the Armenians and Jacobites and Nestorians are all brought to the truth, they have still other work to do.

A few words about matters here must close this protracted letter. Salome, who left us with Shemmas Elias Fuez, of Beyroot, Oct. 29th, has written us that they were *twenty-one* days in reaching Diarbekr. Improvements in traveling here are few and far between. The only important difference in the mode of Salome's departure and that of Rebekah from Mesopotamia to the land of Canaan, was, that she rode a mule, and her prototype a camel.

There is considerable agitation in the waters at Mosul. Our attempt to do the people good in spirit as well as body, at the dispensary, has greatly excited the priests, and they have threatened to anathematize all who submit to the process of question and answer. The consequence is, that just at present the majority of applicants for medicine are Moslems; but many of the Christians come, Nicodemus-like, to talk over the matter, and always express their indignation at the endeavors of the priesthood to close their eyes and their hearts. I have a class of four young men in English — two Protestants and two Jacobites; and Mrs. Lobdell teaches half a dozen boys. Mr. Williams's Bible class is very interesting, and Mrs. Williams is pleased with her class of women. Our girls' school is not very well attended, but that of the boys promises to be a nucleus of power. Jeremiah is doing good to those who call at his book store in the market. We have purchased a burying-place, in spite of opposition, and it is nearly ready to receive the remains of our brethren. Mr. Williams and Micha have gone on a preaching tour to Diarbekr, through Jebel Tour. We are desirous to know the precise condition of our cause in Mardin. Some reports have made us deem it a sort of Japan. Longer residence in Mosul produces contentment, and at times we feel a kind of exultation in view of the results that promise to appear around this old seat of empire, when the gospel shall have free course and be glorified.

CHAPTER XII.

The Winter and Spring of 1853 — Seed Time and Harvest both natural and spiritual — His Tongue unloosed — Discussions on the Way of Salvation — Crowds in the Dispensary and the Study — Extracts from Journal — Great Excitement — Great Fatigue — Great Joy — Feasts of St. Peter and St. Elias — Fast of the Prophet Jonah — Summoned before the Cadi — Refuses to give Medicines without the Gospel — Persecution at Tel Keif — The Jews — The Yezidees — The Arabs — Nimrood — Palace of Sennacherib at Koyunjik — Bible Illustrations — Linguistic Speculations — Uncle Tom's Cabin — Post Days — Moslems like the Chief Priests and Pharisees — No Sadducees — Implicit Faith — Ignorance — Papal Lies — History of the Reformation repeated — Arguments.

The change of the seasons is not less marked or less grateful in "the East," than it is in our Western world. It is not, however, a change from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold, but from excessive heat to a moderate temperature, and from excessive drought to abundant moisture. The summer is there the hot and dry, and the winter the cool and rainy season. Upon the return of winter, the clouds veil the face of the burning sun. The heaven is no longer brass over head, nor the earth iron or powder and dust beneath the feet, nor the whole atmosphere scorching, like that of an oven, or a burning, fiery furnace. The heavens give rain; and the hard and barren earth, made soft with showers, is carpeted with the green wheat and barley, or enameled with flowers of every form and color — anemones, poppies, forget-me-nots, May-weeds, tulips, and buttercups. The gardens produce, in rich luxuriance, beans, turnips, radishes larger than our beets, yet tender and delicate as their namesakes in America, cucumbers two feet long, pumpkin squashes of fifty pounds' weight, and all those vegetables which constitute the main subsistence of the lower classes in the Orient. In mid-winter, the fruit trees already begin to blossom and put forth leaves and fruit. Man sympathizes with reviving nature, drinks in strength and activity with a more invigorating atmosphere, and goes forth to plow and sow; and in April, he already begins to shout the harvest home. In many respects, the seasons and the corresponding customs of the people in Turkey are the reverse of those in America, not less so than are the usages of society, the forms of government, and the notions of religion. Indeed, Dr. Lobdell often speaks of the contrariety as almost universal; and he amused himself with making up a little book of contraries, which has not come into the hands of the writer, but to which he frequently alludes. In America, we "house up" in *winter*, and retire to our inmost chambers by *night*. In Assyria, they seek shelter in their houses and cellars from the burning heat of the midday sun, while they pass the night upon the roofs, or, if need be, in traveling, or in labors that require special exertion. With us, spring is the seed-time, and summer is the harvest; *they* plow and sow in the winter, and gather in the harvest in the spring. And the winter and spring are the seasons when, if ever, the spiritual husbandman must go forth, bearing precious seed, and come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

The winter and spring of 1853, which, together with the summer and autumn of 1852, completed the first year of Dr. Lobdell's life in Mosul, was to him a period of great activity and great enjoyment in his work. Not only were his energies renewed and his spirits quickened by a cooler and more bracing air, and the people, for the same reason, in a better condition to hear and think and feel and act on the momentous subjects which he would fain press upon their consideration; his tongue was now, for the first time, so far unloosed that he could declare, though imperfectly, the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ. He was far from feeling that he was master of the Arabic. He was "not yet greatly in love with the *khās*, the *'ains*, the *ghains*, the *kofs*, and the *khas*" of the guttural language. But he could make himself understood, and nothing could any longer restrain him from entering with all the ardor of his earnest nature, and all the fervor of his love for the truth and the souls of men, into the discussion of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel with the multitude of errorists of every sort, — Mohammedans and Yezidees, Jews and Christians, Chaldeans and Syrians, Jacobites and Nestorians, — that now more than ever thronged his house. And this only increased the crowd. Curiosity to hear the doctrines and the arguments of the Protestants drew many, and a sincere spirit of inquiry brought some, though the medicines, the illustrations, (especially the *skeleton*), and the surgical instruments, were still the chief attraction to all ranks and classes. And they soon found that the *hakeem* was as skillful in wielding arguments as he was in handling instruments, and that the truths which he uttered with his lips, were as sharp as the knives and lancets which he held in his hands. He endeavored to restrict them to the *'asr*, or the hour of evening prayer, at which the dispensary was regularly open for the dispensation of medicines both for the body and the soul. But they came at all hours, and were so eager to hear and discuss, that he could not send them away, and often he relinquished his Arabic lesson, his English class, his reading and recreation, and gave up the whole day to successive troops of eager visitors. A few extracts from his journal will best illustrate the kind and degree of interest which was thus excited. "Jan. 19th. Before I had finished my Arabic lesson, as it was a feast day, a crowd were hanging round my study door, — some Moslems, some of each of the Christian sects, and a number from several villages." After specifying the villages, — Tel Keif, Bartulli, Kara-Kosh, Karamles, etc.,—with their situation and population of various sects, as he had learned it from his visitors, he proceeds: "This afternoon, fourteen Christians were in my study to investigate the truth. One Butrus es-Sibogh, the dyer, took the lead of them, and Jeremiah replied, when my Arabic was cloudy. A good impression was produced; we began and ended with the two modes of salvation (by faith, and by works, or, rather, *forms*). It was a very interesting time for me. All who could read wanted some tracts, and were furnished gratis, though we are beginning to doubt the expediency of giving too freely. I have been thronged all day, and have done nothing but preach in broken Arabic, and write prescriptions in broken English for Ablahad. The *leewan* was filled with Moslems and Christians at the 'asr. Butrus kept them still.

"Jan. 20th. Eighteen men and seven women crowded into my study about 10, A. M. I never before knew a band of women here to sit down with men to listen to the truth." After removing their prejudices against "Bible readers," and showing them the advantages, temporal and spiritual, of being able to read, as well as the selfishness of their priests in keeping them in ignorance, he says: "I then told them what is our object, and our *only* object, to teach the people the true way of salvation from the word of God. They all responded, '*meleeah*,'—excellent; and then Kos Michael spoke to them of his reasons for becoming a Protestant. The effect was evidently good,—all were solemn. Some begged for books, and all went away sober. While I was at dinner, six more Christians and three Moslems came in, with whom I talked about their souls. When they had left, twelve more full grown men seated themselves in the study, and for two hours, with the aid of my assistant, Ablahad, I expounded to them the way of salvation by grace. Their earnestness and evident honesty interested me more than any interview I have yet had with a mingled party of

Chaldeans, Syrians, and Jacobites. I class them all together, and even tell them they are little better than Moslems, for they all labor to get into heaven by their heartless formalities and supposed good works. I think two of the men were deeply affected. Oh, what a blessed work! I envy no man in America his post, and no man in the world. My field is full of interest; may God strengthen his laborers here for its due cultivation.

"Jan. 27th. All classes crowd around us — all sects — to know our arguments. May God save the multitudes to whom we declare the truth. Oh, it is a glorious work! Do not the angels desire to engage in it?

"Jan. 29th. A crowd of Christians came as usual, and listened attentively. A Chaldean, a week ago bigoted enough, preached to them earnestly in favor of our doctrines. The light spreads. May the truth be glorified. Butrus read from one of John's epistles, and prayed earnestly before a hundred Moslems. They made so much noise that I refused to prescribe, and left the *leewan.* The man who yesterday listened to the truth so earnestly, said he wished to put his name down as a Protestant. I referred him to Jeremiah, the head of the community.

"Feb. 1st. The day has brought forth much good. The city is agog. May we be wise. One man gives good evidence that he loves the truth. What joy I had in thinking I had been somewhat instrumental in leading him to Jesus. Evening meeting at the house of Ablahad. A little, square, windowless room was well filled. Jeremiah preached on the topic, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Sat on his knees. Bible on a bundle of cotton yarn, — an earthen cup, having a wick dipped in the oil, stood on a stand a foot high before him. What a place for serving the Infinite! But each Christian's body is a temple of the Holy Ghost."

At length the crowd became so great at the '*asr*, that it was difficult to maintain order, and it was quite impossible for Dr. Lobdell, with all his helpers, to attend properly either to their bodily or their spiritual wants. An arrangement was therefore made, early in February, to receive Christian patients the first three days of each week, — Moslem women on Thursdays and Saturdays, and Moslem men on Fridays, which, being the Mohammedan Sabbath, would release them in some measure from their secular labors, and yet was not held so sacred as to occasion any scruples as to the lawfulness of visiting the dispensary.

Still the crowd was scarcely diminished. "Monday, Feb. 14th. This afternoon has been memorable. Over a hundred Christians have called for *conversation* to-day, and at one time seventy were present crowding the study. Shemmas Georghius was on hand with his proof-texts to substantiate the supremacy of Peter. The Jacobites, of course, were on my side, and all were deeply interested in the discussion. Some of the Chaldeans grew indignant at my irreverence for the *omnipotent* saints, and left; but their seats were speedily filled. What a tumult we are creating. The whole town is on fire. Mind is awaking. May God descend with his Spirit. Oh, what a privilege is granted to us! May we work and prove successful in drawing multitudes to the knowledge of God our Saviour. *Salvation by grace, good works as the fruit of faith, the one Mediator the Man Christ Jesus, the Mystery of God manifest in the flesh, the idolatry of picture-worship, the relation of the Jewish to the Christian scheme, Christ the fulfilling of the law,* — all these and many other topics have passed under our review to-day, so that I am very much fatigued. May my weakness lead me to my strength. While seventy were at my room, thirty were at brother Williams's. This feast day of St. Peter will be long remembered by many in Mosul. Would that many might date their conversion from it. As I told a Chaldean this evening, if I shall know before my death that a single soul has been turned to God by my efforts, I shall never cease to rejoice, that my life was devoted to the welfare of the people of Mosul.

"17th, Thursday. I had about a hundred and twenty-five Moslem women at the dispensary this afternoon. The noise was so great, that neither Brother W. nor myself could do any thing with them. One Moslem woman declared, she was *not* a *sinner*. Indeed, very many of the Moslems think they are pure before God, some even who are impure in the eyes of men.

"18th, Friday. Some Moslems were pleased with my exposition of our doctrine of the sonship of Christ. A hundred Moslem men after medicine. Brother W.'s lecture was short, but he did not hesitate to call Christ our Saviour before them.

"19th, Saturday. A great crowd of noisy Moslem women to-day. What beastly specimens of humanity! My work is too hard; my tongue too little loosed; I *must* alter my practice of medicine, and refuse to see so many. My head is full of plans, but how to modify the present course, and secure all its advantages, it is difficult to see.

"24th, Thursday. To-day was the Jacobite feast of St. Elias. It is observed to-morrow by the Moslems. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week were observed in honor of the prophet Jonah, as days of fasting. I suppose more than two hundred and fifty persons have visited my house to-day. Kos Michael assisted me in talking with a room-full of Jacobites for two hours this forenoon. We discussed the doctrine, that all which is not of faith is sin, thus demolishing some of the objections of our friends who adhere to their church, though they see its errors—prayers for the dead, salvation by faith and works, the worship of the mass and the saints, &c. Nearly seventy were present at one time, and before they left, quite a battle occurred between the Jacobites and Papists.

I took my seat on a ladder-round in the court, and tried to argue with the multitude. Oh, how much we need assistance from above! We had over a hundred Moslem women and a crowd of Christians at the '*asr*. A policeman came, and succeeded in keeping the people pretty quiet. But I was very tired at the close of the day. I do believe, much good has been done in the name of the Redeemer. My medicine has brought scores to-day within the sound of the gospel, that would not have heard it otherwise. But we must alter our plan of operations. I shall kill myself talking of salvation, if we do not. Will this be justifiable suicide? I sometimes think it will. "That life is long, which answers life's great end."

Dr. Lobdell's inability to bear the labor and the excitement was not the only difficulty, which the missionaries encountered in their plan of operations. The English consul soon began to throw out hints, that it was not safe, nor expedient, to preach the truth with so much plainness to Mohammedans. The Jacobites, who never dared to give utterance to a religious sentiment in the presence of Moslems, which they did not hold in common, were astonished to see the missionaries preaching the gospel with equal frankness to all. The Papists declared that this course would surely rouse the wrath of the Mussulmans, and all the Christian sects would suffer the consequences. Even the Protestants and the native helpers were frightened at the boldness of the missionaries, and remonstrated, and even entreated them not to bring down the vengeance of their Moslem oppressors upon their little community. The Mohammedans themselves, strange to say, were the last to make objection. They generally acquiesced in the reasonableness of the rule, that medicine and the gospel must go together; and though they loved not the truths of the gospel, they were willing to listen to them as the indispensable condition of receiving medical treatment and advice. Some of them openly declared that the missionaries and their converts were Christians, and the only ones in Mosul. But there were enough, especially of the higher classes, whose pride had been humbled by being placed on the same level with "the poor," both in the administering of medicines and in having "the gospel preached to them;" there were enough of these to make complaint to the authorities. Indeed, the excitement throughout the city was such, that it could not but come to the knowledge of the government.

Dr. Lobdell was not therefore surprised, when, about the middle of March, he was waited on by the gray-headed servant of the *cadi*, or judge, and politely informed that his master wished to see him. "I rode immediately to his house, and went up a dirty pair of stairs amid a crowd of idlers and *courtiers*, and, having raised the padded cotton door, seated myself among the smoking dignitaries. Some of them wore very white turbans and red *ziboons* (long robes); and the *finjens* of coffee were handed them by trained cup-bearers, on their thumb nails, with a grace that brought to mind the manners of the old Persians. Having finished the case he was then trying, the *cadi* turned to me, and asked if I understood Turkish, that being *the court language*. I replied, of course, in the negative, and then was informed in Arabic that, as a number of Moslems had made complaints to him, that I was in the habit of reading from the Bible, preaching, and conversing on religious subjects *in the presence of* and *with* the crowds of their sect that daily assembled at my dispensary, he had deemed it his duty to direct me to cease that kind of work. I asked him if this was a *command* or a *request*, and whether it came from him or the pasha. My boldness astonished the crowd, and they thought I had misunderstood the cadi's order."

To prevent misunderstanding, Mr. Williams was sent for; and then, in reply to the cadi, the missionaries said that they supposed the Moslems accepted the teachings of our Lord Jesus (so Christ is called among them), and that they had always been careful in their discourses to the Moslems, to say nothing contrary to his doctrines — that they had made it a rule to talk about the sayings of Peter and Paul and the other apostles to Christians only, that Christ commands his disciples to go into all the world healing the sick and preaching the gospel, thus virtually linking the two commands together, and virtually saying, If you do the one, do the other also — and that, therefore, if forbidden to preach the truth, we shall refuse to give medicine to *all* Moslems, whether it be a poor man, the cadi, or the pasha. "But we do not forbid you to give medicine." "Yes, you do, if you forbid us to preach; for the two things are inseparable." "But we only say, you must not speak of *religion*." "True, you wish to receive what agrees with your wishes; that you can not. If you will come to our country, you may build a mosk, preach at the corners of the streets, say what you please in favor of your religion, and no one will be allowed to disturb you." "You have freedom; we have not." "Yes, yes," said we, "that's it;" and smiling, we rose, made our salaams, and withdrew, well pleased that we had thus got free of the laborious duty of giving medicines to such crowds of Moslems as have lately pressed in upon us.

The next day, Dr. Lobdell refused to give medicine to a dignitary from the *palace*, till he should bring a written permission from the cadi that he might preach to him. And this, for the present, became the established rule, till they could find a better — till, at least, they could see how it would work. Mohammedans came every day for medicine, and whether rich or poor, high or low, received the same answer, that the cadi had forbidden them to converse with Mohammedans on religious topics, and they did not feel at liberty to administer medicines to those to whom they were not permitted to preach the gospel; if they wanted medicines they must go to the cadi for permission, also, to hear the truths of the gospel. They scolded and stormed at the cadi; they begged and entreated of the missionaries; they were willing to hear the preaching, if they might only receive the medicines. But the missionaries were inexorable. They wished it to be seen distinctly, that Moslems were afraid to have the truth preached to the people. And the cadi refusing to give the required permission, the intercourse between the missionaries and the Moslems was, for the time, nearly broken off.

About the same time, the priests and emissaries of the pope stirred up the spirit of opposition and of persecution among the Chaldeans at Tel Keif, which increased the ferment at Mosul, and deterred the papists, to some extent, from their visits for inquiry and discussion with the missionaries. "Tel Keif," we quote from a letter to Dr. Anderson, "is occupied entirely by Chaldeans, who have sworn, like the conspirators against Paul, to root out all heretical tendencies, even at the price of blood. While Mr. Marsh was here, an attempt was made by the priests there to destroy the Bibles, which our brother put into the hands of the people; they seized them, and nothing but an order from the government prevented their destruction.

"About two months since, a few persons from that place came to ask us to send them a preacher; they were urgent for an American. After repeated applications, we deemed it best to send every Saturday Kos Michael, or Shemmas Jeremiah. The former owns a house in the village, it being his native place; and they were accustomed to sit upon the floor on Sundays and instruct those who called upon them. This roused the vengeance of the priesthood; and they sent for the Chaldean patriarch and Kos Butrus, a papal emissary, educated in the Propaganda at Rome, to put a stop to the business. Two weeks ago, Jeremiah was horribly anathematized by the patriarch, and a public discourse was given by his attendant against the American *Methodists*. When they came out of the church, about five hundred seized stones, and with a tremendous hooting, proceeded towards the rude house of our brother. They did not kill him, but threatened to do so, if he did not leave the place. He ran to the house of the *Kiayah*,* or mayor of the village, for protection; but he was out collecting taxes, and his son ordered him to leave the house and the village immediately — he was too vile a heretic to live! Thus much for civil protection. Jeremiah's brother escaped from the mob by a secret way, and ran to Mosul, arriving about the time that our afternoon chapel service was closing. It was evident, that Jeremiah's life was in danger; but reflecting, that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,' and seeing no way to relieve him till the next day, we simply asked the English consul to get us a policeman from the pasha, with an order to bring the offenders to Mosul. Thus furnished, on Monday morning we galloped to the village, and found our brother alive, but all who sympathized with him, did it with fear and trembling. The *Kiayah* refused to point out the offenders; so we took *him* and brought him to the city. All the men, women, and children of the village collected around us as we were trying to force some witnesses to accompany us, and declared that they would kill every one who testified against them; and further, that if ever the apostate Jeremiah should set his foot in Tel Keif again, they would sacrifice him, at the same time coolly drawing their forefingers across their throats. They had agreed to divide the price of his blood among the houses, not doubting that this would be a cheap way of delivering themselves from the heretic. Nearly two thousand persons followed the *Kiayah*, determined to stand by him and their church.

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* This dignitary was under some obligations to Dr. Lobdell. See p. 210.

"The next morning — the prominent members of the *medglis*, or common council, having been previously consulted by the priests, and the pasha having been invited to a breakfast with the French consul — the Jesuits and Tel Keifites proceeded to the *palace*, as the rude barracks of the pasha are designated; and Jeremiah answered for himself before them with a calmness and dignity, which awakened considerable sympathy among the Moslems. The case, however, was decided against our brother; he was ordered to keep away from that village, and his brother, who married his wife there, was directed to leave the place also. Kos Butrus then undertook to get an order preventing Kos Michael from going there to talk in his own house, but the pasha replied that neither the council nor himself had power to give it.

"Jeremiah was requested by the pasha to call on him the next day. He did so, and was told that when there were ten or fifteen houses there that wished to become Protestants, he would protect them and give him permission to preach to them!

"The people of Tel Keif returned to their village, and reported that Jeremiah had been bastinadoed and banished from the country, and the heretics were put to flight! Kos Michael went up the next Saturday, taking a *bouyouroulder* from the pasha for himself and those who wished to call on him; but nearly all of his old friends were so afraid for their lives that they staid away, waiting for the rage of their enemies to cool. Two young men and some women came and conversed with him, but chiefly by night.

"The Jacobites of Mosul were full of sympathy for us. But we told them, we were sure the triumphing of the enemy would be short. Probably not a person in the city was ignorant of the affair, and thus the gospel has been preached, though through envy and strife; and even in this we will rejoice. We intend, if our appropriation will allow, to build a room in Tel Keif soon, that we may give the enemy no rest."

The Jews were not neglected in the labors of the missionaries. "Every Saturday we go to the Jewish synagogue, and discuss the matter of the Messiah. Last week a hundred and twenty were present. To-day a rabbi called and said, the people did not wish us to come again. But on investigation, it appeared that it was he and his fellow-rabbies who wished us to stay away, for fear that their ignorance would be exposed, and they should lose their influence among their people. Mr. Stern, a missionary of the London Society to the Jews at Baghdad, now on his way to Constantinople, where he expects to reside in future, deals some hard blows at the band of Israelites with whom we have to do. He speaks favorably of the good will of the Jews in Baghdad towards true Christianity, and says, they are mostly infidel in respect to their old religion. And yet they cling to the carcass, after the life has gone out of it. There are about eighteen thousand there, and they form the controling element in the population."

The reader will be interested to hear again from the Yezidees. The fact stated in the following extract from Dr. Lobdell's journal, will also illustrate the nature of the government and the state of the country: "It seems, the political chief of the devil-worshipers brought Sheikh Nasir's fine horse to the palace of the pasha a few days ago, and as he refused to *give* it to him at his request, the pasha made his bastard brother chief in his stead, and sent a company of soldiers to Sheikh Adi to enforce his authority. Hussein Bey was urged by the Yezidees not to give up his premiership; and in the presence of the soldiers, his friends plunged their daggers into the heart of the newly-appointed chief on the holy ground. The soldiers retreated, and undertook to carry Sheikh Nasir with them from Ain Sifneh to Mosul. But a party of five hundred Yezidees came out and rescued their spiritual head from the hands of the soldiers, and carried him back to the mountains. The Yezidees have sent off their wives and children to the Sinjar hills, west of the Tigris, and are now all in the saddle. The pasha may have work enough to pay him for his infamous act."

In his rides around the city, Dr. Lobdell sometimes fell in with troops of armed and mounted Arabs, and sometimes narrowly escaped being captured and carried off to their encampments. He sought every opportunity to acquaint himself with their manners and character, and was invited by a Christian deacon, who had traded among them and secured their good-will, to go out with him and spend a month in the tents of the Shammar tribe. He would have been glad to do so, partly for a health excursion, as the hot season was now coming on, and partly as a preparatory step towards missionary labors among them. Had he been without a wife and child dependent upon him, he would perhaps have made the experiment. But he did not deem it quite safe, and for the present declined the invitation. "The Shammar tribe," he puts on record in this connection, "numbers perhaps fifteen thousand; that of the Aneezeys some twenty-five or thirty thousand. The latter are near Oorfa and Aleppo. The former range old Chaldea, from the Persian Gulf to Baghdad, and the entire western and southern parts of Mesopotamia. The Arabs have the plain pretty much to their pleasure. The other day they took twelve hundred sheep from the shepherds under the walls of Mosul. Five hundred cavalry and two cannon chased them, but as soon as they came in sight of 'the shaking of their spears,' retreated hastily back to the city!"

Through fear of the Arabs, (whose hand, in fulfillment of prophecy, is still against every man,) and in fear of each other also, (for every man seems to deem every other man his enemy,) it becomes necessary for all classes of the people, when they go into the country, to go armed. The gentleman who rides out from the city, the muleteer who brings in fuel and produce from the country, the shepherd who watches his flocks, and the peasant who follows the plow — all go armed with war-club, spear, sword, or gun, as may best suit their means or convenience; and all, at night, seek protection within the walls. Dr. Lobdell did not arm himself with carnal weapons, even when he rode into the plains, though he was often reminded of "the old Puritans, and the rebuilders of the walls of Jerusalem;" and after one or two rather narrow escapes, he deemed it prudent to leave his money and his watch at home, when he went on such excursions.

In March, the missionaries with their families took an excursion to Nimrood, partly to give the women and children a sight of green grass and a snuff of country air, and partly to direct the operations of their man Yoosuf in excavating slabs for the American colleges. They passed two nights and one day at the mound. "Our tents were not pitched on the *Tel* (mound) for fear of the Arabs, but near the *village* of Nimrood, which is half a mile distant. The children were greatly delighted with the beautiful grass, as fine to them as any Persian carpet. They were too tired and thirsty to pick the flowers, but a chicken's leg and a *sherbeh* of water enabled them 'to possess their souls' in patience, until Hormuzd Rassam, the agent of the British Museum, arrived and invited them and us to a Turkish supper. We gazed long upon the star-lighted sky and the dusty pyramid, and then laid us down to sleep upon our blankets."

The next day they examined the slabs, which Yoosuf had uncovered; explored and measured the great tunnel and canal, hewn out of the solid conglomerate, which once carried the waters of the Zab all over the plain between the Zab and the Tigris, but which is now filled with the alluvial deposits of three thousand years; visited the great pyramid of sun-burnt brick, faced with beveled blocks of stone, which Xenophon describes at "Larissa;" saw the bitumen springs, just outside the old walls, which furnished the material in which the walls of the old palace were laid, and which, being set on fire, burned, and bubbled, and smoked, like lava in the crater of a volcano; then "galloped to the tents, helped Mr. R. arrange the pieces of an obelisk, broken by envious hands at the destruction of the city, witnessed the frolics of the children among the flowers, took a good dinner, or tea, with Mr. Rassam, looked at the fine sculptures in Layard's old mud-house, the bricks, horses' heads, copper mirrors, ivories, alabaster urns, and other articles recently found at the mound, and with a guard to keep watch, again lay down to sleep."

The third day, after having selected their slabs, and given directions for their removal, they returned to Mosul.

Before the close of the month, Dr. and Mrs. Lobdell were invited by Mr. Rassam to see the palace of Sennacherib at Koyunjik, as he was about to send off all the valuable sculptures to London. "Lucy's appearance, with her parasol and *basket bonnet*, attracted much attention. We were shown the lions, bulls, giant men, one hugging a lion under his arm, a veritable Nimrod, — lion-headed, horned, winged men guarding the harem, — castles, warriors, horses, and trappings, — rivers and fish in stone, — fig and pomegranate trees, grape-vines and clusters, — slaves, and officers, arrows, daggers, sledges, chariots, arrow-headed inscriptions, &c., &c. — all in ruins. The fire destroyed the palace ere it was completed, as is evident from some unfinished sculptures. This is especially true of the gigantic bulls and winged human figures in the small mound at the north side of the city. The bulls there stand at the gate, and are solid blocks, some twelve feet square, and very thick. What giants there were in those days! What symbols of God—those wings, and legs, and that human face!

"The most interesting relic in Koyunjik, was the stone containing the image of Sennacherib himself, seated on a splendid chair, in the midst of prisoners and dignitaries. His face was cut off by some foe, and his wrists were also mangled. The whole room contains a representation, as Layard thinks, of the siege of Lachish.* The countenances of the captives are decidedly Jewish.

"On our way back to the city, Lucy's saddle turned, and she fell from her donkey. A second time she fell from fainting, and it was with much difficulty she reached home. She was very, very weak. I thought of the possibility of her dying there, on the very sands of Nineveh, but she revived. On crossing the bridge of boats, I noticed a servant, behind his master, holding an umbrella over him, just as is seen on the stones of Koyunjik. A servant in the East, even though he goes as a *guide*, goes *behind* his master. This fact explains the apparent anomaly in that beautiful promise: 'Thine ears shall hear a word *behind* thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.' No untraveled American has any idea of the *commonness* of illustrations of Scripture here. The Patriarchs were the prototypes of the present Sheikhs of the Arabs; only their fear and love of God made them more regardful of cleanliness and justice. Christ was doubtless dressed in *ziboon*,† turban, and sandals, very nearly such as the Christians use throughout the East at the present day. He spoke of the women grinding at the mill; the vine, and its branches; the olive, and its fruits; the new and old bottles (of skin); the seats at feasts; greetings in the markets; the robe of the prodigal; Pharisees and publicans, &c., &c. We *feel* that this is the home of the whole Bible. That, my brother, is a true book,—it is our only chart. Study it daily, that you may grow in the knowledge of God and your own heart."

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* See 2 Kings, 18, 14; also Is. 36, 2.

† A long, loose robe.

Busy as he was in his great work, Dr. Lobdell was already deeply interested in speculations touching not only the antiquities, but the languages of that ancient world. He seized with especial eagerness on every thing he could see or learn, which could shed any light on the connection between those ancient families of languages, the Aramæan and the Sanscrit, and on the question, whether Egypt, Assyria, and India were, or were not, independent centers of civilization. As bearing on these questions, he mentions, on the one hand, "the cylinder lately found at Kalah Sherghat," (the Calah of Genesis, and the *ancient* capital of Assyria), which "proves that the farther we go back in the history of Assyria, the more evidence we have of the perfection of its art;" and on the other, "the Bohistun inscription, which Col. Rawlinson first deciphered, and pronounced to be *arrow-headed Sanscrit*."

He found little leisure for reading at this time. Among the books from America, which he read with great interest, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Read aloud Uncle Tom. Eva drew tears from our eyes, and I could not go on. What a wonderful work! What truthfulness! How it touches the heart! Little Eva has done my soul good; let me keep in mind that perfect ideal of Christianity, and bless God for Mrs. Stowe. She has preached with power to my heart. I must write her a letter acknowledging my gratitude."

The days when the post arrives and departs, are, of course, days of great interest in that far-off land, the former bringing letters from home and friends, "across the sea and across the mountains," the latter imposing the necessity of answering them, often on short notice, and with great despatch. And it illustrates, as scarcely any other fact could, the absorption of Dr. Lobdell in his work at this time, that often he could not find time to read his letters till bed-time; and very often he was obliged to leave letters unanswered by the proper post. And it fared still worse with the newspapers which he received from Europe and America, though at this time every post brought startling intelligence of the incipient movements of the great powers in the Turkish war, which could not but deeply interest him, not only in its political aspects, but also in its bearings on the missionary enterprise in the Turkish Empire. It was Dr. Lobdell's expectation, that Russia would wait till England and France got into difficulty with each other, and thus, sooner or later, obtain possession of Constantinople. "Oh, what torrents of Christian blood are to be spilt within these few years! God, the God of all wisdom and goodness, will make the ambition of kings subserve his kingdom, as well as the humble labors and prayers of the meanest saint."

It gave a peculiar zest to the discussions, in which he engaged with the Mohammedans and the nominal Christians, when he saw and reflected how exactly he was called to repeat with the former the experience of Christ and the apostles in ancient Syria and Judea, and to fight over again with the latter the battles of the Reformation in Germany, France, and Great Britain. All his familiarity with every fact and feature of the Bible, and all his acquaintance with the history of the Reformation, which he had gained not only by his general reading, but by his special study and translation of the work of M. De Felice, were now taxed to the utmost, partly as furnishing matter for each particular argument, and partly as general guides to the best method of carrying on discussion and gaining influence.

The Mohammedans, often grossly intemperate, generally debauched with sensual gratification, almost without exception "full of extortion and all uncleanness," trampling under foot the Sabbath, and profaning the name of God thoughtlessly in every breath, yet proud, bigoted, professing great reverence for the law and the gospel as well as for the Koran, garnishing the sepulchres of the patriarchs and the prophets, bowing at the name, not of Mohammed only, but also of Moses and Jesus, boasting that they are the people, the peculiar people of God, despising the native Christians as infidel dogs, and manifesting their hatred for European and American Christians just as much as they dare to manifest it in their present state of subjection and dependence on the great powers of Europe* — the Mohammedans constantly reminded him of the Scribes and Pharisees in the days of our Lord; and he reasoned with them, reproved them, silenced them by similar arguments drawn from the Scriptures, in which they "think" they "have eternal life." Sadducees, however, — infidels — there are none among the Moslems; and for a very good reason — none are tolerated. Indeed, few are any longer capable of thinking or believing otherwise than as their fathers have done before them. Men who have worn fetters and manacles till they have lost the use of their limbs, are in little danger of stretching forth their hands to pluck forbidden fruit. Christianity alone gives the liberty and the capacity for free thinking, free speaking and free printing; Christianity alone invites investigation, and says, "Come, let us reason together." Infidels are indebted to Christianity for the very freedom and power, which they turn against it. Dr. Lobdell records a little incident, which illustrates well both the prejudices and the implicit faith of the Moslems. "A Moslem said, the Koran asserts that Esau (Jesus) was not crucified, but was taken to heaven by the angels, and the *Injeel* (Gospel) says, he suffered crucifixion. How can we reconcile the statements? I told him, that one or the other was *false.* He thought not. God, he said, was the author of both, and perhaps *he* knows how to reconcile the difficulty!"

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* Another point of resemblance might be added, viz.: a truly Jewish abhorrence of swine's flesh. No Christian, even, is allowed — no man would dare, to offer pork for sale in the market. Dr. Lobdell tells an amusing story of a poor fellow who had killed a pig, and was carrying it concealed with the utmost care under his cloak, into the city, when he was unfortunately detected at the gate by a revenue officer. The Moslems stood aghast at the sight; they could scarcely have been more appalled if a torpedo had suddenly explode before them; and the poor Christian dropped his pig, ran for his life, and hid himself in the mountains, till the storm of Moslem indignation had passed away.

The ignorance, even of the beys and effendis, not only on sacred history but on common subjects, was astonishing. "A bey wanted to know, if Nimrod did not live in the time of the Father of the Faithful. I astonished him by telling him, that Nimrod lived some two hundred and fifty years before Abraham. He then wanted to know which was born first, Isaiah or Moses. History these people know nothing about. Their dates are always from some remarkable occurrence. Few know their ages. Indeed, I never asked a person here his age, who did not say, "Perhaps — years." "Perhaps! Do n't you know?" "How can I?" "I was reading the London and New York papers, when four Moslems came in. They wanted to know if these were *written* with a *reed* (pen.) They opened their eyes wide, when I told them of the thousands of copies newly printed at a single press daily. They could not understand how the printing was performed. So I tried to enlighten them upon Hoe's press. I might as well have tried to show a donkey the process. But they saw enough to exclaim, "Wallah, Wallah!"* The common people charged Dr. Lobdell with worshiping the *skeleton* that hung in his study, and the Christians of France and England with carrying off the gods of the old Assyrians to worship them as idols!

The papists excited many prejudices against the missionaries and Protestants by their lies and misrepresenta-

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† The Mussulman's exclamation of surprise or indignation. It contains the name of God, (Allah.)

tions. "Kos Butrus, who was for twelve years in the Propaganda at Rome, and who is the great reliance of the Chaldeans at Mosul, told his people that Luther was the king of England, and trusting to get rid of the self-denying duties of the Catholic religion, invented a scheme which would allow the full indulgence of the appetites and passions. In one of the books studied at Rabban Hormuzd, Luther is declared to have hurled the inkstand at the devil's head in a public assembly, while he was preaching, because his conscience told him he was uttering a lie, and the devil (for a wonder) seconded his conscience. At another time, as he was engaged in his religious work of translating the Bible into the vulgar tongue, the image of Christ which stood before him, frowned on him, and he took it down and smashed it with a stone."

Dr. Lobdell's discussions with the Chaldeans, Syrians, and Jacobites, were on the same subjects which the early Reformers discussed with the Catholics of their day — justification by faith or works, venial sins, baptismal regeneration, transubstantiation, fasts and feasts, worship of the saints and the Virgin Mary, and the mutilation of the Ten Commandments. And the arguments which he has recorded, so fully as to fill scores of pages in his journal, only need a little expansion and dramatizing by some D'Aubignè, and scarcely need that, to give them all the excitement and fascination of a second History of the Reformation. A single passage of Scripture, or a single appeal to common sense, would often flash conviction on their understandings and consciences, if not on their hearts. "Four Syrians from Kara Kosh denied that Mary was a sinner. 'Why, she was the mother of God!' The passage in Luke, 'My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my *Saviour*,' was a poser to them."

"'Are all sins alike?' said the chief speaker. 'Is there a great and a small God?' said I. This seemed to put matters in a new light to him."

"In proof of the doctrine of transubstantiation, some Chaldeans cited the declaration, 'This *is* my body.' I replied by quoting, 'This *is* Elias, which was for to come;' 'This cup *is* the new testament in my blood;' 'It *is* the Lord's passover,'" &c.

The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, Dr. Lobdell would sometimes meet by a supposition, which set the subject before them in the light of their own sad experience. "Suppose," said he, "a Catholic priest baptizes a Moslem child. According to your doctrine, the Holy Spirit also regenerates him; and according to 1 John, 3 : 9, 'He that is born of God, cannot sin,' that is, never is willing to sin. But this boy grows up, and becomes a bigoted Moslem; obeys the letter and spirit of the Koran by killing those who refuse Mohammed's alternatives — himself, tribute, or the sword. Is this the baptism — this the regeneration required for an entrance into the kingdom of God?"

These discussions did much to enlighten, as well as to awaken, the minds of the people. The medical practice was perhaps the colter that cut the surface and opened the way for the truth, but these discussions were the plowshare that tore up the roots of old errors, of which the soil was full, and prepared it to receive the good seed, which the missionaries did not fail, at the same time, to scatter in the fresh and open furrows.

The following extracts from a letter to his friend Seelye — the only one of his letters written during this period for which we have space — will show that his missionary work, exciting and engrossing as it was, did not narrow his sympathies — did not diminish his interest in his friends, his country, or mankind.

MOSUL, Feb. 10th, 1853.

MY EVER DEAR J.: — My joy was great on the arrival of our last mail, bringing as it did yours from Rome, and a second from Halle. Those sheets were full of interest to me. Then you have visited "the Eternal City." I have seen the grave of Polycarp, the Rhodes of classic and knightly memory, and the battle-grounds of the Crusaders, and of Alexander. Did we dream of such visits when at Amherst? How has God led us! Yes, brother, I do fully believe with you, that he who commits himself entirely to God, will make no great mistakes in life. And is it possible that our paths which have diverged so widely, "may yet meet and flow on together again in this life?" This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but hardly to be anticipated. Your course seems plain; and as for myself, I know of no post in any country, for which I wish to exchange my humble one here. Not a day passes that I do not see visible fruit from my labors. The seed I sow not only has the promise of God in its behalf, but the early fulfillment of that promise. I have learned to look upon the distinctions of this life with perfect indifference; and I think if I should ever return to America, my old ambition to *be* something and to *do* something, would give way entirely to the simple desire to elevate the spiritual condition of my countrymen. And I rejoice to know, that your visit to Europe has led you to resolve on the same thing. As it is a settled question that you labor in America, I am exceedingly glad to learn that your life there will be an earnest testimony to the personal, social, and national benefits of spiritual Christianity. I can but hope that your labors in the pulpit will be so blessed of God, that you will be loth to confine yourself to a student's closet. If you will be a student, make your labors bear upon the people, not remotely, but as immediately as possible. I almost worship Luther, in spite of his despicable treatment of Zwingle, and chiefly because his efforts had an immediate reference to the wants of the *people.* And so Calvin, in spite of his treatment of Servetus, deserves immortal honor, because his labors, profound as they were, all had a practical bearing.

If you take either department at ——, I hope it will be history. This topic needs attention — not the history of the church so much, since Neander has given his life to it, — but history in general, embracing ethnology and the relations of languages. Some one is wanted in America, who will write for infidels a book proving that the Bible is *the word of God.* And if I mistake not, inquiries directed to Egypt, Assyria, Jewish antiquities, the different early versions of the Scriptures, the relations of Abraham's descendants to the progress of true ideas of God, &c., will prove eminently useful.

All my unasked-for advice is summed up in the sole idea, that whatever gives a present healthful impulse to society, is far better than that which is confined to ponderous tomes of unavailable thought. Compare Chalmers with Kant, Pascal with Cousin, and Washington with Aristotle, or even Bacon. All that America wants is a *live gospel.*

I agree with you that human freedom has a most important part to play in human history. Indeed, the great battle of this world is freedom versus slavery, — slavery in its broadest sense, and freedom as involving the liberty with which Christ makes his children free. As civil liberty is impossible without the gospel, so spiritual tyranny is impossible where the gospel is a living power. My argument for missions has reference to the perpetuity of American institutions. Is there one thing more prophetic of good to our country than the benevolent enterprises of the land? Tariff and free trade, rum, negro slavery, and Northern conscience about it, are small matters in comparison with the genuine benevolence of the age. Indeed, free trade and a full play for conscience are to be speedy fruits of a general self-forgetfulness in the church.

Our work is very promising now. My hands are full. Patients are thick as grasshoppers, and from morning till night my study is crowded with Christians and Moslems to discuss the question of salvation by grace. My soul is fed by communion with Bible truth. What a mine! How little it is searched even in the States. One has no doubt here of the antiquity and veracity of the Bible. Have you seen that at Susa, the Shushan of Daniel, a stone was recently found in the palace of Darius bearing the figures of lions and a man? Excavations are still prosecuted vigorously in the Tigris valley. The large mound called Kalah Sherghat, four days down the river, promises some wonders, and daily a plenty of arrow-headed inscriptions turn up at Nimrood and Koyunjik.

Have you read "Uncle Tom?" I have a copy *en route* from Aleppo. Twenty-one translations in Germany! Well, let our kinswoman preach to the thinkers of Germany and the dancers of France. By the way, this book illustrates what I mean by affecting the masses. Has not Mrs. Stowe preached better than Bellamy or Hopkins?

The last entry in that volume of Dr. Lobdell's journal, which ends with this chapter, closes as follows (it is for May 7th, 1853): "From five to forty have been in my study all the afternoon. Our disputes and appeals were earnest. At the '*asr*, Jeremiah showed much keenness in managing the argument with the papists. The mass is to them the sure means of salvation. The heat is great. The sky is very red. Summer has indeed come. Thermometer 93°. Evening meeting interesting.

One year ago I landed in Mosul. This last day of that year has been profitably spent. I have declared the truth to these people to the best of my ability. Shall I record the close of another year in Mosul? If not, may God fit me speedily for the passage through the valley of the shadow of death. Whatever be his will, I pray that it may be done."

CHAPTER XIII.

Second Summer in Mosul — The Heat — Insects — Missionary Labors and Joys — Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh — Commentary on the Book of Jonah — The Hot Sun — The East Wind — The Gourd — The "Exceeding Great City" — Articles on Mosul — Nestorian and Jacobite Liturgies — Prophecy — Tour to Oroomiah — Bartulli — Churches — Trees — Threshing — Karamels — Ancient Bumadus — The Zab — An Old Friend — Nocturnal Adventures — Arbeel — Ain Kawa — Preaching till Midnight — Sheikh Laua — Exciting Scenes — Koords — Night Ride — Ravendouz — Basalt Pillars — An Encounter — Oroomiah — A Paradise — Sickness — Letter of Dr. Perkins — "Our Country's Sin" — Anti-Slavery Circular — Peculiar Policy of the Nestorian Mission — Life in and around Oroomiah — Visit to Tabreez with Mr. Cochran — Narrow Escape on the Lake of Oroomiah — Return with Messrs. Rhea and Coan to Mosul — Gawar — Deacon Tamo — Mountains of Jeloo — Valleys — Love of Home — Erwintoos-Too — Bass — Tekhoma — Scene of the Massacre — Dr. Grant.

The second season is usually the most trying to a foreigner in the process of acclimation, whether it be in a warm or cold climate. As the heat of summer began to return, at the beginning of his second year in Mosul, we find Dr. Lobdell shrinking from it, as a Southerner does from the cold of a second winter at the North, and feeling its power more than he had done the previous year. He thus writes, May 9th, 1853, to his brother, who was now a member of Phillips Academy at Andover. "Andover is a beautiful place in summer, whatever it be in winter. It is just the opposite of Mosul in this respect. Here the winter is very agreeable; but the summer is a sort of purgatory, — it has already begun. The mercury is in the daily habit even now of getting up to 90°, or more. The fields are "dry as summer's dust." We get into the coolest places we can find, taking great care to have the rooms opened at night and closely shut in the morning. Large, thick curtains, some fifteen feet square, hang over our two *leewans;* and in the one, where I am now hastily writing this note, are three Jacobites and a big-turbaned Moslem, — the last, of course, puffing away at his *kalyoon*, or yard-long pipe. The Christians are investigating the gospels. From morning to night, especially on feast-days, of which there are some fifty a year in each Christian sect, I am engaged in expounding the Scriptures, or pressing them on the hearts of my visitors. It is delightful work. True, they are bigoted, obstinate, "dead in trespasses and sins;" but this is only another reason why, with all my might, I should try to show them the true way to heaven. When Mr. Marsh arrives, as he knows the colloquial Arabic better than any of us, he will greatly relieve me at the dispensary. I have a study full of investigators every day, and often my brain whirls at the close of the discussions. . . . Fleas are one of the chief sources of our discomfort in the spring. There are some gnawing, or boring, or sucking my poor body *constantly*. I have to scratch at every line? When the mercury gets up to 100°, they will begin to retreat. Flies, too, are pretty much burned out after July. A sort of lice abound when fleas do not, and a sand-fly also. Ants are in the food at all seasons. Mosquitoes are not wanting, though less numerous, for a wonder, than with you. . . . Still Mosul is a desirable place for a missionary. We feel that we are not laboring in vain. If I should die this very summer, I do not think I should have occasion to regret having come here to spend my days. You can not tell with what intensity of conviction the truth of the gospel scheme of salvation presses the heart here. The gospel, — the doctrines of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, — in these lie the hope of Turkey and the world. . . . . Now, my dear brother, I must close. May the God of all grace be with you. Heaven is a *gift*, not a matter of debt; but we can so live as to secure a seat near Paul and Luther.

Love to Christ, who loved us and gave himself for us,—this should be the prime motive of action. May no vain ambition lead you astray; but may you have the noble ambition to do in all things the will of God."

In the afternoon of the very day on which the above letter was written, the families of the missionaries and the whole Protestant community were thrown into a state of pleasing excitement by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. Mr. Marsh was no stranger at Mosul; he was well known and greatly beloved; and being already acquainted with the language, was able at once greatly to lighten the labors of his brethren and add to the strength of the mission.

Thus, relieved somewhat of the extreme pressure which had been upon him day and night, during the winter and spring, Dr. Lobdell no sooner found a moment's leisure, than his active mind began to form projects of literary labor, which, however, would partake largely of the nature of recreation. He conceived the idea of a brief commentary on the Book of Jonah, in which he could avail himself of advantages for local illustration which others had not possessed. His own experience enabled him to conceive, as he never could have done in his native land, how, "when the sun did arise" and "beat upon the head of Jonah," "he fainted and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die, than to live." If he had heard beforehand of the heat of the climate, as well as the wickedness of the inhabitants, the Doctor scarcely wondered that the prophet "fled to Tarshish," when he was commanded to go to "Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it."

"The *east wind*, (south, south-east,) is not to be mistaken; it withers and prostrates all before it. Clouds of dust and stubble are borne before it, and the hot air almost suffocates one. In the margin, *vehement* is rendered *silent*. The latter is the most correct rendering philologically and in fact, for this simoon is perfectly silent, yet it bears down all opposition. It does not occur in the winter months, but from spring till autumn."

In identifying "the *gourd*," he hesitated for a time between the castor-oil plant, (*el-keroa*,) which in the language of Egypt, bears a name having the same root as the Hebrew word rendered *gourd*, and which many of the early fathers and most modern scholars have supposed to be the gourd of Jonah; and a species of pumpkin-squash (*el-kera*) peculiar to the East, which grows with astonishing rapidity, and has very large leaves and very large fruit, and which is pronounced to be Jonah's gourd by the unanimous verdict of Moslems, Jews, and Christians at Mosul. On more mature reflection, he seems to have settled down rather upon the latter opinion. "The castor-oil plant is cultivated to some extent here, but is never trained, like the *kera* or pumpkin-squash, to run over structures of mud and brush to form '*booths*,' in which the gardeners may protect themselves from the terrible beams of the Asiatic sun. I have seen, at a single glance, dozens of these booths — these lodges in the fields of melons and cucumbers around the old walls of Nineveh, (Is. 1 : 8,) — covered with the vines of the *kera*, of which there are numerous species, the fruit of which varies from one to fifty pounds. One species, growing in Koordistan, a few days distant from Mosul, is a genuine *gourd*, but there is no probability that it ever flourished on the hot plains of Mosul." *

In regard to the extent of that "*exceeding great city of three days' journey*," though not fully established in his own opinion, he seems to have inclined to the view of Loftus, Kitto, and others, that the "three days' journey," is to be understood of the *circuit* of the city, which, if it embraced the four mounds, as suggested in a former chapter, would be just about three days' journey, or sixty miles, and would, moreover, like Babylon and other old cities of Mesopotamia, present, not its sides, but its angles, towards the cardinal points.

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* See an interesting correspondence on this subject in the Bibliotheca Sacra for April, 1855, between Dr. Lobdell and Prof. Stowe, of Andover.

While correcting the errors of the Article on Mosul, in McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary, the idea occurred to him of preparing a series of articles, or a small treatise on the present condition of Mosul and vicinity, its physical features, its vegetable and animal productions, its social and political relations, and its moral and religious state, thinking that he might thus do a service, at least, to some future McCulloch; and with his usual promptness, he immediately laid out his plan and began to collect his materials.

He was also much interested, at this time, in investigating the composition and significance of the names of Assyrians and Babylonians which we find in the Scriptures, and the relations of the liturgies of the Nestorian and Jacobite churches to that of the ancient and venerable church of Syria, or Antioch. He discovered, to his surprise, that the Jacobites and Nestorians had essentially the same liturgy, and that they held it so sacred that even papal power and cunning had not been able to induce converts from those churches to relinquish it. Yet on looking into this liturgy, which these sects thus hold in common, he found passages which savored more of papal corruption than of extreme antiquity, to say nothing of apostolic simplicity and purity.

He also set down at this time, as a subject of future research, the connection of the Manichean philosophy with Oriental Christianity, of which, he was persuaded, the religion of the Yezidees was a palpable relic. He did not live to finish any of these researches.

In common with other missionaries in the East, Dr. Lobdell watched with intense interest and anxiety the cloud of war that was now hanging over Constantinople, looked at it in its relation to prophecy, as well as to the progress of the missionary work, and expected great changes that would shed light on the Scriptures, as well as open the way for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. He was far, however, from being one of those sanguine and positive interpreters of prophecy, who can read the roll before the seals are opened, and who, though always disappointed in their calculations, can always rectify their figures so as to save their confidence, if not their credit, as sons of the prophets. Still less did he, like some missionaries of other boards and from other countries, expect that the Turkish war was to be the immediate forerunner of Christ's personal reign on earth. "I am sure that the earthly Jerusalem is not again to be rebuilt with a more than Solomonic temple. I am no millenarian."

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Marsh, the mission voted that Dr. Lobdell have permission to go to Oroomiah for the sake of recruiting his health, and at the same time promoting the objects of the mission. He felt the necessity of such an excursion, and cherished also a strong desire to traverse more or less of the field of Dr. Grant's heroic labors, and to see the beloved missionary brethren, with whom he had carried on so delightful a correspondence, beyond the mountains. Rumors of war delayed for a time the execution of the plan. On the fifth of June, he writes: "I am awaiting the arrival of the post on Thursday, to see whether it will be advisable for me to take a tour into the Koordish mountains. If there comes a rumor of war, I shall not dare to go, as the Koords would, doubtless, in that case, rise against the Porte, and make sad havoc with such Christian bones as mine. They paid 4,500 piastres for robbing Dr. Bacon and son, and Mr. Marsh, and they will, no doubt, be careful next time how their victim escapes to make complaint to the government." The post arrived on Friday, the 10th, bringing intelligence that the Russian ambassador had left Constantinople, and the double-headed eagle over his palace had been taken down; but still the knowing ones said there would be no war. And, after having written letters to friends, and put his house, papers, &c., in order, as if he might never return, on the 13th he set out on his tour, leaving Mrs. Lobdell, who could endure the heat better than the journey, to occupy the house, with one servant, while he took the other as cook, together with the requisite number of muleteers for the baggage. He was accompanied by Jeremiah, whose services were invaluable, as he could speak Turkish and Koordish fluently, as well as Syriac and Arabic. Some parts of the route which he selected, had never before been passed over by an American or European. He was assured by persons competent to speak on such a subject, that no other road to Oroomiah could be regarded as equally safe. Yet, as will be seen in the sequel, this was beset with dangers. The object of the tour, as it lay in the mind of Dr. Lobdell, was threefold,—to recruit his health, to preach Christ crucified, and to explore the mission field. Our account of it will be derived chiefly from a letter to the Missionary Rooms, and will be given, in a great measure, in the language of that letter.

The first day, they went no farther than the bridge, and finding their passports not ready, returned, and spent the night at home. It was Ramadan, the Lent of the Mohammedans, when all the principal Moslems spend the day in sleep, and feast and transact business only by night. This was the occasion of the delay in the passports. The day before he left, Dr. Lobdell had an application from the pasha and his son, for opiates, to enable them to endure the fasting, and the fatigue of perfect idleness, during this most sacred, yet most dreaded month. "I learned to *labor*," says the Doctor, "in America; in Turkey I am fast learning to *wait*." The luggage went on to Bartulli on the evening of the 13th. Early in the morning of the 14th, Mr. Marsh and Kos Michael accompanied them to Bartulli, where they had parting services in an old, black mud house, but in the presence of a number of Jacobites. "My two friends soon returned; but, as the people there understand Arabic as well as Fellahi, I had great pleasure in talking for three hours with a large company. The Syrians among them declined all controversy, but admitted that my view of Christianity as a spiritual religion, for which no number of formal and heathen ceremonies can be substituted, commended itself to their hearts and consciences. Mar Mattai and the wily Archbishop of Mosul, though at swords' points on all other matters, unite in trying to persuade the Jacobites of Bartulli to avoid all connection with us; and yet we have frequent calls from some of them, and from Syrians of Kara Kosh, a village between Bartulli and Nimrood. Our late temporary reverses at Tel Keif have led the villagers of the plain generally to suppose that persecution will be an inevitable attendant of their studying the Bible under our direction.

"As it was impossible for us to travel during the heat of the day, which in the shade was above 100°, and in the sun about 140°, we did not start from Bartulli until about two hours before sunset. Meanwhile, I visited both the Papal and Jacobite churches, — a thing not allowed us in Mosul. The walls of both these buildings were hung with cotton handkerchiefs of Mosul manufacture bearing the *portraits* of numerous saints; and those of the new Syrian edifice, whose basalt pillars at the narrow door were brought from the ruins of Khorsabad, were, of course, ornamented, in addition, with two-penny *pictures* of various Italian martyrs, with rude daubs of the sun-crowned St. George killing the dragon, with Mary and her infant Son, and a small brazen cross with a highly muscular Saviour upon it.

"The Jacobites had removed all the *pictures* from their church, with the exception of a drawing, by the pen, of the Saviour crucified, beneath which was an Ethiopic inscription. Estranghelic and more modern Syriac characters were numerous on the gypsum blocks in various parts of the building. The tombs of priests and bishops buried there were arranged around the sides of the church, and its main floor was nearly covered with stones indicating the burial-places of the more common dead."

In the court of the Jacobite church was a rough palm-tree, hanging with green dates, and in that of the Syrian church a fine olive-tree. "The extreme scarcity of trees in the Tigris valley renders them of great value. I doubt not, many persons have lived out their threescore and ten years without ever having seen a tree.

"The books used in the Jacobite church, the Liturgy, including forms for the burial of the dead, the Psalms, selections from the epistles and works of Mar Gregorius, Mar Toma, and several other saints, are, for the most part, in use also among papal seceders. But very few genuine Roman Catholic books have as yet been introduced into the Syrian church; none, in fact, which show up the worst features of the papacy, — on the principle, I suppose, that milk is better for babes than strong meat.

"The ruins in the suburbs of Bartulli are quite extensive. Grievous taxation has scattered the inhabitants. Indeed, the Turkish system of raising revenue is utterly opposed to the prosperity of the people. Often, instead of a tithe, a half of the annual crops is wrenched from the poor villagers.

"I was interested to see the semi-domesticated Arabs, whose children spoke Fellahi as well as Arabic, driving their squads of donkeys, with their muzzled noses fastened together, round a stake, to tread out the wheat. I was even more interested to see an old man beating out the grain with a club, as he sat on the ground, while the unveiled women and naked children threw the grain and chaff into the air, and sifted it for their mortars, or for the mill-stones turned by female hands.

"Having sent on our baggage, Jeremiah and myself galloped to Karamles, the mound forming the southeast angle of the trapezium, noted by Layard and others as marked by this *Tel*, and those of Khorsabad, Koyunjik, and Nimrood.* The course from Karamles to Nimrood is precisely south-southwest, and the opposite side of the inclined parallelogram is about parallel with it. Kara Kosh is nearly in a line between these two southern mounds. The Jacobite convent of Mar Mattai lay to the northeast, nest-like, among the rocks, and the Yezidee villages of Baazani and Baasheika appeared near the base of Jebel Makloub, the course of which range is about south-southeast. Mart Barbara, the name of a female saint, is given to the church that stands at the eastern base of the mound. The village of Karamles is not large, but quite respectable. Like all the towns on the plain at that season, it was surrounded by large heaps of wheat and barley, ready to be trodden under feet of oxen, donkeys, or mules, or, perhaps, to be chopped to pieces by the long knives, fastened perpendicularly into the horizontal roller, which is drawn, with one or two *passengers*, circularly, by horses, blindfold, over the grain.

"We started up a number of bounding gazelles as we moved swiftly over a vast uncultivated plain, and after two hours, we came to the Hazir, or ancient Bumadus. According to agreement, we waited for our baggage until nearly dark on the banks, which were covered with wormwood and willows, and then forded the stream, (the water coming up to our horses' necks), and pushed on rapidly to the Zab. Not a soul appeared, besides us, in that desert space, where nomad Arabs often vie with the Koords in skillful attempts at robbery and murder. We rode up to the house of Yassein Agha, whose name the village bears, and greatly astonished the crowd upon the roof by our solitary appearance. They wondered even more than we, that no band of marauders had fallen upon us in crossing the plain."

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* See p 243.

There they passed the night, sleepless, through discomforts and fears, "the broad moon revealing distinctly about them girdles full of pistols and daggers;" and while detained there, partly waiting the arrival of the baggage, and partly by the excessive heat, till the next evening, Dr. Lobdell had the satisfaction of seeing Hussein Bey, the late political head of the Yezidees, and his pleasant host on his pilgrimage to Sheikh Adi, make his escape safely across the Zab, from a large body of Koords and Turkish soldiers, (who had been sent to the Sinjar hills to capture him), and flee to a refuge among the Tye Arabs, a large, unsubdued tribe, who at this time held possession of the plain between the Upper and the Lower Zab. The Doctor and his traveling companion, with their baggage, were transported across the river on a raft of twenty skins. "Our horses were made to swim across by Koords, who each strided an inflated skin, and pulled his animal after him. After we had rode an hour up the left bank of the river, among the bushes of wormwood, we stopped to feed our animals, and sleep a few hours, near a Yezidee village, on every house of which were seated three or four storks. An old castle, built by Mohammed Pasha, the first Turkish governor of Mosul, stands near the village, on the bank of the Zab, which is there three or four hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular. The Zab is the Zabatus of Xenophon's Anabasis. Its name in Turkish is *Zarb*, swift, vehement, wolfish.

"We were sleeping under the clear sky, the moon and stars gazing down mildly upon us, when, at eleven o'clock, Jeremiah was awakened by the tramp of horses. On looking up, he saw seven mounted spearmen within a few rods of us. Creeping up to the side of the cawass, (Mr. Rassam's cawass accompanied them,) each seized a pistol and fired at the marauders. They instantly scampered away, and we loaded our animals and took our course, not without some fears, through the desert in a line towards Ain Kawa, a Chaldean village, where most of Jeremiah's relations reside. We stopped a few hours before sunrise, near a collection of black tents, from sheer fatigue; and when I awoke, I found a man holding an umbrella over me to shield me from the burning beams of the sun, which was nearly two hours high. An Arab politely treated us to some sheep's milk and *lebn*, and soon we were on our way again, rambling over the battle-field of Darius and Alexander, and perhaps crossing the track of the retreating Xenophon, when Mithridates was driving the ten thousand back towards their father-land. Jeremiah trusting to his familiarity with the path, (there are no roads in Turkey and no fences,) made a sad mistake, and took us about two hours out of our course. The heat was intense, but after various evolutions, we at length got to the village of Ain Kawa, and shaded our hot heads under the coarse roof of a respectable mud hovel.

"At evening we rode directly south about three miles to *Erweel*, or, as the Koords say, Arbeel (Arbela,) for the double purpose of seeing that ancient and celebrated city, and of obtaining a guard to accompany us to a village in the mountains. Arbeel is built, for the most part, on a very high and large circular mound, resembling Koyunjik, and bears marks of very high antiquity, though no sculptures have as yet been found in it. Indeed, every part of it is closely covered with houses, and excavations are impracticable. The place is notorious for its Moslem bigotry. Not a Christian family resides there. A few Jews are found. But nearly all the people are Koords, of whom there must be from ten to fifteen thousand, over whom a strict guard has to be kept by the governor."

Having obtained of the governor the promise of a guard for the next day, and also of a letter to the Bey of Sheikh Laui, a fine village one day *within* the mountains, and having admired the high, octagonal minaret some distance west of the city — one of the finest specimens of architecture which the Doctor had seen in the East — they hurried back to Ain Kawa, not without fears that they might share the fate of a French traveler who was stripped to the skin, close by the city, and the outrage was not even inquired into, till a special order came from Constantinople. Arrived at the mud hut again, Dr. Lobdell sat down and wrote to his old classmate and friend Seelye: "When we were sitting together in the recitation room at Amherst and expounding to the Greek professor the geography and history of Arbela, neither you nor I thought I was one day to pen a letter on that very spot. But so it is. Arbeel lies about three miles south of the mud hut in which I am writing, and, from the great elevation of its castellated mound, is distinctly visible. The immense structure is one of the most interesting objects I have seen in the East. . . . How much I should enjoy your company. But I am forced to enjoy and suffer alone. I crossed the Hazir (Bumadus,) and Great Zab as they were crossed three thousand years ago; I rode over the burning plain of Arbela — the very battle-ground of the Greek and Persian, and meditated, as it were, alone; for Jeremiah knows nothing of the classics, and my armed cawass and bronzed muleteer are ignorant of all that gives these mighty fields their everlasting interest. They live in the present, I in the past. While they eat their sour milk, push their goads into the mules, dress a chicken, fry eggs, boil coffee, and prepare my traveling bed, I gaze upon the scene of past battles and seem to see again the hosts move on with mighty tread to the conflict and the rout. Here where the hero and conqueror of the world wrought his most glorious work, (*was* it *glorious?*) — here where Mithridates chased Xenophon — here where the Saracens erected the lofty minaret of Arbela when they had conquered the city — here where, eighteen years ago, Ali Pasha threw bombs and balls into the brick-built castle, while Jeremiah (at my side) and the people of Ain Kawa looked on with astonishment — here where the horrid butcheries of the Bey of Ravendooz led Turk and Persian to unite in repressing his Koordish barbarities—here where there is a continual strife between the government of the Sultan and the lawless Koords, who are nominally subjects — here where the watch-fires of the Tye Arab and the Bilboss Koords are ever blazing in defiance of the Sublime Porte — here where for one to step outside a village is to risk robbery and death — here, *en route* through the wild mountains of Koordistan, in their wildest part, is your old brother meditating on the changes and destinies of nations and of individuals — of Persian, Greek and Turkish empires, and of you and me!"

The next morning, the morning of the 17th June, other sights and other thoughts engaged his attention. "This morning I visited the principal church in Ain Kawa, its confessionals, pictures, and tombs, and came out covered with fleas. These creatures actually drive the worshipers at this season out of doors; and services are held in the open court. The door to the church was, as is usual among all Christian sects near the mountains, very low, for which various reasons are given. One is, 'that strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leads to life.' Another is, that the prophet warns a man *not to exalt his gate.* A third and probable one is, that the Moslems may not take offence at their want of humility, who would very likely drive their horses and cattle into the church, if the door was of sufficient size." At Ain Kawa, as at other villages on the route, there was an ample supply of priests, there being one to every twelve or fifteen families. Children were numerous, and parents were anxious the missionaries should establish schools for them; but the patriarch threatened to excommunicate the whole village, if they had any thing to do with the Americans, although he provides no school for them himself. "It is better the youth should grow up brutes than heretics."

"The day we arrived, about thirty called on us, to whom Jeremiah preached faithfully. In the evening, they gathered on the roof, where I slept, and listened to a lecture till midnight. The next day, they were more afraid of us, though my medicines drew a considerable number. The priests had warned them against us."

Accompanied by a horseman as guard, and footman as guide, he left Ain Kawa about five o'clock in the afternoon, and traveled till after ten in the evening, when he came to a castle built by the famous Pasha of Ravendooz, who so long resisted the Turks. "Once more," he says, "I breathed the mountain air, and felt invigorated." Having slept under some large mulberry trees, near a bubbling brook, he found when he awoke, that a number of men and women had assembled to bathe and pray in close proximity to his pillow. Proceeding on his way over high hills covered with shrub oaks and thorns, and commanding a grand ocean-like view of the Assyrian plain, he arrived at Sheikh Laua in the heat of the day, and pitched his tent under a sycamore twenty feet in circumference. "Bayeez Bey, the chief of the place, said he would receive us, not because of the *bouyouroulder* of the Pasha of Mosul, or the letter of Ali Bey, but because of my medicines. You would be interested, perhaps, in a detailed account of our stay among these wild Koords, who had never before looked on the face of a Frank. One wanted to kill me simply because I was a foreigner. Several others agreed with him; and one man with a long red beard and moustache, freckled face, blood-shot eye, and fiendish grin, declared *he* would butcher me. Jeremiah said, all that saved me, was the medicine, which I distributed gratis to about fifty patients. Every man of the village is an *agha*, or chief; each has his portion of the fruits of the valley — apricots, peaches, apples, plums, mulberries, grapes, almonds, pears, pomegranates, and figs. In summer, all live in booths of shrub oaks under the thick shades. Springs are abundant, and irrigation is easily effected. I never before saw so rich a spot. The Christians of the plain call it "the Paradise of the world;" but it is "Paradise lost." How sad to see it cursed by the occupation of the lawless Koords! They wanted to treat us as their servants, boldly declaring that they were much better than we. They even said on Sunday, "This *hakeem* will give *us* medicine, for he is afraid of us." But I refused to see any but those who were extremely sick, at the risk of their rage. One red-turbaned man wanted me to see his son. I replied, "It is the Sabbath." "But," said he to my interpreter, "if he is a doctor, he *must* see him; if not, why did he come here." Another said, "perhaps he is a doctor, perhaps he is not; perhaps he has come to spy out our country under the cover of physic." I at length quieted them by telling them that Sunday is to me quite as holy a day as Friday is to them. I find that sincerity in religious observances is almost universally respected, however erroneous and absurd they may be.

"There are about fifty Chaldean families here, who are bought and sold as slaves. Every Koord, young or old, in the village has a certain number of these Christians at his disposal. He can take fruit from their trees, milk from their goats, sheep, and cows, *lebn*, butter, eggs, &c., from their houses, money from their pockets, and flog them at his pleasure. If he choose, he can sell the *right* thus to rob and beat them to another. It is not only virtually, but in reality, *slavery* — white Christian slavery. But it is hardly a matter of wonder that Mohammedans hold slaves, when members of Orthodox Christian churches in good and regular standing do the same. The Koord is more excusable than the American.

"These Chaldeans were afraid to come near us while the Koords were by, for fear they would be beaten by them after we left, if not before. Indeed, I saw the flogging process myself. The Koord called his slave a dog. We could not preach to them at my tent, and so Jeremiah went to one of their houses. One of the priests was his cousin. He informed us that the Koords were talking about killing me, not doubting that I had an immense amount of money with me, though my style of traveling was very simple. 'His skin is covered with gold,' said one of them. The priest advised us to take a strong guard to Ravendooz. He admitted that the guard might be instructed to murder us, as was the escort, sent by a Koordish chief to butcher Schultz. Times have changed somewhat since then, but not at Sheikh Laua. This is a secluded place; few foreign influences or opinions ever enter there. Each night that I slept there, I felt it quite uncertain whether I should awake again. But God kept me from their bloody hands. I wrote to my friends in Mosul by a mason from that place, but was obliged to be cautious how I used my pen, for fear of exciting the jealousy of the Koords. They suspected that I was reporting their treatment of the Christians to the Turkish government. The pasha of Ravendooz told me that when he was first appointed to that district, three years ago, Jews were bought and sold by the Koords as commonly as donkeys. He soon stopped the trade.

"The Christians evidently thought me their friend, for they brought me apples, plums, apricots, figs, walnuts, almonds, mulberries and eggs, refusing any compensation — a thing which a Koord would never do. They use the Fellahi, but all understand Koordish. They have no school, and but a small part of the Bible. The priest, our friend, had never heard of any other Ten Commandments than those of the papal church, and of course in these were found, 'Remember the Sabbath *and the Feast-days.*'

'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness — thou shalt not bow down thyself nor serve them;' this commandment he had never seen! This people did not dare to come to me for medicine, except in private. They were afraid of the blows of their masters for presuming to deserve medicine as well as they. The *Mutsellim* of Koy sells their taxes to the highest bidder. And while I was with them, a fiendish-looking fellow, who told Jeremiah I did not seem to realize *that he was a great man*, was endeavoring to collect treble the sum, he was to pay, from the poor Christians.

"The religion of the Koords is the worst form of Mohammedanism. They deem every man of a different faith their enemy, and never hesitate, but on the ground of expediency, to bury a dagger in the bosom of a Yezidee, Jew, or Christian. If a man is a great butcher, he is promoted by the government. There is a man near the place where I am writing, who has killed, with his own hand, more than twenty men, to rob them, and his great valor has secured him a place as governor."

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of June 20th, when Dr. Lobdell left Sheikh Laua. Bayeez Bey, having begged his pocket knife, and asked in vain to see his pistols, accompanied him a few rods and then bade him "a grim adieu." Climbing over a precipitous range of limestone and gray sandstone, the party descended into the large plain of Hareer. At the end of a two hours' ride, they came to a fortress; but the chief, to whom they had a letter from Bayeez Bey, refused to receive them or to allow them to pitch their tent near his village for the night, and it was in vain they begged a cup of cold water. They succeeded, however, in obtaining a guide to a village about ten miles distant, the chief remarking that they would there find one of their *friends*, meaning a Turkish governor. "We had a sober ride, passing half a dozen villages between sunset and dark, and not knowing what would befall us by the way. Our guide, a young man, told us some terrific stories by the way about the bloody propensities of his people, and warned us to take a strong guard till we should reach Persia. The dagger-shaped tombstones along our path, and the red flag of independence flying from poles over the graves of unconquered chieftains, were not suited to repress our fears, as we rode slowly forward in a region hitherto untrodden by civilized man. We were glad to lie down on a roof offered to us at the village of Hareer by our Turkish 'friend,' and slept soundly till daybreak. I blessed God for even Turkish protection in these wilds of Koordistan."

The next day, the 21st, the route lay at first over a wild region, covered with gall-nut bearing oaks, and amid castles and plundering bands, (the last too small, however, to venture upon an assault,) till snow was seen on the surrounding peaks, and a great change was perceptible in the atmosphere. "The rest of the day our route lay through a wonderful gorge in the high, sulphurous limestone rocks, between which rippled one of the streamlets at the source of the greater Zab. Perpendicular banks, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, with cones, towers, and battlements, gave the deepest interest to our slow and difficult ascent. The gorge afforded a fine place for the study of geology; and the route for many miles reminded me of the cliffs along the Tigris, between Hassan Keif and Jezireh.

"The Pasha of Ravendooz, where we arrived just as a cannon was booming forth the hour of sunset, received me, after reading my firman, with the greatest possible civility, making me ride his splendid horse, clad in rich crimson trappings, while a huge torch of flaming bitumen was carried before me, to his summer house, where a squad of ten soldiers attended me, the pasha refusing to allow me to pitch my tent near the steep bank of the river, opposite the terraced town, declaring that he could not insure my head there one hour after dark, and saying, that if I was killed, he should lose his place for not taking better care of me. His Honor breakfasted with me the next morning, and I dined with him at evening. It appeared afterwards, that all his attentions grew out of a desire to secure my surgical services, which were cheerfully rendered to him and his retinue during the day. He refused to allow me to pay the ordinary fee of forty piastres for a passport for each man in my company, declaring that he would himself pay it into the public treasury. Every traveler, in passing from Turkey into Persia, is obliged to procure a *sun tezkereh;* to go from place to place *within* the country, a *moon* passport is sufficient, and very much cheaper. We were obliged to have both kinds in going from Mosul."

The next morning, June 23d, the pasha gave them an escort to the castle of the famous Abd-el-Kadr Bey at Sedekan, who has a Turkish officer of equal rank by his side to watch his Koordish tendencies. "It was pleasant to get away from that place. About half a mile from Sedekan, I discovered in a valley a basalt pillar, four feet high, fourteen inches thick, and twenty-eight inches wide, carved with small cuneiform characters, but very much defaced by the wear of the last two thousand years. I suppose no Frank ever saw it before.* The pillar was half covered up by bushes, but has considerable interest, inasmuch as it gives unmistakable evidence of having been erected by the same hero that set up the famous pillar of Kel-i-Sheen, to which we came on the following day, on the boundary line between Turkey and Persia.

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* On his return to Mosul, Dr. L. wrote an account of this pillar to Col Rawlinson, at Baghdad. Col. R. replied that he had described it from reports of the natives some fifteen years ago, in an article on Ecbatana, together with the pillar at Kel-i-Sheen. At a still later date, Oct. 24th, we find this entry in Dr. L.'s journal: "Since I wrote Col. R., I find in Dr Grant's journal a few words on the pillar of which I thought myself the first Frank discoverer. So true it is, 'there is nothing new under the sun.'"

"We rode until dusk through a rich vale covered with patches of wheat, barley, and rice, while the banks of the irrigating streams were lined with the mulberry and willow. We passed ledges of slate, porphyry, gray sandstone, and hard limestone, with a few boulders of quartz and granite to-day; and when we drew up to a collection of black tents near Berbezeen, we felt much fatigued. A cold wind whistled over the snow-capped summits, beneath which we slept in the open air, (no dew falls, even at that height), before a broad fire, around which sat a score of ghastly and savage Koords.

"24th. Wrapping my cloak around me, I was ready to start at five A. M. We wound out, ant-like, along the side of the mountain, while far below us dashed a silvery stream, and far above us hung the peaks covered with perpetual snow Our guide relieved the cold and tedium by various tales of Koordish valor, for two hours, when we came suddenly upon twenty-two Koordish tents pitched behind some rocks near our path, from which, as we approached, about thirty men, the most of them with guns, and the rest bearing heavy-headed crooks, came out upon us, grinning horridly, like hyenas about to seize their prey. Every man with a gun had his hand on the lock, and seemed just ready to pull the trigger. Jeremiah and myself drew our horses side by side, and faced them, — Jeremiah's face as white as the surrounding patches of snow, and myself laughing from terror! Our cawass stood motionless, his hands on his holsters, and all of us expected a battle. The horseman furnished us by the pasha of Ravendooz stood still a moment, but seeing our critical position, and his own, he spurred his horse towards them, and asked them what they had come out in that way for. "To take your souls, you sons of dogs," was the instant reply, as translated by Jeremiah. The guard then told them with what honor his master had received us, and that if they touched a hair of our heads, Mohammed

Ragoub Pasha would annihilate their whole tribe! His earnestness seemed to terrify them, and as they paused, (with what visages!) we put spurs to our horses, and were soon on the opposite side of the ledge.

After an hour's hard ride, we came to the azure pillar of Kel-i-Sheen on the top of the range, as we crossed into Persia. Here we halted about two hours expecting our baggage, which was behind us at the time of our encounter with the Koords; and then, not doubting that the muleteers had been robbed, if not killed, as it would have been folly for us to turn back, we started rapidly for Ooshnoo. I embraced the opportunity to copy a dozen specimens of the arrow-headed characters on the time-worn pillar to determine to what class they belong, as this alone, it would seem, will settle the question of their age. The stone is a very interesting one, and the inscription has lately been copied by a Russian gentleman and by Col. Williams. It is quite imperfect, though the block is of the hardest kind, and was originally polished like glass."*

That night was spent at Ooshnoo under the hospitable roof of the governor, Latif Khan. Having recovered their baggage through his intervention, the next morning, June 24th, the eleventh morning from that on which they had set out from Mosul, they started early for Oroomiah, and having rode nearly forty miles, the most of the way over the loveliest plain on which his eye ever rested, Dr. Lobdell was welcomed to the homes and the hearts of his missionary brethren.

He had seen the faces of but few of them; but they were all acquaintances, friends, brethren beloved. He had corresponded with nearly all of them by letter. He had seen and loved Mr. Stoddard in America. Mr. Crane was with him in the Theological Seminary, in Auburn. Dr. Perkins and Mr. Cochrane were sons of the same Alma Mater with himself. Dr. Wright was his brother in medical practice, as well as in the missionary work. Miss Harris he had met at Malta on his way out. Misses Fisk and Rice were graduates of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, of which Mrs. Lobdell also had been a member. They were all children of the same heavenly Father, all called by the name of the same Lord and Master, all engaged in the same self-denying yet hallowed work. And it needed not the contrast of the intolerable heat of Mosul, or the bloody Koords of the mountains, to make Oroomiah seem a paradise, and the little circle of missionary brethren and sisters there less like earth than heaven.

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*An account of this journey from Mosul to Kel-i-Sheen was sent by Dr. Lobdell to the American Oriental Society, and only accidental circumstances have prevented its appearing in the journal of the Society. The Corresponding Secretary, Prof. Whitney, says: "It is an interesting and valuable document, and ought not to be withheld from the public."

But like all our earthly paradises, this was not to be without its affliction. Scarcely had he reached Mt. Seir, the health station, and the seat of the Male Seminary, when he was taken sick and confined to his bed for two weeks. Of this sickness, we have some account from the pen of Dr. Perkins, in whose family he found the nursing and watching, and what was of even greater value to him, the sympathy and affection of friends indeed. "He came to us," says Dr. P., "in a feeble state, for the benefit of his health. Yet he was all buoyant as a lark — being almost overjoyed to find himself in our happy circle at Oroomiah, after his arduous and perilous journey across the Koordish mountains.

"Two days after his arrival he was seized of a fever, which proved severe and obstinate. During his sickness he seemed to us remarkably patient, cheerful, hopeful, and resigned to the will of God. It was a precious privilege to watch by his bedside. He looked up to Mrs. Perkins and myself, though previously strangers to him, as a docile, grateful child. Our hearts were at that time bleeding with the fresh wounds caused by the then recent death of our dear Judith; and even in his sickness, he contributed greatly to soothe those wounds. Indeed, the only difficulty I recollect to have found in taking care of him, was to prevent his over-taxing his strength, in trying to talk too much, to comfort us in our sad bereavement.

"He greatly enjoyed listening to our prayers at his bedside. And when he became able himself to lead in prayer, we, in turn, were no less gratefully affected, while borne upward by his fervent strains, as on eagle's wings, to the very portals of heaven. He was a man who evidently enjoyed daily and intimate communion with a personal Saviour.

"When our friend became convalescent, he one day rode out with Mrs. Perkins and myself, in the easy carriage, presented to Mr. Stoddard for the use of the ladies and invalids of our mission, by kind ladies in New Haven. Nothing could exceed his exhilaration and his artless expressions of it during that ride. 'Oh that my dear wife and other friends in Mosul could enjoy this ride with me!' was his reiterated exclamation, as we wound our way down and up the gentle declivities of Mt. Seir. And as he inhaled the cool, invigorating breezes of our health retreat, he would often say, 'Every breath is worth a shilling to one coming from the heats of Mosul.'

"It was in brief moments snatched from his sick bed, that I penned my hasty sermon entitled, 'Our Country's Sin,' — so much spoken against in some quarters and so warmly commended in others. His generous heart flowed out so freely for 'the bound as bound with them' in our dear native land, which was then fresh in his recollections, that it touched a sympathatic chord in my own bosom, and prompted me to jot down that discourse for the following Sabbath, which was the day preceding our national birthday; and I preached it even on a communion Sabbath, as it so happened; for we do not hold that our dying and risen Saviour, like the gods of the Brahmins, brooks wickedness under the name of religion. With no thought of its publication when prepared, I yielded to his earnestly expressed desire that I should send it to America, when he at length listened to it after his recovery. Humble as was that effort for the suffering slave and our suffering country, I have never regretted yielding to his advice in the matter."

It was during this visit of Dr. Lobdell to Oroomiah that the missionary circular on slavery was prepared, which, after much consultation and revision, was sent to the other missions of the American Board, to be then published in America as the united protest of the signers against what they unanimously considered to be indeed our country's great sin, the one blot on her fair fame, and the grand obstacle to her republican and Christian influence. And though Dr. Lobdell did not write it, his influence in originating it and his zeal and activity in its circulation, were not less powerfully instrumental to the existence of the circular, than they were to the writing and publishing of the sermon.

Oroomiah is the advance post of American missions, pushed into the very heart of Central Asia. The Nestorian mission is a watch-fire set upon the *eastern* slope of those Asiatic highlands, where the human race was first planted, from which other such fires are destined to be kindled, till, from mountain top to mountain top, the glad tidings of Emanuel's kingdom shall have been borne to the borders of China, and shall there meet the same good news coming up from the shores of the Pacific. Established among a people remarkable for their truly primitive simplicity and docility, and engrafted on the only remaining branch of a church whose boughs once covered the continent and which then counted its missionaries and martyrs by thousands, it has been conducted on a plan and a principle, which differs from any other mission of the American Board, and which, therefore, has occasioned no small diversity of opinion among the friends of missions at home, scarcely less among missionaries abroad, and not a little even among its own members. No separate Protestant community has been formed, no distinct church has been organized, though the missionaries have a communion by themselves, to which they invite only those, whom they regard as truly regenerated, not by water only, but by the Spirit of God. Dr. Lobdell could not but be deeply interested in visiting such a mission, and investigating its history and present state. He studied this problem on the spot with intense interest, and brought to bear upon it all his powers of observation and reflection. He heard from the lips of his brethren, and especially from that brother who was the pioneer, and whose life, more than any other, is the history of the mission, the remarkable providences by which they were led, and the wonderful blessings by which their labors were crowned — the circumstances by which they were almost precluded from the possibility of a separate organization, and the influences of the Spirit, by which they were encouraged, from time to time, and almost commanded to continue their labors *within* the Nestorian church, for the purification of its members. He saw all the Nestorian churches of the plain and the hillsides thrown wide open to the preaching of the missionaries, and converted priests and bishops not only sanctioning their discourses by their presence, but enforcing the truth with heart-felt and eloquent exhortations. He saw not only the Male Seminary at Seir and the Female Seminary at Oroomiah, under the direct instruction of the missionaries, but scores of common schools in the city and villages placed under their supervision. Last, not least, he heard the history of those wonderful revivals of religion — so like those in our own churches and colleges, and without a parallel in other missions, except the missions among the Armenians and in the Sandwich Islands — which have so often visited the schools, seminaries, and churches of the Nestorians, which seem to have set the seal of God's own approval on the plans and labors of his servants, and as the fruit of which so many Nestorians not only lead holy lives, but so many have already died in the triumphs of faith.* He gathered up these facts and long revolved them in his mind. He continued to meditate on them till after he returned to Mosul; and though his preconceived opinions had been somewhat adverse to the plan of the Nestorian mission, and, though in common with his brethren at Mosul, he had been led and constrained to adopt other views and other methods in conducting their own mission, he then sat down and wrote to the Secretaries his deliberate approval of the *main policy* of his brethren across the mountains, as justified by their peculiar circumstances and ratified by the blessing of Heaven. He fully believed, that a time of conflict would come in the Nestorian church, and that sooner or later great changes would take place in its organization. He specified some few things, in which, he thought, more decided measures might at once be taken. But it was his opinion — it was his advice and counsel, that the missionaries on the ground should be left to follow the leadings of Providence till the crisis shall come, and then to act as they shall deem wise and right in the circumstances.

Dr. Lobdell has left behind him a little manuscript volume of "Life in and around Oroomiah" — his observations of the country and the people, as well as the mission, his visits to the Sunday schools and day schools as well as the churches, his delightful intercourse with the native Christians as well as his sweet communion with the missionaries and their families. But this is becoming one of the best known of all our missions; and we can not dwell upon these scenes, interesting as they are in themselves, instructive to the missionary, and highly illustrative of the writer's ceaseless activity and lively sympathy, as well as of the success of the mission.

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* Witness the little book of Nestorian Biography, lately published by the Mass. S. S. Society.

By the advice of his missionary brethren, shortly before leaving Persia, he took an excursion to Tabreez, partly for the more complete restoration of his health, and partly for the further exploration of an interesting province of the Persian empire. In the absence of the copious journals which Dr. Lobdell usually took of his travels,* we are happy to avail ourselves of a narrative of the tour furnished by his companion in travel, Rev. Mr. Cochrane of the Nestorian mission. After some general remarks upon the character of Dr. Lobdell, especially upon the rare combination of modesty with decision, and of progressive ideas with scholarly attainments, which he found in his companion, Mr. Cochrane proceeds: "It was my privilege to accompany him on an excursion of nearly three weeks in the Province of Azerbijan. Starting from Gavalan, where several of our families were spending a few days, enjoying its fine lake breezes and salt-water baths, a few hours' ride by post around the surpassingly beautiful shore of the lake (Oroomiah) brought us to Tabreez, the commercial metropolis of the kingdom. A slight deviation from our route, through Salmas, enabled our brother to visit the sculptured rocks near the boundary, commemorating, as is supposed, some ancient conquest of Persia over her subtile and often formidable enemy, the Koord. At Tabreez, we were hospitably entertained by that intelligent and efficient friend of missions, the English consul, R. H. Stevens, Esq., of whose familiar acquaintance with Persian politics and manners our brother availed himself in soliciting information with characteristic eagerness. By the politeness of the consul, we were also introduced to the prince governor of Azerhijan, and a few of the distinguished citizens, and were shown some of the gardens and public edifices, and other objects of interest, ancient and modern. The Doctor considered himself most fortunate, also, in making the acquaintance of the late Russian consul at Tabreez, Chevalier Khanikoff, a gentleman of eminent literary and scientific attainments, who happened to pass through the city on a scientific exploration of the province, under the patronage of the Czar.

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* The Doctor took copious notes of this tour, and was so interested in it that he intended to prepare an article on it for the Bibliotheca Sacra. But incessant occupation and poor health prevented the early accomplishment of his purpose, and ere long death put an end to this, with other plans of literary labor. Even the notes have not come into the hands of the writer of these memoirs.

"From Tabreez, we made an excursion of four or five hours to a beautiful valley, walled in by the snow-capped mountains of Sahend, where the consul had a suite of tents pitched for a family summer retreat. It was a charming spot, enclosing within a single landscape all the varieties of the four seasons. A considerable stream, issuing from the adjoining heights, flowed rapidly past the encampment, on its eastward course to the Caspian. To us it appeared particularly American, as it was filled with nice trout, the first we had seen in the East. They were caught in abundance by the natives with baskets.

"From the mountain heights, we descended over the grassy plateaus and down the rapidly descending slopes to the plain of Maragha, on the eastern shore of the lake opposite Oroomiah. Though westward from the boundary of Koordistan, we passed the tents of several wild and predatory Koordish tribes, who, doubtless with many regrets, were restrained from indulging their national propensity, through fear of the popular and influential consul under whose protection we were traversing these wild and unfrequented regions. The Doctor was allured to this out-of-the-way district by the prospect of finding in the monumental inscriptions, which occur at Mar Agha, something of historical or antiquarian interest

"From that pleasant plain, abounding in vineyards, orchards, and cultivated trees, giving it almost a forest-like appearance, our return route brought us to Shishawan, a beautiful village on the lake shore, where we were the guests, by previous invitation, in a magnificent palace of Malek Kassim Mirza, uncle of the late Mohammed Shah, and one of the most intelligent and scientific Persians living. In prescribing for the prince's harem, the doctor was shown his dispensary, which, to his surprise, he found filled with almost every article of modern medical practice, not excepting Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"The remainder of our trip opened a new chapter in our experience, the events of which, judging from our brother's frequent allusions to them, exerted a most salutary influence preparatory to the great change that awaited him. 'That was a good ride for my soul,' was his characteristic reflection in allusion to it.

"We embarked in a neatly fitted up private sail of the prince, having a cabin quite sumptuously furnished, for Persia, in which we proposed to cross to the Oroomiah shore, a distance of about thirty miles. But from the ark-like structure of the boat, and the want of experience in the sailors, the *third day* found us becalmed and at anchor on a small uninhabited and uninhabitable island about mid-way between the shores. This was annoying, both on account of the loss of time and the prospect of a failure in our scanty store of provisions. In the uncertainty of soon leaving, a resort to a boat with oars readily occurred to us as an expedient, the safety of which we hardly doubted, at that quiet season, especially as one of our missionary number had previously navigated the entire lake in such a boat.

"With two oarsmen besides our own servants, we were soon plying the nimble oars in hopes of speedily reaching the land, one of us acting as helmsman, and the other working the small sail, which we were enabled to raise before a gentle breeze. After an hour's sail or more, our slender mast snapped before the increasing wind, and we put ashore on a small island for repairs. After detention till near sunset, we again hoisted sail before a quite full breeze; but a sudden shift gave us a strong head wind, which diverted our course and lashed the smooth surface into a most spiteful dashing sea. Neither sail nor oar longer availed us; and we were sent adrift before a violent gale. Nearly every sea broke over the boat; and we were compelled to resort to bailing to avoid being instantly submerged. For three long hours we remained with boots drawn off and divested of all cumbersome clothing, and without oar or other buoy within reach, expecting momentarily to be cast into the briny, pitchy waters. It was a time of solicitude and prayer, not unlike, as we fancied, that which the disciples experienced on the similar lake of Galilee; and the tardy appearance of a light as we approached the southern shore, was probably hailed by us with scarcely less joy and thanksgiving, than was the appearance of our Lord, walking on the sea, by his frightened disciples. The chance of escape seemed to our brother wholly lost. But grace enabled him to await the result without solicitude or perturbation. He seemed unusually cheerful, almost gleeful, unaccountable as such a state might appear. He doubtless knew well in whom he trusted, and his hope was anchored within the vail, beyond the reach of winds and waves.

"The marshy soil where we came to land, forbade our going ashore, and we were obliged to spend the night in our half-filled boat, our clothing drenched with the filthy waters that washed the pitchy shore. The morning's light showed our locality to be some twenty miles south of the intended-landing place, and some five or six miles distant from any village. Dr. Lobdell took full notes of this journey, designing them, as I suppose, for future use; but he probably never found time to write them out, and they could hardly be intelligible to another person."

The time had now come when Dr. Lobdell was to take reluctant leave of the brethren and sisters, from whom he had received so much kindness, and set out on his return over the mountains.

"On the last day of August, at a meeting of all the members of the mission, Dr. Wright commended those who were about to leave them for Gawar and Mosul, to the care of our covenant-keeping God; and I bade a solemn adieu to the friends who had shown me so much kindness in sickness and health, while I was among them. Most of the gentlemen accompanied us some distance out of the city, and we parted, not doubting that we shall meet again in God's good time, where partings never pain."

On the third day, they reached the home of their Gawar brethren among the mountain Nestorians. "And such a home!" Unpleasantly situated, as well as small and wretchedly built, they were forbidden to rebuild it by the same political and religious jealousies which frowned upon and finally destroyed Dr. Grant's "castle" among the mountains.

While Dr. Lobdell tarried a few days at Gawar, Deacon Tamo obtained his full release from his long and unjust imprisonment, the causes of which are so well known to readers of the "Herald." "Deacon Tamo is free! And could you have seen the joy of all his fellow-villagers, as he came home from his prison-house, and the kind salutations even of the Koords of the mountains — could you have witnessed the meek bearing of the man himself, and heard the eloquence with which the next day he spoke to his attentive audience of salvation by the Redeemer's blood, I think, you would have felt, that the truth is speedily to triumph even in those regions, where now are wandering, among the ignorant and superstitious Nestorians, men of villainy and blood."

Messrs. Rhea and Coan, of the Nestorian Mission, accompanied the Doctor on his return to Mosul. They set out from Gawar on the 13th of September. The first night they spent without sleep at Ishtahzin, at the foot of a frightful staircase, down which the mules, loaded with their bedding, had rolled into the river. The next day, they wound among the gorges of Little Jeloo, creeping now along the face of almost perpendicular rocks by passages cut in the time of the Assyrian kings, and now reaching an elevation from which they could look around on an ocean of mountains, rising wave beyond wave, "sometimes eight parallel ridges at once," and with the storm-clouds ever and anon gathering and bursting over them, reminding one strongly of a storm at sea. "The two giant summits of Jeloo, (Dawell and Darik,) with their precipitous sides robed in white, were on our right. These two peaks are said to be fifteen thousand feet high. They are the highest in Koordistan, and are distinctly visible from Mosul." Sometimes they came to low circular depressions, in which were terraced grounds covered with millet, tobacco and vines, with here and there a green tree, while the houses are built on the mountain sides above the arable ground, in tiers, perhaps a dozen or twenty rising one above another, and every roof being a sort of door-yard for the house on the next terrace. Every foot of ground is occupied, and is as valuable to the inhabitants as the ground along the wharves to the people of a great city. "I have heard of the attachment of the Laplander to his snows, the Scotch Highlander to his mountains, the Swiss to his Alpine glaciers; but I can not conceive of a stronger love of country than these Nestorians cherish for their little plots of ground far down amid the volcanic peaks, among which their fathers were driven to find a refuge from the fierce hordes of Tamerlane."

But we can not follow our travelers from day to day through the Nestorian village of Ermintoos, where they saw the commencement of a great *shara*, or Hindooized Christian festival — "a sacred feast, a sacred dance, and a sacred row" — through the Koordish village of Too, where the Doctor was suddenly arrested and forced to dismount as he was riding past a mosk — and from the district of Bass, (whose inhabitants, by their treachery, escaped the furious massacres of Beder Khan Bey and Noorullah Bey) over into Tekhoma, where at every turn Mr. Rassam's servant pointed out the scenes of cruel murder to his countrymen — "where the stream was choked with human bodies, and the water was not fit for use till after several months." Every step here reminded them of Dr. Grant, and "I got a higher idea of his devotion, courage, and energy," says Dr. Lobdell, "by following his *now beaten* track, than I had ever had before. The consciousness that my own heart would have fainted under such trials and toils as he gladly endured, made me feel, that God raised him up for this express mission. Such a faith in Jehovah and his promises, and such a love of souls, as his, prevading every Christian bosom, would, under God, secure the speedy conversion, not only of these miserable mountaineers, but of the whole benighted world."

Those who would know more of the romantic valley of Tekhoma, with its terraces of rice and millet, and its little plantations of mulberries, grapes, and walnuts, must consult Mr. Laurie's Life of Dr. Grant. The poor remnant of the people, of whom there are only about five thousand, rendered more poor, dwarfish, and timid by their late persecutions, flocked to hear the gospel preached. The chief obstacle now to their thorough evangelization is the miasm from their fields of rice. Dr. Lobdell found himself suffering from the effects of it, when he reached Mosul. He urges, however, the immediate reëstablishment of a station in that part of the field, either at Asheeta or at Amadieh, which is the point where the Nestorian and Assyrian missions seem to meet.

From this point, two days and a half brought them by the fortress of Daoudieh, near the village of Al-Kosh, and through that of Tel Keif to Mosul. They passed Koyunjik and crossed the Tigris by its bridge of boats, as the tide of fruit-bearing mountaineers was pouring into the city on the morning of the 22d of September, having been ten days on the road from Gawar, and a hundred days from the commencement of Dr. Lobdell's tour.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fellowship of Assyrian and Nestorian Missions — Imperfect Health of Dr. Lobdell — English Patients — Practical Questions — The largest Liberty — Languages — Gift of Tongues — Climate — Examination of Church Members — A Marriage — A Hospital — Preaching at the Dispensary — Obstacles — Effect of the War — Rabbi Shiloam — Moollah Yoosuf — Annual Report of the Mission — Persecution — Papists — Progress — Honesty — Thanksgiving at Mosul — Private and Inward Life.

The visit to Oroomiah long remained, like a fragrant odor, in the memory and in the heart of Dr. Lobdell. His letters, of which he wrote many at this time, make frequent allusions to it, and with every mention, his heart overflows with gratitude to God, as well as grateful and affectionate remembrances of those beloved brethren. These pleasant memories were prolonged by the presence of the two representatives of the Nestorian mission, who returned with him, and enjoyed for a season the hospitalities and the Christian communion of the little circle at Mosul. Nor was the pleasure and the benefit of this mutual interchange of visits confined to the missionaries. It became a bond of mutual confidence and affection between the churches and Christian communities which they represented. *They* saw and felt, as they had never done before, how sweet is the fellowship of real spiritual Christians. Though the churches were organized under different forms, and the missions were conducted on different plans, they were manifestly one in spirit. Though separated by lofty mountains, they belonged to the same fold and were under the care of the same Shepherd.

When Mr. Rhea and Mr. Coan had finished their visit at Mosul — a missionary visit made useful and delightful, like those of the apostles, by frequent seasons of social and public worship, — Mr. Marsh and Mr. Williams went with them on a preaching and exploring tour in the Bootan, intending to return by Asheeta and Amadieh. Meanwhile, Dr. Lobdell did what he could, in medical practice and in missionary labor, though, during the greater part of their absence, he was "lying on his back, trying to shake off the intermittent fever, which clung to him for some weeks after his return from Oroomiah." Fortunately he had native helpers in both parts of his work, on whom he could rely; not only could Jeremiah and Michael preach, but Ablahad had now acquired such a knowledge of medicine, that he could visit patients in the less critical cases. On the 13th of October, he writes to Mr. Stoddard, "My fever and ague has vanished before large doses of quinine, and I almost fancy myself possessed of my former vigor. Still I notice, that a little extra exertion recalls to mind my real condition — which is that of a man worn out in his youth. I do appreciate, my dear brother, your good advice in reference to the necessity of making my moderation known to all men — of 'living long, as well as usefully.'" In November, he says in a letter to Dr. Wright: "I am warned, it seems, by you, as well as my other friends, that I am not so 'able-bodied' as I have been inclined to suppose myself. I must confess, that when a doctor expresses this opinion, I ought to give some heed to my ways. I am glad to report myself, *well.* Still a very little extra exertion prostrates me; and I have concluded, if possible, henceforth to avoid *fatigue.*" It was on his next birthday, a month or two later, that he wrote the letter inserted in a former part of this memoir,* in which he says, that he is twenty-seven years old, but feels as if he were forty; and after confessing his sins against the laws of health, in the hurry and over-exertion of all his past life, warns his brother not to do likewise.

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* See p. 88.

May that brother "better reck the rede, than did the adviser." It was not in the nature of Dr. Lobdell to hold up long. He did seem, at this time, to have learned the lesson; but it did not "*stay* learned."

In the autumn and winter of 1853, in addition to his usual practice at the dispensary and at the houses of the natives, a young Englishman came under his care, whose case excited not a little interest and required not a little attention. Mr. Hodder, of whom we have already spoken as the accomplished draftsman of Col. Rawlinson, fell sick of a lingering and dangerous sickness; and, as he could not otherwise be properly cared for, Mr. Marsh received him into his house, and Dr. Lobdell watched over him like a brother, kept his father in England advised of his situation, and at length had the happiness of believing that he had been the instrument of saving his life. American missionaries in the East are in the almost constant receipt of so many acts of kindness and protection from Englishmen, that they feel it to be a great privilege, when they are able to make anything like a commensurate return. There were few of the English functionaries in the valley of the Tigris, whether officers of government, or agents of the British Museum, or noblemen and gentlemen visiting the antiquities in the vicinity of Mosul, that did not, at some time, afford Dr. Lobdell an opportunity for the exhibition of his skill, his gratitude, and his benevolence.

As the Protestant community at Mosul grew by a slow but a steady growth, there arose not a few practical questions touching the constitution and government of the church, the validity of Nestorian, Jacobite, and Papal baptism, the right of the native helpers, who had been either deacons or priests in their old churches, to administer the ordinances in the new organization, the relation of the missionaries to the church and the community, and the relation of the whole to the Board, its officers, and its patrons at home. On all these questions, Dr. Lobdell was the advocate of the largest liberty compatible with law and order. He abhorred despotism, wherever and under whatever aspect it showed itself; he abhorred the despotism of *forms*, not less than the despotism of men; the despotism of synods and councils, not less than that of popes and prelates; despotism in the church and in society, not less than in the state. He was a consistent and thorough republican, not in the partisan sense, but according to the spirit of the New Testament, which discards burdensome forms and dispenses with cumbrous machinery; which magnifies the essential and overlooks the non-essential; and which places all mankind on the same level before a common Father and a common Redeemer.

Theological questions also sometimes led to animated discussions among the missionaries, who, though agreed on all the substantials of Christian doctrine, differed, as men of different mental constitutions and habits will differ, in regard to non-essentials. Dr. Lobdell bowed with profound reverence to the divine authority of the Scriptures. He clung with every fibre of his heart to the great truths of the evangelical system. But he did not feel bound to "swear in the words 'of any merely human' master." An independent thinker, and quite incapable of any disguise in his sentiments, he asserted for himself, and conceded to others, the same entire freedom of opinion and freedom of speech in theological inquiries as in literary and scientific investigations. At the same time, he was sensible both of danger to himself and of a liability to injure the feelings of others, in the unrestrained exercise of this right, and there was scarcely any particular in which he more frequently and more severely condemned himself at this very period, than for what he afterwards regarded as undue license in discussions with his brethren. He was naturally fond of argument, a lover of debate, perhaps even disputatious, or, as he calls it, "combative."

So was Paul; so was Luther. It is well that they were; else they would never have combated error in its various forms with so much power. But it had its evils and dangers. It widened, if it did not open, the breach between Luther and Zuinglius. Perhaps it had something to do with the separation of Paul and Mark. It led to no serious evils in the little circle at Mosul. But it caused Dr. Lobdell many a severe struggle, while he held in with bit and bridle this constitutional tendency, and many a pang of grief, when he felt that he had not succeeded, after all, in the proper government of the tongue. We should not do justice to his frank and fearless, but impulsive and imperfect nature — we should not magnify sufficiently the power of divine grace — we should not be true to the portraiture of himself which he has drawn in his journal, without exhibiting, in their true light, these traits in his character as a man and as a Christian.

With a view to more extended operations in the villages of the plain and through Jebel Tour, if not in the Bootan, the missionaries undertook to learn each of them an additional language. The Koordish fell to Mr. Williams, the Turkish to Mr. Marsh, and the Fellahi to Dr. Lobdell. At the same time they all made the Arabic their chief study. "Fellahi is a dialect of the ancient Syriac, spoken by the Chaldeans of the plain, not differing materially from that of the Nestorians in Persia. Syriac and Koordish can be used among the Jacobites between Jezireh and Mardin. Turkish is the medium of communication generally, more especially with officers of government. It is the French language of the Orient. It is not seldom that we should find a knowledge of all these languages useful, even in the city. So common is it for individuals to use a variety of tongues, that many intelligent natives can not see that it was any matter of astonishment that the apostles 'spoke with other tongues' on the day of Pentecost. They think the miracle lay in the fact that while the apostles spoke in their own language, every man *heard* them speak in his own tongue. 'And how *hear* we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born.' The astonishment arose not from the speaking, but from the hearing."

In comparing his observations upon the climate on opposite sides of the mountains, Dr. Lobdell found that in Mosul, in *October*, the mercury rose 18° higher than the highest point it reached at Mt. Seir in *July* and *August*. The average heat of the summer of 1853 was greater than that of 1852, the thermometer at two o'clock in the afternoon standing *always* as high as 98° for a *hundred* days, and for eighty days ranging as high as from 100° to 114°. It is not surprising, in view of such facts, that "winter there is the seed-time for the truth not less than for wheat and barley. In summer, the earth and the intellect are barren."

The following items, gathered from the Doctor's journal and letters, will show the state of the missionary work at the beginning of the winter, (December, 1853.) At the same time, some of them will not be uninteresting as illustrations of the manners and character of the people: "Three men have recently been examined for admission to the church. Only one of them was admitted; the other two were advised to reëxamine themselves. Their intellectual views were thoroughly orthodox, but their spiritual perceptions were less clear. We are not anxious to swell our number at the expense of purity. It is well understood in the city, that the Protestants will not make use of bribes and falsehoods for the enlargement of their civil community. It is getting to be remarked, also, that even members of our community, or *parish*, are not all entitled to the privileges of the church. The Moslems often say of us: 'They are not Nesrani (Christians); they are vastly better; there are none like them; they treat the rich and the poor just alike; they love their enemies just like God.' Some of the Jacobites confess that they are not good enough to be of us. One of them told me a few days since that Protestantism advances by day and by night, and expressed the conviction that Archbishop Behnam was sorry that his past course towards the Americans precluded the possibility of any union with them.

"Last week the teacher of our boys' school was making a bargain with a Jacobite for one of his daughters, in marriage, when it came to the ears of the archbishop, and he used all his power with the cadi to prevent the "sale," and even threatened the whole family with the extreme penalty of the church. But Butrus succeeded in obtaining the girl, the archbishop having been led to withdraw his threat by the intimation that if he did not, the father and all his house would join the Protestants. The civil marriage was performed at the time the forty-five dollars were paid down, neither bridegroom nor bride being present! The money, in such cases, generally goes to the bride, and not to the father. The bridegroom's agent joined hands with the bride's father; a mysterious question was asked in English, to which they assented in the presence of three Moslem witnesses, as Christian testimony is not yet admissible in Turkish courts; a prayer in Arabic was then offered, and the ceremony ended. The religious service was performed in so quiet and solemn a manner, as to impress the assembly, gathered in the court of the bridegroom's house, with a good degree of respect for our mode of marrying. When a marriage occurs in a native church, the noise of the multitude drowns the voices of the deacons and priests. Its religious character is lost sight of; if not absolutely a disgusting scene, it is at best but 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.'

"The missionaries were also invited, together with the ecclesiastics of his own church, to visit a Jacobite friend the day after his marriage, much to the mortification of the archbishop, who, after so many professions of indifference to forms and attachment to evangelical religion which he had made, in the ears of the Americans, was ashamed to bless, in their presence, the handkerchiefs and ribbons of the married pair, and to make the sign of the cross over a gaudy rag, a stuffed onion, or some other article of equal importance among the guests. Nor was he exactly pleased to be seated at the same table and 'dip his hand in the same dish' with heretics, whom he had refused to see at his own house.

"Light is gradually making its way without the walls of the city. Very many sick persons are brought to us from the villages; and we have thought of providing a sort of hospital for such diseased strangers. The gospel is daily preached to the patients at the dispensary, even when the majority of them are Moslems. Few listen more calmly and attentively to our doctrines than the followers of Mohammed, though our service is appointed for the Christians.

"The average attendance on our Sabbath services is now twenty-five. It is still considered a great shame for a papist or a Jacobite to be seen going to our chapel. Persecution by threats and stones is not so powerful as the finger of scorn or the chuckling laugh. I was told by a Jacobite last week, that he and ten of his associates were deterred from joining us in our Sabbath services, only by the contemptuous tones of their less enlightened relatives. The Jacobites are the most hopeful class in Mosul. They are constantly battling among themselves. By their own confession, their priests are ignorant and avaricious. And it is not without its effect, that a peaceful band of Protestants are preaching by their daily lives that financial and moral honesty, which, the people will not long fail to see, is the characteristic and the proof of orthodoxy rather than heresy.

"The rumors of war which reach the people are very exciting; and, to some extent, they interfere with our work. Many of the Christians are thinking of self-defense, instead of making God their refuge. In some respects, the present is a good time to preach Christ, the stone which shall grind to powder all on whom it falls. A few months since, the Christians were in great dread of an outburst of Moslem fanaticism. The chief Mohammedans all carried huge dirks in their bosoms, and it was only after an order sent from Constantinople to the pasha, enjoining that foreigners and Christians be well treated, that the proud Moslems laid aside their daggers, and the trembling Christians regained their courage. We pray that the Turk may triumph, feeling sure that this will secure to the Christians in the empire greater immunities than they have ever enjoyed since the Crescent rose over the land.

"Just before the arrival of the order from the Porte, of which I have been speaking, a Jewish rabbi, with whom we have often had discussions, had been seized by the order of the Ulema (wise moollahs), and brought before the cadi, on a charge of having, four years previous, reviled the Prophet! The cadi declared that he found nothing worthy of death in the man; but when the Ulema threatened to kill the cadi himself, if he did not sign a paper for the execution of the Jew, and actually seized the judge, he consented, Pilate-like, to the rabbi's death. The man was put in prison, and the Ulema are now expecting an order for his execution by every post. Capital punishments must have the previous sanction of the sultan. Unless Sir Stratford Canning uses his powerful influence, the rabbi will soon be beheaded. I visited this poor Shiloam, loaded with chains, in his prison; and his haggard look went to my heart. His case, with other illustrations of Moslem fanaticism, may serve to awaken more prayer to God, that He will so overrule the present war, that freedom of speech, and freedom for the Bible, may be enjoyed throughout the Orient.

"I have frequent visits from Moollah Yoosuf, a fine looking man, about fifty years of age, who was formerly a Syrian priest. All priests in the Jacobite and papalized eastern churches are forbidden to marry after they are ordained, and as this man, some time subsequent to the loss of his wife, wished to marry again, he was persecuted, so that he was obliged to abandon his sect entirely. He was even excommunicated, with dreadful anathemas. He wanted to join the Jacobites, but they refused him. Meanwhile an order, secured through French influence, came from Constantinople, for his forcible removal from the city. The cawass, that was conducting him to Baghdad, beat him so cruelly on the way, that when they arrived at Arbeel, the priest exclaimed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Whereupon the cawass confessed that he had been hired to kill him before they arrived at Baghdad, but now he declared that he was his best friend. He was received with the greatest kindness by the governor of Arbeel, and conducted back to Mosul with great honor, to the chagrin of his Syrian oppressors. He now receives an annual stipend from the government, and bears the title of Moollah. He tells me that he knows Jesus is the only redeemer, and longs to confess him before men; but he thinks God will accept his silent, heartfelt service, since an open confession of his regard for Christianity, in spite of all the rights guaranteed by the *tunzimat*, would cause his head to drop instantly in the street.

"A Moslem is now under sentence of death for reviling Mohammed; to blaspheme the name of God is no sin.

"American Christians should pray much for the triumph of righteousness in Turkey, and rejoice, with their missionaries, that God reigns."

In the annual report of the station for 1853, the missionaries say: "There is no doubt that our dispensary is an important means of advancing our work. Our doctrines are learned there by many whom we should never meet elsewhere. Prejudices are smoothed away, and confidence is established in our honesty and good will.

"We have endeavored in vain to procure a firman from the Porte, fixing the *salian* at fifty piastres a house, the sum at which other sects are rated. Consequently our enemies have a financial hold upon those who desire to join us. They can and do increase their tax at pleasure.

"The papists are the most wealthy of the Christian sects; and consequently they have the most influence with the government. They have tried to wrest from us a plot of ground, which we have purchased for a graveyard, endeavoring to induce the Moslems, from whom we obtained it, to use their influence with the government to this end; and all this, though one of our deeds is one hundred and twenty years old, and ten years, according to Turkish law, gives legality to the possession of real estate. They would, if it were possible, give our bones no rest, any more than did the Roman Catholics of France the ashes of the Protestants two centuries ago.

"The attendance at our Sabbath services has increased, this year, twenty per cent. The male members of the church are seldom absent, even from our evening services; but the female members are unable to attend the latter, on account of the shame attached to a woman's being seen in the streets at night. They are evidently growing in knowledge and in grace, and have established a reputation for strict honesty, temperance, and good-will to man."

Those who are in the habit of observing the annual Thanksgiving, will be pleased to know that that model festival, at once secular and sacred, national and domestic, has traveled as far East as Mosul. The sons of the Puritans observe it on the banks of the Tigris, in sight of ancient Nineveh, and they will doubtless carry it with them round the globe. Says Dr. Lobdell, in a letter to

Dr. Perkins, bearing date Nov. 25, 1853: "It was a matter of great rejoicing yesterday morning, that your messenger handed us the full packet from Oroomiah and Gawar on Thanksgiving day. This made us doubly thankful. You will infer that we celebrated the day a la 'auld lang syne.' So we did, — all but the turkey, substituting for that a gazelle from the desert. As Mr. Hodder said, 'Seeing we are in Turkey, it is less necessary that the turkey be in us.' Brother Williams preached a sermon, showing the new to be better than the old, and altogether we had quite a social time of it. I am not aware whether you good people in Oroomiah are accustomed to observe such occasions, but it really seems to me quite apropos that we, poor missionaries as we are, should join in the thanksgivings of our countrymen at home."

A few selections, taken at random from his journal, will afford some glimpses of his private and inward life at this time. "We need much direct conversation with each other on the subject of growth in grace. It is hard to be Christlike even here. The old man sometimes almost subdues the new; but we know that He who hath begun a good work in us, will carry it forward even unto perfection.

"When I do God's will, I always have peace; when I oppose, I am always disquieted. It requires a hard struggle for me to conquer my old nature. There is a constant war in my members. My tongue and my thoughts struggle. I need grace from God.

"Too unmindful of my great mercies. Oh for a better heart! Solemn thoughts of loneliness if Lucy should die, or Mary. 'Be careful for nothing.'

"Dec. 18th. Seized with fever about noon, and obliged to go to bed.

"27th. Was born Julius Henry Lobdell. I was unable to be in the room.

"29th. All are attentive and kind to Lucy and me. I think our brethren pray for me much. I believe I am beloved in Mosul; and I trust I shall preach even by my illness.

"31st. I have had two very severe attacks of illness, this year, besides some others less dangerous. Twice have I been in actual danger of death from the Koords; once I was almost shipwrecked. What occasion have I for thanksgiving to God that I live!

"I lay myself on the altar of the Lord anew. I promise to be a more faithful servant; to live with a more constant sense of God's presence and providence; and, as much as in me lies, to live peaceably with all men. Oh for divine guidance this coming year! I have many apprehensions that I may not live to see its close. But I am immortal till my work is done. May I be baptized with a fresh baptism; be re-renewed with the renewal of the Holy Ghost, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. To thee, O God, I devote all my powers; I give thee my possessions, my wife, my children! Wilt thou accept the offering! It is all I have: but it is thine, and may it be acceptable to thee. And the praise and glory shall be unto the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, for ever. Amen."

CHAPTER XV.

Second Winter in Mosul — Ice — Health — Resolutions — Growth in Grace — The Bible — The Dispensary — Spread of the Truth — Nimrood and Koyunjik — Shiloam — Illustrations of Life in Mosul — Oriental Theology — Protestant Community at Diarbekr — General Meeting of the Assyrian Misson — Journey of Dr. Lobdell and Mr Marsh to Diarbekr — Changes and Progress there — Letters to Mr. Crane and Dr. Perkins.

The second winter of Dr. Lobdell's residence at Mosul was colder, or, to use language more in accordance with our ideas of winter in America, not so warm as the first. Dews were more frequent, though still far from being common or copious. There was also occasionally some appearance of frost; and on the 26th of January, the thermometer was down to 27°, and there was ice in the gardens — the first which the Doctor had seen in Mosul. Still it was not too cool for health, strength, or comfort. It imparted a temporary vigor even to Dr. Lobdell's shattered frame, and he sometimes writes as if he were well and strong again; though over-exertion soon brought on a relapse, and convinced others, and himself too for the time, that his constitution was prematurely worn out, and would not probably last long.

He begins the year 1854, as he closed the previous year, with a recorded consecration to his work — with returning health, (as he flattered himself, though still unable to go to the chapel on Sunday morning, the first morning of the new year) and with new faith, hope, and joy: "My health is fast improving, and I hope to give all my strength, this year, to the service of the Lord. May it be a consecration of the whole heart. There is no satisfaction but in living *entirely* to him; let mine be no half-way service. I believe I begin the year with stronger resolutions than ever before, to live for eternity and the salvation of souls. I am happy, very happy, and trust I shall be till I am called up higher, where my happiness shall have no alloy." Strange as it may seem to men of the world, who find their happiness in wealth and fashion, and rank, and standing, missionaries are uniformly found to be the happiest of men. They differ in their temperaments and modes of manifesting their happiness. But they are all happy in their work, and in the approval of their Master. Seldom have we seen a missionary (and we have seen many of them both in this country and at their stations), who did not feel that he had the most desirable situation, and the most profitable business, the highest office, and the largest salary, of any in the wide world. The truth is, we are happy just about in the same proportion as we deny ourselves to do the will of God and benefit our fellow-men. Indeed, this is just what the Master promises those who forsake earthly possessions and earthly friends for his sake — an hundred fold *more* than they *forsake*, in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

As he advanced in the divine life, Dr. Lobdell had a growing conviction of the reality and importance of those fundamental truths of revelation, which Rowland Hill somewhat quaintly denominated the three *R's*,—Ruin by Sin, Redemption by Jesus Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Spirit. As he was more deeply and experimentally convinced of the depravity of his heart and the corruption of his nature, so, as both cause and effect of this conviction, he prized more highly the unspeakable gift of salvation by the blood of Christ, and experienced more fully the power of the truth and the Spirit of God. The Bible, long prized above all price, became more and more precious to him; and he would exclaim: "I enjoyed reading the Bible more than ever before; oh! this is the word of *life*." "How interesting is the Old Testament! Even the minutest statements of Moses, Ezekiel, and Daniel, are full of meaning. Judges, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and the minor prophets are fraught with instruction. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and David are angel-seers — divine prophets, whose words are FULL of life and glory."

There was not usually so great a rush, either of patients, or of disputers and inquirers, at this time, as there had been the previous year; nor was there so much excitement. Still there were at times a hundred at the dispensary. Often the Moslems outnumbered the Christians. But this was not deemed a sufficient reason for withholding the truth of the gospel. The preaching was addressed particularly to Christians; but Christ crucified was boldly proclaimed as the only way of salvation for sinful men of whatever name or nation. "We yet preach the whole counsel of God," says Dr. Lobdell in a letter to Mr. Stoddard, "to Moslems as well as Christians, desiring to be 'pure from the blood of all men,' as I told the crowd the last day I was at the dispensary. Moslems listen with great interest, and applaud *Protestant* Christianity. It will not be long before Moslems can turn Christians in Turkey; and we are doing John the Baptist's work for them here — a work as necessary as Paul's. How much we need the reviving influences of the Holy Ghost!" The dispensary was now the chief field of missionary labor. Yet the missionaries had frequent calls at their houses; and there was scarcely a day in which Dr. Lobdell did not converse with many of all sects at his study, and always more or less directly upon the way of salvation by repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Often one sect was made the means of exposing the errors of another; and then all alike were arraigned before the bar of God, and convicted by "the law and the testimony."

Even the native Christians, who two years ago never dared to speak to a Moslem on any point of religious difference, and who a year ago begged the missionaries to desist from preaching to the followers of Mohammed, now gathering Christian manliness from the example of their teachers, conversed with all on their souls' salvation. "We have daily new evidence that the truths of the Bible are making a wide and deep impression. A score of Christians are now (March 10th, 1854,) sitting in my court, waiting for me to expound to them our doctrines. They are thowing off their fears of the priesthood; and I am told that even the Chaldeans have stopped kissing pictures. The Jacobite clergy have all ceased to preach, except the archbishop, as many of their people know more about the Bible than *they* do; and they are ashamed, either to preach from the Fathers, as they have been accustomed to do, or publicly to disown their authority. They simply attend to the rites of the church. It is about thirty years since, Joseph Wolf gave a Bible to a Jacobite deacon of Mosul. Before that time, there was not a complete copy in the city. Now multitudes have the Word in their hands, and not a few in their hearts.

"Thirty adults are now taught at their homes by an itinerant teacher in our employ; and thirty more attend the male school regularly, or spend some hours there every day. One hundred piastres were recently contributed in private by a day laborer not yet of our community, for the spread of the gospel. This sum is his wages for a month. Are there many Christians in America who contribute a twelfth part of their income for the evangelization of the world?" The sons of poor parents gave *themselves* to be educated for the service of the church; and the missionaries began already to agitate the question, whether it would not be better to establish a seminary at Mosul, than to send young men to Abeih. The gospel, when once it is fairly introduced, works like leaven —

when it once begins to spread, it spreads often in a mysterious way and with rapidly accelerating velocity. The missionaries at Mosul were one day surprised to hear that at *Sat*, a village in the mountains, which they had never visited, and of which they had scarcely heard, a Protestant community had been spontaneously organized, and its representatives had come to Mosul with the first tax already collected, to lay it at the pasha's feet. Of course he was not slow to accept it, and they went away rejoicing.

As the influence of Protestant Christianity extended, calls for instruction came from greater distances; and the native helpers were sent out as missionaries, not only into the villages of the plain, but to the larger towns and cities up and down the Tigris. "Kos Michael has returned from a tour to Jezireh, where he spent a few weeks preaching to the Jacobites. The way is fast opening there for steady missionary labor. We have recently made arrangements for a school in that city, and another at Nahrwan.

"Jeremiah and Micha are now absent on a missionary tour to Baghdad. They went down the Tigris by raft, and having scattered some seeds of Protestantism there, are expected to return by the way of Tekrit and Arbeel, preaching to the villages along their route. We shall be disappointed, if great good is not accomplished by these native Assyrian missionaries.

"Mr. Marsh and myself accompanied them as far as Nimrood, where we examined some sculptured gods in human form, which have been recently exhumed.* The inscription on the largest statue is said to be more important than any hitherto found at Nimrood. The excavations at Koyunjik are still vigorously prosecuted, and several finely panelled rooms have just been laid open. The sculptures are the most finished and interesting of any yet discovered in Assyria. Yet scarcely half a dozen of the people of Mosul have felt interest enough in them to visit the ruins, though but a mile distant. Many Moslems go to Nebbi Yunus weekly, to pray in the mosk of Jonah; but the disentombed idols of the heathen are to them objects of disgust. What a flood of light these discoveries are pouring upon the sacred Word! The end is not yet."

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*Dr. L. sent an account of this day's adventures and observations to the "Independent."

Dr. Lobdell's journals and letters, at this as at every other period of his life, attest his great love of literature, science, and antiquities, and his earnest desire to contribute to their advancement, yet his determination to subordinate these and every other object of interest to the salvation of man and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. In a letter to Mr. Stoddard, dated Jan. 3, 1854, he says: "I was greatly interested in your last letter to Bro. Williams, in which you speak of the variation of the magnetic meridian and other scientific topics. I should be strongly tempted to go into certain literary and scientific investigations, which might be prosecuted here to advantage, were it not that higher employments demand almost all my strength. I have a great taste for natural history and antiquities. But the missionary can only sip at these fountains, and leave the full draught to the professed devotees of science."

So in regard to epistolary correspondence, which he greatly enjoyed, he did not suffer it to interfere with his work, and he did not wish his friends, much as he rejoiced in their letters, to write him when they had more important duties: "Never let your correspondence with me (so he writes his former pastor, Rev. W. C. Scofield) interfere with your public duties, as I never mean to allow it to interfere with mine. All my letters are written in great haste, at odd intervals, and when no one is present with whom I may talk about the things of salvation, for you must know that missionary preaching is not on the

Sabbath only, but throughout the week it is 'warning every one night and day.' I seldom allow a man to leave my house without speaking to him of Christ. At present, March, 1854, I have a hundred patients daily — all sorts of diseases being represented, from leprosy down to scald-head. We preach salvation by Christ *crucified* (*the* doctrine most of all hated by Moslems) without reserve, and the truth daily triumphs. Our boldness may be dangerous; but we can not do otherwise than recommend Jesus to *all*."

Shiloam, the Jewish rabbi, whose imprisonment was mentioned in the last chapter, and in whose behalf the American missionaries, as well as the English consul at Mosul, interposed their best offices, was rescued from death through the influence of Sir Stratford Canning. The Sheikh el Islam at Constantinople reversed his sentence, and administered a severe rebuke to the Ulema for their blind fanaticism. The rabbi, however, purchased his life somewhat dearly, as he was ordered to report himself forthwith at Constantinople; he was acquitted and saved, but he was indirectly robbed of his property and sent into exile.

About the same time, the bigotry and persecuting zeal of the papalized Nestorians and Jacobites received a check. "Last Sabbath evening, a Jacobite fled to my house in great terror. It seems that he and his brother were declaring to a crowd of Chaldeans and Jacobites, that Christ is the only Mediator, and that the Virgin Mary does not desire or approve of prayers offered to herself; when, in lieu of other arguments, they were attacked by the worshipers of the Virgin, with threats of personal injury and even of imprisonment. The brothers took to flight, but one of them was soon seized by a cawass sent by the English consul on complaint of the Chaldeans through his papal brother, and the parties met face to face before the Protestant judge. Mr. Rassam did not fail to administer to the crowd a stern rebuke, and even to preach to them an expository sermon, closing with the remark that, 'the Americans are preaching Protestant doctrines every day at their dispensary to scores and hundreds of Moslems, as well as Christians, and no one ever troubles them.' The Jacobite was discharged, and he and his brother, and a multitude of others, are allowed free speech among the Christian sects; and even the Moslems listen with interest to their harangues."

The children of Mr. Williams and of Dr. Lobdell were in the habit of riding out for their health under the care of a servant, in wicker baskets of suitable dimensions, properly fitted, furnished, and protected from the sun, which were slung across the back of a donkey, one on either side, like the old-fashioned saddle-bags. It was a very convenient and not unpleasant fashion, imported from Oroomiah, and it attracted not a little attention from the boys and even "children of a larger growth," who sometimes took the liberty to annoy them and to throw stones at them as they threaded the narrow streets. It became necessary to put a stop to this rude sport. Mr. Rassam was attentive and efficient in such matters. Several policemen were sent to hunt up the guilty parties. "Three were imprisoned. One large boy, who had struck the servant, was seized only by the police taking the chief man in his quarter as security, till he was delivered up! This is a phase of Turkish law — making a town or quarter responsible for the evil done in it."

Dr. Lobdell makes frequent mention in his journal, of such primitive usages of society, and also of still more primitive processes in labor, which were constantly attracting his observation. As examples of the latter may be instanced the use of the hands for a trowel, by masons; the use of the great toes as a vice, by carpenters and other mechanics; the employment of a spade held by one man and drawn with a rope by another, as a scraper in digging trenches in the fields and gardens; and the sons of the desert riding their fiery steeds with a mere halter, without bit or bridle.

But nothing in all the Orient struck him so strangely as some of their crude and contradictory notions in theology, and the more crude and contradictory arguments by which they supported them. Sometimes in their idolatrous attachment to Mary, the so-called Christians would argue that Mary, Christ, and God were all the same, thus justifying and explaining the misapprehension which Dr. Lobdell found to be the prevailing idea of the Trinity among the Mohammedans, viz.: that it consists of the Father, the Son, and the Virgin Mary. At other times they would endeavor to explain away their Mariolatry, and would declare that they did not worship the Virgin, or pray to her. And then he would read to them from one of the prayers in their liturgy: "Oh, Virgin Mary, pray for us; oh, door of heaven; oh, mother of divine grace; oh, spotless mother; oh, mother of the Creator; oh, refuge of sinners; oh, defence of Christians; oh, queen of angels!" and a whole page of epithets equally extravagant and idolatrous.

Even the Moslem women caught the *language* of their Christian sisters, and begged of the Doctor that he would heal them for the sake of the *Virgin Mary*. "Who is she?" asked the Doctor of such a woman. "They (i. e. the Christian women) say so." "Yes, but who is she?" "I don't know." "Who is Christ?" "I don't know." "Do you know who Allah is?" She looked up and smote her breast. "Where is he?" "I don't know." "What is he?" "Allah — I only know that."

The only passage of Scripture by which those who prayed to the saints, attempted to justify the practice, was the prayer of the rich man to father Abraham in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which, the Doctor told them, did not appear to him to be a very encouraging example.

The Jacobites advanced very inconsistent doctrines and arguments touching the character and condition of infants. In the course of the same discussion, the same men argued, 1st, that all unbaptized infants are lost; 2d, that all children are sinless, since Christ came and took away the effects of original sin; and 3d, all children are saved, if they die before they sin; for Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Admirable consistency! These people see but a short distance into logic."

The Protestant community at Diarbekr was not a little agitated at this time by the working of more or less of the old leaven of baptismal regeneration. "Christ," they argued, "commanded his disciples to *baptize* as well as to preach the gospel;" and they wished baptism for *all*, and that all moral Protestants, at least, should be admitted to the church. The truth was spreading, and there were doubtless true Christians among them. But two out of the three original members of the church (or rather *communion*, for Dr. Smith had not organized it formally or fully as a *church*) gave no suitable evidence of personal piety; the man whom they had chosen for their civil head proved also to be a bad man; and to complete the catalogue of their trials, the pasha, whom they had been so anxious to get rid of, was succeeded by a fresh and more hungry blood-sucker, who preyed upon all sects and all classes without mercy, though not without partiality, for he was particularly hostile to the Protestants. For example, he demanded of the candle-makers that they should sell him candles at thirty per cent. less than the cost, that he might speculate on them by sending them to Constantinople, and when they refused, he arrested them and made them sweep the streets in chains.*

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* One of them, who was a Protestant, made his escape, fled to Mardin, and there preached the gospel, like the persecuted disciples in the apostolic age.

These difficulties seemed to demand consultation. Accordingly a meeting was held at Mosul — the first general meeting of the Assyrian Mission. Mr. Dunmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of Diarbekr, arrived at Mosul on the morning of the 6th of March, and the missionaries held daily meetings for business and for devotional exercises through ten successive days, at the same time enjoying such social and Christian intercourse — with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, talking of old times and their old home, and of the better time and the better home that awaited them — as none can but missionaries, certainly none but Christians in a strange land. The subjects that were discussed, and the conclusions that were reached, need not be specified. They made arrangements for a similar meeting the next year, and assigned subjects for examination during the interval. The Jews and the Yezidees were referred to the special consideration of Dr. Lobdell; but he was never to report on it — never again to enjoy such a reunion.

It was thought advisable that Mr. Marsh and Dr. Lobdell should return with Messrs. Dunmore and Walker, and reorganize the church at Diarbekr, and, if possible, establish the community there on a better foundation. They left Mosul on the 25th of March. Their general course was north-west. The first three days, they traveled across the desert, a wide plain destitute of trees and running water, but at this season covered with grass and flowers, once, probably, affording sustenance to a numerous and settled population, of which an occasional mound gives evidence, but now without a single village or permanent habitation, peopled only by wandering Arabs and Koords, with their flocks and herds and tents. But our travelers were without fear, as they marched in caravan style by day, and at night pitched their tents near some nomadic camp, or beside some sluggish pool; for they were guided by two sons of the desert, who led the way both mounted on one *deloul*, (dromedary,) and commended them to the good will of their brethren; and they were further protected, in the most dangerous part of their journey, by a guard of horsemen from the city.

On the fourth day, they passed Nisibin, (the ancient Nisibis,) now a mud town, with a solitary minaret, and a few moldering columns and arches scattered among its miserable hovels or in the plowed fields around, to tell of better days; but interesting in its situation, near the sources of the Chabour, (the river Chebar of Ezekiel,) and once famous as the site of that truly "noble" theological school of the Nestorians, of which a North African bishop of the sixth century speaks with wonder, because "the Holy Scriptures were expounded by teachers publicly appointed, in the same manner as grammar and rhetoric were among the Romans."* The fourth night, they pitched their tents amid the melancholy ruins of Dara — fragments of walls, and gates, and arches, and temples — immense reservoirs, with remains of the aqueducts that brought down water from the low ranges of Jebel Tour — and splendid tombs, carved out of the solid rock, with rich architectural forms and ornaments, attesting at once the utility and the grandeur of Roman civilization, and bearing witness with equal explicitness to the barbarism of the Turk. The imagination of Gibbon was enkindled, as he described the former magnificence of this city and stronghold of the Romans, in their fierce struggles with the Persians on the remotest eastern border of their empire. Dr. Lobdell, as he gazed on the ruins, especially of the aqueducts and roads — those most characteristic signs and means of Roman civilization — was struck with wonder at the grandeur of that ancient empire, and felt that even England must wait long before she would arrive at such an elevation, and probably would never reach it.

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* See Neander's Church History, vol. II. p. 150. Torrey's Ed.

Dara is five hours north-west of Nisibin. After six hours' further travel in the same direction the next day, they came on Saturday evening to Mardin, where they spent the Sabbath, "receiving numerous calls from the Jacobites and Syrian Catholics. They looked on us with some suspicion; yet they evidently thought it best to investigate somewhat the Protestant faith. May the light break forth speedily in that city, which, though 'set on a hill,' gives not even 'a dim religious light.' We might have kept further west, and reached Diarbekr without crossing the mountain ridges; but we thought it desirable to see Mardin, the ecclesiastical capital of the Jacobites, especially as we are about to apply to the Prudential Committee for missionaries to be stationed there. The town is built on the summit of a ridge of Jebel Tour, in a semicircle, facing the great Mesopotamian plain on the south; the houses rise in the bee-hive style, one cell above another; and what a humming there is in the hive! An old Saracenic castle rises ruinous yet venerable, like an acropolis, above the whole, and, guarded by half a dozen cannon and a few soldiers, commands the town. The castellated rock and Saracenic walls and mosks contrast strangely with the rude structures now inhabited by Turks, Koords, Jacobites; Syrian Catholics, Armenian Catholics, and Chaldeans. Poverty and decay are written all over the city."

There was nothing particularly worthy of note on the remainder of their journey. The country — the Mesopotamia of the Scriptures — was New-England-like in surface, though of course without New England villages or forests. They suffered much from the rain and cold. Two days from Mardin, brought them to feel the chilling blasts from Kara Dagh, of which they had so distinct a recollection on the journey from Aleppo to Diarbekr; and on the third day, about noon, the minarets, domes, and walls of

Diarbekr rose before them with a splendor which, at every new view, only excited increased admiration.

During the stay of the brethren from Mosul, the church at Diarbekr was organized anew. Out of twenty candidates, whom they examined, eleven were accepted, who were constituted into a church, with a creed and covenant, in the presence of three hundred persons. Meanwhile Dr. Lobdell was almost constantly employed in medical practice also, having a hundred Christian patients daily. The missionaries were still stoned and hooted at, every time they went into the streets; but the gospel had already taken such a hold on the city, as in their view to insure its triumph. The infant church was subject to a severe trial at the commencement of its existence. Mrs. Dunmore could not live in the city in the summer. She was already at Arabkir, and it now became necessary for her husband to join her. It was not safe to leave Mr. and Mrs. Walker alone. The brethren from Mosul were so situated that neither of them could be away from their own station. In fine, it was reluctantly decided that Mr. and Mrs. Walker should go to Aintab; and thus the little church would be left for the summer entirely in the hands of native helpers. They deplored the necessity. They felt deeply the want of reinforcements. Dr. Lobdell was agitating the question of going with Mr. Dunmore to Arabkir, to advise in reference to Mrs. Dunmore's further continuance in the missionary field, when he was summoned to return to Mosul, by the increasing illness of Mrs. Williams. He returned by raft down the Tigris. And while he floated down the river, just as he had done two years before, he wrote an indefinite number of letters to his friends, corrected several mistakes in the map of Mr. Wyld, "geographer to her Majesty, Queen Victoria," enjoyed again the beautiful and the grand features of the more familiar but not less interesting landscape, and arrived in Mosul on the 21st of April, having performed, in three days and a half, the distance which had taken nine days in the journey up by land, and having been absent from home about a month.

Of the friendly and familiar letters which he wrote at this time, portions of two are subjoined. They illustrate his friendly and affectionate nature, his sympathy with the trials and afflictions of others, and his desire to comfort them with the consolation wherewith he himself was comforted, even the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. The first is to his Auburn friend and brother, Mr. Crane, stationed at Gawar. It is dated at Mosul, Jan. 4, 1854:

Dear Brother Crane: — It pained me much to hear of the illness of our dear brother Rhea; but we get some relief in the hope that he is now well again and about his customary labors. What a place is Gawar for a sick American in mid winter! But I am glad you both have some knowledge of medicine. You see, your practice upon natives has a reflex benefit, as well as the sending forth of missionaries.

I should judge that brother Rhea's attack was very much like the one I had about the same time. When Kallash (the messenger) arrived, I was just getting out of my bed, where I had been for nearly a fortnight; and I think the pleasant notes from my dear brethren over the mountains had much to do towards my restoration. It is almost half in the practice of medicine to keep the spirits up — to make the course of thought flow smoothly on. And I have no doubt, that the consoling influences of our Christian faith are often better for a diseased body, than all the calomel and opium in the world.

It is ours to cherish this faith and hope, to be supported by them in our hours of trial. I doubt not you endure your separation from your wife, in these times of peril, far more easily from your trust in God, and from a conviction that it is his will. Oh, what a peace of mind—a peace passing the limits of the *understanding*—does a true faith in an omnipresent and loving God afford those who are in danger and doubt! Give me this peace, and the world may have its gold and its baubles. I want it when I am lying on a sick-bed here among the ashes of Nineveh, not knowing what is to become of wife and babes—I want it when fierce Koords point their guns at my bosom and seize their daggers with murder in their eyes—I want it in perils by sea and by land—and at all times I want it—God's best gift to man.

The other letter is to Dr. Perkins, the memory of whose more than brotherly kindness was still fresh and fragrant in his heart. It is dated, Mosul, Feb. 6, 1854:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your full letter of Jan. 14th contained many interesting thoughts, and I regret that I have too little time to give it such a reply as it deserves. But you will "take the will for the deed," and allow me to hurry through my note, that I may this evening answer the letters of my other correspondents in your quarter. Somehow, I feel a sort of filial obligation to give my first attention to your letters; I can not drive from my mind, if I would, the thought of your paternal care of me, while lodging under your roof. And when I speak of filial obligations, I want your good wife to understand, that she comes in for a share. The Lord bless and comfort you both, as you go on your pilgrimage. Your allusion to the probability of Henry's having a feeble hold on life, makes me deeply interested in him, and I shall not forget him in my poor prayers. Should *he* also lead your way to heaven, what could make you wish to linger longer here? Surely if one's treasures are all in heaven, his heart will be there also.

I thank you for sending me that pleasant note of Mrs.

Sigourney's, with her beautiful lines — "Judith Grant Perkins." How delightful for you to think of her, as

> "Where by the River of the Blest,
> Your 'Persian Flower' will fade no more."

My little ones are both now suffering with severe colds, and the thought of the possibility of either of them being taken away, chastens the joys which I feel in their presence and smiles. But *here* too we may profitably *trust*. I believe I have a great affection for children, and it often cheers me to think of the little ones in your circle. I wonder if some of them can not be induced to pray daily for our little Mary, if I will promise them that Mary shall pray for them? Suppose I make such an arrangement with Henry, and begin before his assent comes! I think it does children good to think of others whom they have never seen even, as interested in them. Mr. Stern's Kitty, who was in Mosul a few days last winter, has not yet passed from Mary's mind; and I suppose Katy Cochran still remembers the burial of her dear Judith.

Our readers will not ask any apology for this beautiful picture of domestic tenderness, with its mingled sorrows and joys, in the life of earnest and whole-souled missionaries. Parents and children both, we are sure, will admire it; we trust they will also learn from it some valuable lessons of parental duty and early piety.

CHAPTER XVI.

Riots at Mosul — Intercourse with Mosul Dignitaries — The Cadi — The Kaimakam — Yiehye Effendi — The Prince of the Scholars — The Prince of the Merchants — The Pasha — Death of Yiehye Effendi and Moollah Yussuf — Burial Rites — Moslem Bigotry — Journey with Mrs. Williams for her Health — Akra — Paradise — Morality no part of Religion — Dr. Bacon — Rural Scene — Increased Illness of Mrs. Williams — Death — Return to Mosul — Sickness of Mr. Williams — Death again in the Missionary Circle — Death of Friends in America — Of Mr. Crane — Missionary Work — Plot for an Insurrection — Letter to the Tribune in Defence of Missions — To the Society of Inquiry at Andover — Anti-Slavery Circular — Notes on Xenophon's Anabasis — Contributions to the American Oriental Society — Letters of Professors Salisbury and Whitney — Theology.

In the summer of 1854, Mosul was disturbed by more than one attempt at riot and insurrection, proceeding partly from political and partly from religious motives. The war which involved the fate not of the empire only, but perhaps of Islam itself, excited the fanatical passions of the people; and troops which were enlisted for the service of the Sultan, in the remotest provinces of his dominions, seized on every opportunity for plunder and acts of violence. Some two thousand Koords from Akra and its vicinity, finding themselves together in Mosul, with arms in their hands, and further incited by Moslems in the city, began to insult the Christians, wherever they met them in the streets. They tore off the white kerchiefs of the Jews and native Christians. They met Dr. Lobdell, and cried, "Ho, Franjee, (Frank,) let us kill him." The Greeks, whom they called Russians, were especially obnoxious to their ferocious assaults. Even Moslems were not exempt from their insults. They shot at one, pierced another with a dagger, entered private houses for plunder and for worse purposes, till there was no safety either in going abroad or staying at home. At length the English Consul, followed by nearly a hundred Christians, went to the palace, (the Koords firing over their heads as they went,) and told the pasha that unless he ordered the Koords out of town at once, he, the consul, would start forthwith for Constantinople; that then, in two hours, the Christians would be massacred, and their blood would be on the pasha's head; whereas, if he would act energetically, he would put a tall feather in his cap at the capital. Moved by mingled threats and flatteries, the pasha sent for Ressoul Pasha, (commander of these Koordish recruits,) and ordered him to have some forty-five of his men bastinadoed. The order was executed, the blows being laid upon the backs and not upon the feet of the victims; and then the whole body were marched out of the city with their guns and jugs and plunder, and soon sent on their way to the seat of the war. Some days elapsed before the city was quieted, and the Christians relieved of their apprehensions. There were still rumors of an intended insurrection among the Moslems. "The Christians — women especially — are in great terror. Few go into the streets. The pasha peregrinates the city in a mask. Spies are out. Squads of soldiers are on the watch. The soldiers themselves are not to be trusted, as they belong to the town. Rassam's horse fell with him to-day, to the great joy of the Moslems standing around; they deem it an omen." Before the close of the summer, we shall see how they further plotted for the fulfillment of the omen in the death of the consul, and the massacre of the entire Christian population.

After this riot, Dr. Lobdell saw more than usual of the Turkish dignitaries. Among others, he called on his old acquaintance, the Cadi. "He showed me a fine Persian manuscript, ornamented with gilt and Cufic. Tea was passed. He gave me a long history of his sickness, and his refusal to take medicines prescribed by his physicians; and was horrified at my proposal that he should take a little wine in his weakness. I told him that if the greatest man in our country refused to take the medicine ordered by a physician, the doctor would have nothing to do with him, and that this was my rule in Mosul! He thanked me for my advice, and I left. Met Koords and Aghas of the town on my way home — all sullen. Still the aristocracy affect to oppose the fanatics. Sheriff Bey and the Cadi himself are thought to be favorable to the rioters."

The next day, May 6th, he received a call from the commander of the troops, the Kaimakam or Colonel, and his doctor. "Prescribed for him, and then talked of the state of the town. The Colonel admitted that he and the other officials were greatly afraid of the insurgents; but he thinks the danger is over. I do not. Ramadan is just at hand. . . . . Visited Yiehye Effendi, one of the fallen aristocracy, now sick — my warm friend, and one of whom I am not ashamed. May I strive more and more for his salvation. He is intelligent, honest, and inquiring. Met Abd Allah Effendi, the most learned man of the town. Refused to prescribe for a man brought near to death under the care of the phlebotomizing padres. The practice of bleeding every body was introduced here by the Italian quacks, and now it is the great specific. I seldom bleed, even in this hot climate."

"Seyid Shahab asks me if Latin is my vernacular, and if the characters are the same as the English. He was greatly indignant when I read from Ockley's History of the Saracens, on native authority, that Mohammed acknowledged his inferiority to Christ by praying to him, whereas the other prophets prayed to Mohammed himself."

"May 12th. Hussein Chelebi ibn Haj Murad, the prince of the merchants of Mosul, called. One of his attendants told me that his horse was the best one this side of heaven!

Neither he nor his companions could get much idea of my big maps. A Yankee boy of six years knows more about the world, than the most learned man in Mosul. It is interesting to see the great men here display what knowledge they have to one another, and yet all 'cave in' to us: 'they are Franjee — they know every thing.' This Hussein has never seen the Koyunjik excavations — a very learned man!

"May 25. Accompanied Jeremiah to the pasha's palace. At first, went to the vice-pasha's. His barber was trimming him down. He is a proud, fine-looking fellow; was dressed in gay colors, having on a green toga, lined with light-colored fur. The chief scribe forgot his anger at me for not seeing him when sick a year and a half ago. Coffee without sugar. Talk.

"Thence went to the reception room of the pasha. The deftardar (treasurer) was in. Both received us pleasantly, and I had a very interesting conversation with the pasha respecting our work here, our motives, and our general arrangements, and the state of Tel Keif. He says, that if a few men will come to him from that place, and say they want a teacher from us, they shall be protected; but Kos Michael can not go, as the *Sultan* forbids it. I was surprised at the cordiality of the pasha, and was glad to make him acquainted with our faith. Next went to the Kaimakam's (Colonel's). Sherbet and coffee. Pleasant chat; saw sick men; examined Jewish doctor's medicines — left, glad I had gone to see the dignitaries, as they had sent for me. The pasha evidently has a desire to cultivate our friendship. I think it is well to be on good terms with him."

Dr. Lobdell was soon called to mourn the death of his Mussulman "friend," Yiehye Effendi, without any satisfactory hope that he was a believer in Jesus. The Koran was read through, or rather rehearsed entire, every day for three days, at the mosk nearest his house, by four or five blind men, the Oriental representatives of the blind rhapsodists of ancient Greece. The body was wrapped from head to foot in wide sheeting, laid in the shallow grave on the right side, with the face looking towards Mecca, and then, without any coffin, covered with flat stones; and the Moslems thought little more of the matter, but Dr. Lobdell could not help asking, with deep solicitude, Where is his soul?

A few days after, Moollah Yusuf, the once Christian priest, whose conversion by violence has been narrated in a former chapter, sent for the doctor to come and see him; but he was prevented from going. The next day, he heard that the poor Moollah was dead.

The following incident illustrates the bigotry of the Moslems: "Yezdinshir Bey, nephew of Beder Khan Bey, called. I showed him a printed copy of the Koran. He said I must not read it! This was a Moslem book. It did not belong to a Christian. I was reminded of the man who snatched a copy from my hand while at a book-stall in Tabreez. This bey went on to say how united the Moslems are, and always have been, and how the Christians are split into sects. I spoke of the Persian Shiihs; but he said, we do not recognize them as Moslems; they do not receive the Koran as it is. I told him, they pretend to, which is the case with many who call themselves Christians; but they only are true Christians, who receive the Bible as it is. This argument he could appreciate."

Ever since Dr. Lobdell's recall from Diarbekr on her account, Mrs. Williams had been oscillating between the hope of recovery and the fear of a decline. But as the summer advanced, the symptoms grew more unfavorable, and it became apparent that she could not long endure the excessive heat of Mosul. Neither did there seem to be any considerable prospect of her safe removal to a cooler climate. Still she was very anxious to try the experiment, and the Doctor, though with great misgivings, yielded to her request, and accompanied his patient, with her husband and children, on a journey to the mountains, with the expectation, if she should be found to endure the journey, that Dr. Wright would meet the party there, and, taking Dr. Lobdell's place, conduct them to Oroomiah. Mrs. Williams, the nurse, and baby, were put into covered frames with seats, which being bound to the sides of a mule, furnished a tolerably comfortable carriage, as well as protection from the morning and evening sun. The two eldest children, (a little boy and girl), rode in a pair of baskets, pannier-like, on a mule's back. The family, the physician, the interpreter, and the baggage, made up a train of a dozen animals, besides the guards, that accompanied them. They left Mosul on the evening of the 13th of June, crossed the Tigris on the high-prowed ferry boats, whose form has come down unchanged from the days of Sennacherib, and at the request of Capt. Loftus, who was now excavating there, in the employ of the Assyrian Society, passed the first night on the mound of Koyunjik. The next morning they started across the ruins of Nineveh, while the sun was yet hid behind the peaks of Koordistan. It was the same month, and the same day of the month, on which Dr. Lobdell had set out, the year before, on his tour to Oroomiah. And they traveled amid the same rustic scenes which he then described,—peasants reaping and threshing their grain, women winnowing and grinding it, shepherds watching their flocks of sheep and goats,—with now and then a mound marking the site of an ancient town, perchance, also, of a modern village. They passed on, as rapidly as the invalid could bear, for three days, or rather three nights, for they could not travel at all in the heat of the day, till they came to Akra, a Koordish town, about sixty miles from Mosul, and in a direction a little north of east, where the cool air of the mountains strives almost in vain to neutralize the heat of the plain. There, on the borders of the territory of the ancient Carduchi, they were detained ten days, Mrs. Williams not being in a condition to travel. "The town is built on the south side of a cliff belonging to the Koordish range forming the eastern boundary of the plain of Navkoor, through which pass the Gomel (Gaugamela) and Khazir rivers, the two uniting at a point visible from the town, to form the Bumadus. By means of the small streams gushing out of the mountain, the vales between the ridges are thoroughly irrigated, and the gardens are pictures of loveliness, — the Oriental *paradises* are always gardens filled with fruit-bearing trees. I noticed at Akra the mulberry, plum, olive, pear, apple, English walnut, apricot, pomegranate, and fig; grapes also are produced in abundance." It is from this very region, — ancient Persia, — that we derive the word *paradise*, and it is from such scenes of almost unearthly beauty and loveliness, where, under the combined influence of a tropical sun and an abundant supply of water, flowers bloom and fruits ripen perpetually, amid rugged mountains and barren deserts, — it is from such scenes that the sacred writers have borrowed the imagery by which they would fain give us some faint conception of the Paradise of God, as contrasted with the roughness and barrenness of the present life.

But like Sheikh Laui, which he visited the previous year, this was "Paradise Lost." The Koords are bigoted Mohammedans, and ferocious tyrants. The Jews and Christians are ignorant and superstitious slaves, and afforded ample room for philanthropic and missionary labor, whenever the Doctor could be spared from attendance on the suffering invalid. They were frightened beyond measure, when he asked to see an amulet which was worn on the neck of a young Koord, and finding it to be a neat little volume of extracts from the Koran, presumed to read aloud from the book in the presence of the

Koords. Had a native Christian done the same, his head would have paid the penalty. Their religion, consisting almost exclusively of a few external rites and ceremonies, is at an equal remove from evangelical faith and from genuine good works. Morality has nothing to do with it, and the virtues that should adorn the Christian character, are deemed quite impracticable. "Do you love that man by your side?" said Dr. Lobdell, one day, to a Jacobite. "I love him with my face," he replied, "not with my heart." When asked if they ever lied, they invariably answered by asking, "Is there a man living who does not lie?" A Syrian proved that he was not destitute of faith, by relating a preposterous popish miracle of recent occurrence, and declaring that he believed it. Another was sure he was not a drunkard, for, "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man;" and he did not drink enough for that,—he did not drink more than ten cups of arrack a day! Strong drink is distilled from raisins, by a rude and simple domestic process; so that almost every house is a distillery. And drunkenness is so common among the poor Christians of Akra, that the Moslems define a Christian to be, "one who drinks rum, and calls Esa (Jesus) the Son of God." The fact that the Protestants in Turkey are temperance men, Dr. Lobdell remarks in this connection, does as much to conciliate the Moslems, as the fact that they do not bow to pictures and worship more than one God. The Jacobite priest apologized for the vices of the people by their poverty, and for their ignorance by the fact that he was poor, and had no time to instruct them. The church is a cavern high up among the rocks above the town, unlighted by the sun, and constantly damp by the dripping of the water. Its chief treasures are a few Syriac and Carshuni *

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* Arabic in Syriac characters.

manuscripts, containing the church service, and the sacred dust of unknown generations of their fathers, whose bodies the Koords will not allow them to bury any where outside the walls of the churchyard.

Dr. Lobdell's compassion was much excited in behalf of these poor and oppressed Christians, and he did what he could, in frequent interviews with the priests and the people, to give them clearer and more correct ideas of the religion of the Bible.

"There are six hundred houses in the place. Sixteen are Jacobite, sixteen Chaldean, forty Jewish, the remainder Koordish. The governor is a Koord, — the rival of Mustapha Agha, of Zibar, who wrote the letter to Khan Afdal, to procure the murder of Dr. Bacon and his companions, three years ago. The moollah, who saved their lives, is still regarded with great veneration, for his sanctity, which is said to be unequalled by any of the mountaineers. Their escape seems to me almost miraculous."

But we must return to the tent, which our travelers, after having slept the first night in the street, pitched the next day (Saturday) among the rocks and trees by a running brook, near the town, expecting to spend the Sabbath only, and then to continue their journey. But Mrs. Williams was taken worse, and brought nigh unto death; the children also were afflicted with ophthalmia in a severe form. There was a sunny as well as a shady side to the picture of their situation, as Dr. Lobdell sketched it to his mother, when Mrs. W. was some better. Had he been alone — could he have forgotten his almost dying sister, his afflicted brother, and their suffering children — he would greatly have enjoyed the place. "The air is so balmy at night, that I sleep under a spreading mulberry, which occasionally drops its white fruit upon my bed, and sometimes into my mouth. Three times a day I have access to a table spread with bread, honey, cake, rice, tea, *cobâb*, *smead*, *lebn*, mulberries, apricots, and a kind of plum. At evening, numerous Christians come for conversation on Protestantism, and European art and science. The seeds of truth are sown, and promise, even on this hard soil, to bear fruit. Daily I prescribe for sick Koords and Christians, and receive their benedictions. While not asleep, I can gaze upon the pomegranate bushes, hung with scarlet flowers and green fruit; upon the spreading fig-trees, whose light-colored branches remind one of a fat baby's arms, the green fruit sucking up the milky sap, and the great leaves recalling the aprons of Adam and Eve in the garden of God; upon the vines that run luxuriantly from tree to tree, and their pendent clusters; upon the large fresh walnut-trees, with their round balls of fruit; deep green olives; bushy plums; apple-like apricot trees, and small apple orchards — a paradise like those you fancy to exist in the tropics, where birds sing, human voices echo, brooks murmur, and every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree."

But in the tent near by, was the sick mother, stretched upon a bed on the ground, not knowing but it was to be her dying bed, the anxious husband hanging over her and ministering to her, and the distressed children gathering around her — the thermometer, hanging from a pomegranate branch in the tent, indicates, at two in the afternoon, a temperature of from 87° to 93°, and the patient's pulse, as the doctor anxiously feels it, counts from a hundred to a hundred and twenty. It was not till Tuesday, the 27th of June, that they moved onward, and that with little or no hope that Mrs. W. would ever reach Oroomiah. The rest is briefly told in the words of Dr. Lobdell: "We went eastward a few hours, and all slept on our quilts spread upon the ground under the clear sky. The next morning, we came to Kapusa, a dirty village of Koords, which had been deserted by the people on account of the fleas. We spent the heat of the day under a mulberry tree, and left at evening, while the mercury in the shade stood at 102°. On over a rolling country, amid shrubs and rocks, we rode an hour and a half, arriving at a miserable village, (Kallate), where the invalid thought she was to die. We slept upon a roof, and the next day welcomed Dr. Wright from Persia. We could go no farther, and on the 29th, at sunset, were on our way back towards Mosul, our sick friend being anxious to go there to die, but most of the time unconscious of the incidents and fatigues of the way. On the last day of June, we reached Akra again; a litter was made, twelve Christians bore it, and the next morning at six o'clock, while moving on the road, that litter became a bier! An hour farther, and a rough box was made ready for her we had loved. The children knew not what had happened. At evening, the box was bound upon a mule; we rode silently without stopping for fourteen hours, and recrossed the city of Nineveh shortly after sunrise. The flag of the English consul was thrown over the body as we crossed the Tigris. A narrow house had already been prepared for it outside the walls, (not even the dead body of a Moslem could have been carried within the gates); Mr. Marsh had a short service; and there we laid the wife, the mother, down to her last sleep. The Lord watch over that dust, and bring it again to life. Such is our pilgrimage; but we journey home to God."

Worn out with watching and sorrow, Mr. Williams was soon laid upon a bed of severe sickness, and the care of him and his motherless children devolved on the other two missionary families. Meanwhile, the first-born child of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, a few days after it had seen the light, was committed to the earth by the side of Mrs. Williams. None but a missionary physician can fully understand the weight of care and anxiety which thus fell upon Dr. Lobdell, who, from the very nature of his united professions, always bore a double load of duties and responsibilities. He thus writes on the subject to his brother physician at Oroomiah, in a letter dated Mosul, Aug. 1st, 1854:

"Again I must write the word *death!* An hour since, the breath of mortal life heaved for the last time the little lungs of the sweet babe that God gave our brother and sister Marsh twelve days ago; now he rejoiceth in the freedom and the glory of immortality. Again let us say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' You will be glad to know that the afflicted parents feel a sweet and peaceful resignation under this blow — I may almost say they rejoice under it, for the little one had suffered so much for three days, that it was a relief to their minds to know that his spirit had passed gently away, as my wife was bending over his little pillow. Thus it is, our merciful Father prepares us for afflictions. He gives us strength sufficient for our day. With the announcement of this sad event, which, however, produces joy among the ministering angels, I can say a word of encouragement in regard to Mr. Williams. He is quite relieved from pain, is sitting up, and, I think, is likely to conquer the fever that has been upon him in an intermittent form, every day for ten days. The seat of his trouble was his head; and the paroxysms were so violent at times as to excite fears of the brain becoming seriously affected. What a weight of responsibility is thrown on one who has to direct in these cases of serious sickness! Who is sufficient for *these* things, as well as for preaching the gospel? During the sickness of Mr. Williams, I have had four, instead of two, preaching services during the week, besides the writing of from forty to eighty prescriptions daily; and all this in a semi-underground room, where the air gets quite polluted during the examination of so many dirty patients, having every variety of disease. I have never had better health, however than now. Of course, the want of invigorating exercise is felt; but by sleeping in mid-heaven, so to call the pinnacle of my palace, which overlooks nearly the whole city, the Tigris, the ruins of Nineveh, and the wide sweeping plain to the west, I feel every morning quite strengthened for the day's labors. How much I have said about our bodies! Well, without bodies, what are we good for in this fleshly world? Mens sana in corpore sano — this we must have, if we shall do any thing for our Master. We are warned, too, that what we do must be done quickly, with our might. But how little might we have! We will trust that in our weakness is our strength. It is only when we feel how weak we are, that we go to him who is omnipotent, and pray for power."

It was not long before, that he had heard of the death of a college classmate and intimate friend. Of this and previous bereavements, the sorrow of which was renewed by this, he thus writes in his journal: "Peck, my dear brother, classmate, chum, is dead. Oh, what a blow! Blessed be God, that I may hope to meet him in heaven, and again rejoice with him. He seems to have made a strong impression wherever he preached. I do not believe he now regrets not having studied law. He, his wife, and Poland gone from the little circle of united hearts! Well, I am glad for the sake of the cause of missions, that it is not L. and I that have gone so soon; for then all would have said, it was because they were *missionaries*. They forget that others die at home!"

And it was but a little while after the afflictions at Mosul, that he heard of the death of his seminary friend and missionary brother, Mr. Crane of Gawar. "What an affliction," he writes Dr. Perkins under date of Sept. 7th, "has come upon our dear Mrs. Crane, and upon your mission! Her husband, it seemed to me, both in Auburn and Gawar, was a most lovely Christian. His self-denial has met its reward; he has gone before to glory. Oh that we may profit by this chastisement from the Lord!

Will not the Lord draw us to himself by our great afflictions? When I think of the purity of heaven, I feel that I must make great advances in spirituality before I shall be ready to enter it. Blessed be God for his grace in Christ, for a robe not tattered and soiled, but white and whole, the robe of the Lamb, ready-made and waiting to cover the nakedness of the poor saint. I thank God I am not to wear the rags of my own righteousness to heaven. I am constantly patching them up here — may I soon be able to lay them aside altogether and for ever." This strong desire of his heart grew stronger daily; and it was not long to remain unaccomplished. These trials and labors were, by the grace of God, fast ripening him for heaven.

Of the missionary work at this time, he speaks as follows, in a letter to Dr. Anderson, written on the last day of July: "Our work in the city is as prosperous as we could expect it to be. I often feel that if we should simply *sit* here, doing very little actual labor, we should accomplish as much for Christ as we could by our utmost exertions in America. But we are not obliged to be idle. Our ordinary religious services are maintained at the chapel and the dispensary. The arrival of some chain pumps from the United States has excited much inquiry about American ingenuity; and some have even said, 'If these missionaries can draw up water with a chain, their religion must be true.' The machines bid fair to revolutionize the old mode of irrigation.

"Kos Michael has been sent to Mardin for a few months to preach the gospel. What success he has had thus far, we do not yet know; but we have reason to hope that his tour will not be fruitless. The pasha promises me that if he shall receive an order from the Porte, revoking the prohibition of his going to Tel Keif, he will cheerfully protect him. But while the French are in such favor with the sultan, we can hardly expect to see full justice done when the interests of the papal church are at stake. The persecution of this man has been, from the beginning, a most outrageous affair.

"Having letters from Jezireh, requesting one of us to go there and organize a Protestant community, and having applications to open schools in several villages of Jebel Tour, and it being impossible for one of our number to leave, Jeremiah has been sent to investigate the facts. It is very desirable that we get the start of the papists in opening schools in Jebel Tour, and we hope that Jeremiah's visit will be of much service in making known more generally the nature of the Protestant faith. There is the stronghold of the Jacobites.

"The increased interest in education at Mosul is of the most cheering character. At the beginning of the year, we had but twenty scholars; now we have more than a hundred. It is getting to be understood that all who become Protestants, ground their faith on evidence; and it is exceedingly gratifying to us that our brethren are almost invariably able to give the reason for the hope that is in them, and also that they do it with a good conscience, in meekness and fear."

In the same letter, Dr. Lobdell relates the further development of the plot for insurrection, which was checked by the bastinado and the removal of the Koords, but, because vengeance against an evil work was not executed speedily on the instigators, and owing also to the incapacity of the pasha, broke out again, and threatened most disastrous consequences. "The plan was to murder the dragoman of the English consul; and while attending his funeral, professing to mourn his death, the conspirators — all belonging to that part of the aristocracy of the town who had some pique against the government — were to rise upon the Franks and wealthy native Christians, and then proceed to plunder. At midnight, just as the fast of Ramadan gave way to the fanatical feasting of Byram, while the dragoman of Mr. Rassam was returning home from a visit to the pasha, two men in masks sprung out from a lane between him and his attendants. One stopped the horse; the other fired a pistol at the rider. Both then fled. A servant chased them, when one of the culprits turned and fired a ball at him, but without effect. The dragoman, who is the most influential native Christian of the place, fell from his horse wounded; but the ball had only passed through the forearm. Hundreds flocked daily to his house to offer him their sympathy; and none were so attentive as the chief conspirators, who, no doubt, all the time regretted that the ball had not passed through a more vital part. Two young Moslems were seized by the pasha as the assassins, and though there was a strong attempt to throw the blame on the Christians, one of the men turned state's evidence, and revealed the fact that he had been offered a thousand piastres to kill Joma, (the dragoman,) and that he had induced the other to assist him. The persons who offered the bribe, were found to be two of the most influential men of the town; and they were sent under a strong escort to Baghdad to await the orders of the Porte. A third dignitary, the chief instigator of the plot, has since been seized and confined, and the names of a dozen others are recorded, and their movements are closely watched by the police.

"Both the English and the French consuls think that we Americans have had as narrow an escape as they themselves; and though they have no special fear that any further attempt will be made to produce a riot, they have deemed it best to use their influence at Constantinople to secure the removal of the inefficient pasha, who, but a short time since, received from the Sultan the title of Beglar Bey, or Lord of Lords. There is little doubt that the dignitaries, who have thus twice set the city in an uproar, will find honorable exile with such worthies as Beder Khan Bey. It is a matter for devout thanksgiving to God, that he has permitted us to pursue our labors unmolested in the midst of these late excitements."

Two letters on missions, which were written by Dr. Lobdell in the summer of 1854, well deserve a place in this memoir, and would be inserted entire, but for the press of other matter. The first is addressed to the editor of the New York Tribune, and was designed as a defence of Christian missions against an unfavorable, though not intentionally unfriendly remark of Bayard Taylor in reference to missions in India, who, while "testifying to the zeal and faithfulness of those who labor in the cause," still had "not witnessed any results which satisfied him that the vast expenditure of money, talent, and life, in missionary enterprises, had ever been repaid." Waiving the consideration of spiritual and religious results in a secular journal, Dr. Lobdell examines the subject in a purely social, political, and economical light, and comparing the expenditures and results of the Sandwich Islands mission with those of the United States exploring expedition, and the outlays and achievements of the missions to Turkey, India, and China, with those of European governments in the same countries, he shows that the former have been incomparably more economical than the latter; that, in fact, no other expenditures of money, and talent, and life, whether in the improvement of government and society at home, or in extending knowledge and civilization in foreign lands, have been so fruitful of beneficent results — results to commerce and civilization, to geography and history, to literature and science, to humanity and philanthropy, to say nothing of religion, as those of Christian missions. "If any body needs instruction," he argues in conclusion, "it is surely the pagan; and few indeed are the men who have engaged in the work, that have not found it full of promise for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come. They have seen their people put whitewash on their mud houses, clean their floors.

observe order and neatness at home and abroad, practice temperance and all the Christian virtues themselves, and teach them to their children. They have seen a taste for knowledge spread all around them; they have seen idols and superstitious rites give place to Christ, and have almost invariably found it good to be a missionary."

The other letter is addressed to the Society of Inquiry in the Theological Seminary at Andover, in which he says that he considers the doctrine as established, that at the present time "every able-bodied, energetic, devoted, hopeful foreign missionary accomplishes more good than he possibly could in America. The good he secures, is not confined to the number of converts under his ministry; but he lays the foundation of a glorious temple, destined to embrace the entire population among whom he dwells." After adverting to facts in the history of missions in Turkey, Persia, India, China, and the islands of the sea, which illustrate and establish this proposition, he says, "Just as soon as the church began to obey the Saviour's command to go and preach the gospel to every creature, God opened the way; and the false systems of ages are disappearing. It remains for the church to say, whether the work shall be completed soon, or after some ages." He then goes on to speak of the happiness of the missionary life, the high preference which every missionary entertains for his own field over the most exalted post of usefulness in America, the great demand for more laborers, especially in western Asia, and the crushing weight of duties and responsibilities which are devolved upon those who are in the field, because the harvest is so great and so ripe, and the laborers are so few. "I have just written to Dr. Anderson," he says, "proposing next summer to go temporarily to Asheta, if the committee will send out a family to accompany me thither, and meet Mr. Rhea, who is anxious to come from Gawar. If I leave to spend my summers there, Mosul will be left weak. Indeed, I may say almost every station of our Board is suffering from debility — a debility which implies guilt somewhere. Here is found the secret of the shortness of missionary life! I am often exhorted by friends in America not to commit suicide by over-work. But one must be an extreme *conservative*, if he would keep quiet when there is such a call for labor — such a scarcity of the word of life.

"Come, then, brethren, to *our* aid, three of you at least. We will give you a warm welcome, and assure you, that however hard the field, if you have the true missionary spirit, you will bless God for the *privilege* of cultivating it. The best gift which Andover can this year make to the church, is a *large majority of her graduating class to the service of the American Board*."

Dr. Lobdell's letters to the members of the Nestorian mission at this time, show his deep interest in the missionary circular protesting against American slavery. He thought that Christian consistency demanded of the missionary who testified against oppression and heathenism abroad, that he should testify against oppression and heathenism at home; that Christian patriotism required him, to the extent of his influence, to wipe away the one foul blot that sullied his country's good name in the eyes of foreign nations; and that Christian manliness forbade his submission to the silence which some would enforce upon him because he was a missionary. "I can not get over the impression," he says, "that the missionary is a *man*, and that, while among men, he ought to *speak like a man*."

The leisure hours, or rather the spare moments of the summer, his least busy season, Dr. Lobdell improved, as usual, and made them tributary to the cause of letters. He wrote at this time the notes on the Anabasis of Xenophon, which appeared as an article in the Bibliotheca Sacra for April, 1857. Beginning at the site of ancient Nineveh, he traverses the whole field of the exploits of the Ten Thousand Greeks, describes the ruined cities, explores the antiquities, elucidates the geography and topography, illustrates the arms, costumes, customs, and manners of the people, which, like the face of the country and the mounds, have remained almost without change since the days of Xenophon, and explains the modes of travel, measures of distance, and ways of crossing streams, which are the same now as they were in the time of the Assyrian kings — in short, explains local allusions and illustrates whatever admits of illustration by personal knowledge of that great Mesopotamian valley and those lofty Koordish mountains, which were the principal theater of the events recorded in the Anabasis. The notes were the result of his own observations and reflections on the ground; and they are, if not a new, yet an original and valuable contribution to the right understanding and appreciation of that favorite classic. The reader will get some idea of the circumstances under which this article was written, and also of the freshness, playfulness, and versatility of the writer, by putting together two paragraphs of a letter to his brother, which was written at the same time with the article. "Oh for a piece of maple sugar! Oh for an ice cream! 'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of *shade*,' in these tremendous heats! The mercury rises daily to 110° or more, and at night only gets down to 85° or 90°. At sunset it is generally about 100°."

'There is no difference between the ancient *parasang* and the modern *fursakh*. Both are measures of time, and are equal to an *hour*, which, though differing with the animal, is usually about *three miles*. I am writing some notes on Xenophon — perhaps for my friend Gay, of Charlestown; he is getting out an edition of the Anabasis."

In a note which accompanied the manuscript, and which was dated at Mosul, Aug. 14th, 1854, he says: "While I was getting up from my attack of fever and ague last winter, I amused myself with running through the Anabasis of our favorite Xenophon. You see I have taken the liberty to send you some notes on that part of the book referring to this section. I place the MS. at your disposal, only wishing it were more worthy of the attention of a professor of Greek. I do not feel sure that it is worth publication in full, but if it will benefit any one, you will, perhaps, be able to place it within his reach. Pray, at least, allow it to be a feeble expression of my personal regard, and an apology for a brief reply to your last letter. If my missionary duties allowed of my perusing with care the Cyropædia, I might find some passages, perhaps, easily illuminated; but it is only an occasional moment that can be spared for such a diversion."

In his journey over that oldest portion of the old world, Dr. Lobdell could not but gather up facts and thoughts touching language and races, as well as geography and antiquities, which were worthy of preservation. These, for the most part, he transmitted to the American Oriental Society, of which he was chosen a corresponding member in May, 1854; and the results of his observations have appeared from time to time in the columns of the Society's published journal. Besides these more solid matters, he sent to the Society some curiosities in literature;* also coins, cylinders, and other relics of antiquity, which he had collected. Of the estimation in which his correspondence was held, and the hopes that were excited of valuable contributions in future, the following extracts of letters from Professors Salisbury and Whitney will furnish the best evidence. Writing to Dr. Lobdell's father soon after the death of his son, Prof. Salisbury says: "In reply to yours of the 2d, I send you now, three manuscript letters of the late Dr. Lobdell, and a copy of one in print, included in volume 4, No. 2, of the Journal of the American Oriental Society. There are other and later letters from your much lamented son in my hands; but which I retain, having need of them, in order to make extracts from them for the next number of the Journal. I shall be happy to send these, also, to you hereafter. . . . . .

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*Among the rest, a specimen of Moslem genealogy, in which are enrolled several sons of Adam not found in the Bible; a list of pashas of Mosul for two centuries past; a pilgrim's prayer at Nahum's tomb, in Hebrew, &c.

"The Journal of Observations on a tour in Koordistan has been received, and will be published, in part, in a future number of our Journal. I can not now let the MS. go out of my hands.

"This opportunity must not pass without my expressing to you the deep regret which I felt at the death of your son. An interesting correspondence with him, in behalf of the Oriental Society, had been established, which gave promise of being increasingly valuable; and in my last letter to him, which he did not live to receive, I had authorized him to purchase for me some relics of antiquity, which I hoped would prove a valuable accession to our materials of knowledge. But he fell in the best cause, and his acquisitions and abilities are not lost — only transferred to a higher sphere of action."

After giving a somewhat fuller account of Dr. Lobdell's contributions, Prof. Whitney, who writes in 1857, says: "The character of the loss sustained by the Society, and by the learned world, by the death of Dr. Lobdell, is not at all to be measured by what he had done, but by what there was reason to expect that he would do. And certainly he gave promise of very great efficiency and usefulness in the cause of science as well as missions. The Society has hardly had a correspondent among our missionaries, who commenced so heartily and actively, and from whom it had more reason to expect a series of valuable communications. His interest in behalf of knowledge, his zeal and energy in promoting it, were quite unusual. With so much ability and devotedness, he could not have failed, had his life been spared, to accomplish very much in every department of his work; and it was and is a matter of deep and sincere regret to the Society, for itself and for the world, that he was cut off almost at the commencement of a career which promised to be so useful and honorable."

But there was no study to Dr. Lobdell like the study of theology; no profession or practice like the preaching of the gospel. "Your theological instructions," he writes to Mr. Stoddard, "must be profitable as well to yourself as to your pupils. It is above all sciences — this theology. I can hardly content myself with my knife and pills, when such a theme for thought and discourse is present as God. . . . I am sure, I never should have practiced medicine in America. The Bible — God — what subjects for study! Well, the great truths of the Word can be our contemplation in eternity. Our labor is here, our rest hereafter. Here we get glimpses of the truth; in heaven we shall see its full-orbed glory."

CHAPTER XVII.

Extracts from Journal — Contributions by Missionaries to the Advancement of Learning — Dr. Judson — Dr. Perkins — Health Station at Deira — Dr. Lobdell's Journey thither — Establishment of a Seminary at Mosul — The Education Question — Disturbed State of the Country — Yezdinshir Bey — Siege of Jezireh — Protestant Cemetery — Demolition of the Wall at the Instigation of the Papists — Action of the Board on Slavery — Combination to drive away the Missionaries — Archbishop Behnam — Scarlet Fever — Potatoes in Mosul — Letter written at Nimrood — Sculptures, Coins, and other Relics of Antiquity — The Nineveh Gallery at Amherst — Bible Illustrations.

As we have now come to the last volume of Dr. Lobdell's journal, the reader will perhaps be pleased to see some more consecutive extracts from its pages. It is only a small portion of each day's record, that can be copied, and the selections of course can have but little connection, except that they follow each other in the order of time. The passages are chosen partly with reference to the intrinsic value of the matter contained in them, and partly as peculiarly characteristic of the sentiments and spirit of the writer. These, together with portions of letters written within the same period, will bring our narrative down to the time of Dr. Lobdell's journey to Baghdad and Babylon, which shortly preceded his death.

"Monday, Aug. 21st, 1854. Began to write out the notes of my tour to Tabreez, made more than a year ago! A crowd of Moslems in. We discussed the advantages and disadvantages of freedom in religion. They said, 'We are bound by the Koran to kill a false disciple; freedom is impossible to us. Let every one remain in the sect God put him in.' They complained that we seemed to be trying to make Christians of Moslems — a thing impossible. Then why their fear?

"22d. Tues. Out visiting patients till the heat was too great for my weak head. What suffering the sick here endure for want of care!

"23d. Wrote E. E. Bliss with our circular on slavery to get signatures of Armenian and Jewish missions. Also a note of condolence to Mr. Nutting of Aintab. Messrs. Oakley (the traveler) and Boutcher (who sketches for Mr. Loftus) spent most of the afternoon with me. Discussed Arabic, antiques, habits of people, state of Nestorians, extent of Nineveh, &c. New sculptures turning up at Koyunjik. A lion hunt in boats!

"26th. Spent most of the forenoon discussing the question of the credibility of the gospels with a lot of Jews. They saw they were unable to demonstrate the credibility of Moses, any clearer than I could that of Christ. Their only mode of proof was by quoting from the Hebrew Scriptures, not dreaming that any body could question their authenticity. Credulity is here what skepticism is in Germany. The true spirit of religion is lost. When shall it be restored?

"28th. Wrote *Tribune* touching matters on the Persian and Turkish frontier. Drew a map of my route to Akra, which is northeast by east from Mosul, and distant fifty-eight miles.

"29th. An Armenian apothecary called to-day with a lot of seals, cylinders, and coins, which he obtained at Kerkuk. Some were quite valuable. Some had Semitic characters on them, if Layard is right in calling those on page 606 of his Nineveh and Babylon such. If I were authorized to give a good price for these antiques, I could procure a better set than has been published by Layard. Rare coins — gold, silver, and copper — are often brought me; but I am unable to buy them. They thus go to Paris or London.*

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* Dr. Lobdell wrote to the Smithsonian Institution, the Boston Athenæum, and several of the professors in American colleges, endeavoring to awaken in them something of his own *patriotic*, as well as antiquarian zeal in this matter.

"Sept. 2d. Jews in, who declared that as we allow women to pray, we are opposed to the Old Testament. They never allow a woman to pray. She can go to the synagogue, and look at the Scriptures; and that is all.

"4th. A passage in Dr. Wayland's Memoir of Dr. Judson,* giving it as the opinion of the latter, that a missionary should not allow himself to pursue science or literature, even as a *recreation*, troubles me much. Is it, or is it not a correct principle? It seems to me *extreme* ground, but I must try to satisfy my mind on the question. I surely wish to act now for eternity, and to labor so as most to glorify God. I do not mean to let my writing interfere with my regular Arabic and Syriac studies, nor ever to prevent my talking to sinners when they call. What should I do? Can I, or can I not serve God by writing an occasional article on the topics of interest in this quarter, with which I am better acquainted than any body at a distance can be? May I be guided in this matter by the will of the Lord."

This question recurs frequently in Dr. Lobdell's journal and letters at this time. He had made it a subject of prayerful consideration before; the memoir of Dr. Judson brought it up afresh. On a subsequent page of his journal, he quotes the authority of Dr. Perkins on the other side.† He corresponded on the subject with Dr. Perkins and Mr. Stoddard; also, with friends and acquaintances in the United States, in whose judgment he reposed confidence. He investigated the whole matter anew, with all the light he could derive from whatever source, and with the most sincere and earnest desire to know and do his duty, whatever it might be. And though he greatly admired Dr. Judson's singleness of aim, and, under the influence of his example, resolved to write *fewer* letters, read *fewer* papers, and devote himself *more* assiduously to the perfect mastery of the Arabic, and to direct efforts for the conversion of men; still he never could see it to be his duty, or the duty of the missionary in general, to renounce such incidental services to the cause of literature and science, as, in the providence of God, fell in his way, and could be performed without interfering with other duties. "My present impression is," he says in a letter to Mr. Stoddard, dated Sept. 25th, 1854, "that missionaries ought to do something for science and literature, and every missionary must himself be the judge of the extent to which he may rightfully proceed." If Dr. Lobdell would or could have *rested* while he was writing some of his letters for the edification of his friends, or for the advancement of learning, it might perhaps have been better; but if he had not allowed himself those recreations, he would have been engaged in more exhausting missionary labors, and would have worn out or burned out sooner than he did. At the very time when he seems to others to have been only too earnest and incessant in his labors, only too like a self-consuming flame of fire in his zeal, he complains of himself in such terms as these: "I am too insensible of the danger of the people around me. They *are*, they ARE rushing on to destruction! Oh! let me lay aside all letter writing, all journalizing, all studies, all papers, that interfere with my faithfulness to their poor souls. May God help me to be more like Christ!"

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* Vol. I. p. 162.

† Residence in Persia, p. 395.

Missionaries, like other men, are differently constituted, both physically and mentally; and as no one man in other walks of life can be made a rule for all other men, so no one missionary should be set up as a standard for all other missionaries. The cause of missions would have lost much in public estimation at home, and in usefulness abroad, if it had not been served by a Carey and a Morrison, as well as by a Judson; by an Eli Smith, as well as by a Pliny Fiske; by a Lobdell and a Stoddard, who could not refrain from studying the earth and the stars with the eyes which God had given them—as well as by the many good missionaries, whose circumstances and gifts and graces led them to spend all their time in the preaching of the gospel.

"Sept. 8th. I feel very unwell—have a severe pain in my right side—pleuritic. Oh, how frail is man! Who can tell what will be the result of even so slight an attack as mine. But I do not know by what imprudence I brought it on, and I am only desirous that the Lord's will be done with me. I say this from my very soul.

"12th. Mary still sick, and *worse*—a sort of croup. What a blow it would be if she should be taken from us. I love her exceedingly. It is, nevertheless, good to be afflicted; and I hope I shall gradually rise above the world. I know I shall not without affliction.

"19th. Hard night—intense pain. Mr. Williams down with fever, also. One of his children and both of mine ill. Shall I get away to Asheeta the first week of October? This is a sad world; but I never mean to be melancholy in it; this would be sinful.

"20th. The Chaldeans, Jacobites, and Nestorians begin the year twelve days later than the Syrians and Franks; that is, they use the old style. The Nestorians generally use the Alexandrian era in all their writings, political and ecclesiastical. The Jacobites use the Alexandrian era in ecclesiastical matters, though in civil affairs they date from the Christian era. The Armenians use the Moslem era; and so do some of the other Christian sects in epistolary correspondence, notes of hand, &c.

"21st. At our business meeting to-day, I was appointed to write a tract for Moslems. This will be a bold step; but I can not see why I should not preach the whole gospel to them, and ask liberty of no man. Great crowd at my dispensary. A Christian came in sick, having fled home from Arbeel, where he had been at work for the mutsellim, whose soldiers shook their daggers at him for presuming to demand his wages.

"22d. My mussulman teacher has great objection to interpreting the Koran as I read, as it is God's word, and he fears he shall give a wrong meaning to it. Might not the ruthless Germans learn a lesson from the reverent Moslems? Might not the southern slaveholder learn mercy from the Koran, which requires an enemy captured in battle and held as a slave, if he can read, has a *book*, as soon as he becomes a Moslem, to be set at liberty.

"Mr. Williams and I called on Daoud ibn Antone, the builder. We found that not one in the family understood the meaning of a single sentence in the Lord's Prayer, except 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' and 'Give us this day our daily bread.' The ecclesiastics never expound the Liturgy, and the Lord's Prayer is a part of it. We tried to show them that they might as well nail their prayers to a windmill, as some of the heathen do, or fasten them behind a mule turning a gristmill, and then sit down and smoke, as to repeat words in prayer to which they attached no meaning.

"28th. Long talks with Loftus and Boutcher at Brother Williams's. All of us think Jebel Judi is the Ararat of Scripture; so does Rawlinson."

The Prudential Committee having authorized the establishment of a health station in the mountains, Dr. Lobdell left Mosul for this purpose on the 3d of October. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh accompanied him as far as Sheikh Adi, to witness the annual festival of the Yezidees. Jeremiah went with him the whole distance. The first night they spent in the mud palace of the French consul at Khorsabad. The second night they reached Sheikh Adi, where they passed the next day (October 5th) taking daguerreotypes of Sheikh Nasir and Hussein Bey, and obtaining some more definite ideas of the religion of the Yezidees. On the 6th they went on their journey, nine hours, to the Koordish town of Spindaro. On the 7th, seven hours to the Nestorian village of Bebada. The 8th

(Sabbath) they spent at Sim, attending the church service, and having their attention particularly attracted to the *kera* or mountain variety of Jonah's gourd.* October 9th brought them to the mutsellim's at Amadieh, and thence to the Nestorian village of Mar Odesho (Saint-Servant of Christ), or, as the Koords call it, Deira, which is two hours beyond Amadieh. Here Dr. Lobdell selected a site and made arrangements for building; and, leaving Jeremiah to superintend the construction, returned by Amadieh, Aithootha, and Al-Kosh (where he paid a visit to the tomb of the Prophet Nahum) to Mosul, where he arrived on the 13th, having been that day thirteen hours and a half in the saddle.

In a letter addressed to Dr. Pomroy after the arrangements were completed, he thus speaks of the mission premises, of the field for missionary labor, and of the reasons for its selection: "Three rooms have been constructed for a summer retreat. They are on ground leased by the agents of the saint, who, though in heaven, is supposed to be present a good part of the time in the church, which bears his name, and which also gives name to the village. To these, if the state of the country will permit, two of our families intend to resort next summer, not expecting, indeed, to find the place as cool as Asheeta, but yet much more comfortable than Mosul. It was not deemed prudent to attempt a residence at Asheeta.† The near proximity of Deira to Amadieh, where resides a friendly mutsellim, appointed by the pasha of Mosul, promised much greater security from the nomadic Koords. It is hoped, that, having gained a foothold at this point, it will not be difficult for missionaries to enter Tiyari and Tekhoma, the chief centers of the remaining population of the mountain Nestorians. The distance of Deira from

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* See p. 258.

† Asheeta, the reader will remember, was Dr. Grant's station. It is described at p. 258, of his memoir.

Mosul is about seventy miles. It can be traveled by mules in four days. The village is small; but all the inhabitants are anxious that we should go there, as the papists are making great exertions to bring them and their fellow-Nestorians under the iron heel of the Pope.

"We hope, that as soon as may be, the Committee will designate two missionary families to that neighborhood. They might reside at Deira in summer, and at Amadieh in winter. There can be no doubt that self-denying labor here will accomplish great good for the mountain flock of the deluded patriarch. Shall these poor Christians stretch forth their hands to America in vain? Too long has the church disregarded their entreaties, too long have the bones of Dr. Grant lain mouldering, since, from their rugged mountain tops, he eloquently pleaded their cause."

Simultaneously with the appropriation for a health station, the missionaries of Mosul were authorized to open a seminary for higher instruction. The strong ground taken by Dr. Judson and his biographer, against education, and in favor of preaching by missionaries, led Dr. Lobdell to a reconsideration of the whole subject. He discussed it with his colleagues; he corresponded with his missionary brethren at other stations. He studied the report of the missions in India, and came to the conclusion, that there a great amount of money had been wasted by some societies, in mere secular education. The missionaries at Mosul, who had refused to administer medicines to the sick at the dispensary, except in connection with the preaching of the way of salvation through faith in Christ, would not be very likely to fall into this error. They were unanimous in the opinion, that the funds of the mission could be properly employed in sustaining such schools only, as could be brought under a decidedly Christian influence, by direct religious instruction, and in which the Bible was a principal text-book. At the same time, they agreed in attaching no small importance to Christian schools and seminaries, as auxiliaries in the work of Christian missions. In the language of Dr. Lobdell, they thought "schools *and* preaching better than preaching alone;" and they were convinced that "the amount necessary to sustain a seminary (on a small scale at first), at Mosul, would do more service than if spread among the people directly." Accordingly, Mr. Williams commenced the instruction of four young men, who were expected to form the nucleus of a seminary.

This question, of education as related to missions, which has been discussed with so much zeal and ability, in the churches at home as well as among the missionaries, — like that to which we have before adverted, the duty of missionaries in regard to contributions to the advancement of learning, — does not admit of a universal answer. It is chiefly a question of time and circumstances. At the proper time and place, Christian schools and colleges are quite as essential to the progress and permanence of Christianity among Pagans, and Mohammedans, and deluded Christians, as in any part of Protestant Christendom. Of the time and place, the missionaries are, of course, the best judges. But that American Christians, who have just been awakened to a new conviction of the unspeakable value of Christian colleges to all their own social, political, and religious institutions, will renounce the *principle* of education in their missions, — that they, who have recently begun to open their purses freely for the support of Christian colleges and seminaries at home, will be unwilling to aid similar institutions abroad, when in the opinion of the missionaries, they are needed to perpetuate a learned and godly ministry, or an intelligent and pious laity, — to believe this were a reflection at once upon their consistency, their intelligence, and their liberality.

The members of the Assyrian mission were greatly cheered, at this time, by the arrival of an English consul at Diarbekr. But about the same time, they were under the reluctant necessity of closing the schools which they had opened at Nahrwan, Jezireh, and Azuk, because of the disturbed state of the country, which Dr. Lobdell thus describes, in his letter of Dec. 15th, to Dr. Pomroy: "Yezdinshir Bey, a son of Mir Saif ed Din, the Abasside, from whom Beder Khan Bey, his brother, wrested the chieftainship of the Koords about Jezireh some years ago, is now in rebellion, and it is likely that his example will be followed by other chiefs, so that all the forces of Koordistan may soon be organized against the Turks. Since the defeat of Beder Khan Bey by Omar Pasha, at Deir Guleh, and his banishment by the Porte to Candia, this nephew of his, Yezdinshir Bey, has been confined in Mosul, though not so confined as to prevent our receiving frequent visits from him. His character may be known from the remark he once made to me, that he would like to drink the blood of every Yezidee, Jew, and Christian, excepting his particular friends, such as myself.* A short time since, he received permission from the government to organize five thousand Koords, and conduct them to Anatolia. He arrived at Jezireh with a part of them, and there, under pretense of rectifying certain disorders, created by the Turkish governor and council, and Suleiman Bey, the chief of the irregular cavalry, he commanded three members of the *mejlis* to be beaten to death with clubs, and then proclaimed himself governor. Osman Pasha, from Mardin, gathered a large force of mounted Arabs and Albanians, and a few hundred Nizam at Zakho, on the Assyrian Khabour, preparatory to an attack on the Koords. Before leaving Zakho, they were themselves attacked by Mansur Bey, a brother of the rebel, but succeeded in putting the assailants to flight. After the usual Turkish delays, Osman Pasha put his forces in motion, and undertook the siege of Jezireh. Mr. J. H. McCoan, a correspondent of the London Daily News, who had been robbed while traveling with the post from Mosul towards Constantinople,* and who was forced to flee to the Turkish camp, gave us, on his return here, a full account of the attack and defense. It is evident that the Koords were much the braver there, whatever they may have been in battle with the Russians at Kars and Bayazid. The Turks numbered about five thousand men. It is uncertain what number of Koords were in the town. All the wealthy Christians fled, as soon as they heard of the usurpation. The siege, as narrated to us by our Irish friend, was a ludicrous affair. He saw only eight men killed, after a fight of three days. The besiegers had four cannon, but they could not *hit* the *town*, and after many ineffectual attempts, were fain to give up the effort. Mr. McCoan persuaded them to let him try. Under his direction, they succeeded in killing a buffalo inside the city, and perhaps two men! At length he was so successful as to strike with a ball a minaret, and one of the gates in the city wall; and these were considered such marks of valor and skill, that the pasha yielded to his request, and furnished him a guard back to Mosul. The town, of course, was not taken. Attempts were made, in vain, to induce the rebel to return to Mosul, a safe conduct being promised him by the authorities. Osman Pasha's forces, at length, scattered away, and he himself retreated to Mardin.

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* See an illustration of the bigotry of this same Bey at p. 324.

"Meanwhile, Yezdinshir Bey, leaving the command of Jezireh to his brother, is reported to have taken Sert, and to have given Zakho to the son of Said Bey, whom

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* This post went under an escort of a hundred soldiers. Mr. McCoan was robbed of all his MSS., pistols, and other baggage. The mail also was robbed. The missionaries, — or their friends, — lost many letters. Fortunately, through fear, a large amount of money and pearls, which were to have been sent by the pasha and the merchants to Constantinople, were detained for a safer opportunity.

Beder Khan Bey killed, as a rival, about the time of the first Nestorian massacre. Naamet Agha, chief of the Zibar Koords, who robbed Dr. Bacon's party in 1851, and Alamet Effendi, of Amadieh, are marching their retainers, professedly, to the aid of the government; but lest their aid should prove opposition, a detachment of the troops in Mosul are now on their way with cannon to the castle of Amadieh. We wait with much interest, though with no particular anxiety, to see whereunto these things will grow.

"The Arabs are plundering, *ad libitum*, between Busrah and Baghdad, coming up even to the gates of the latter city. Communication is irregular and insecure in all directions. Our last Constantinople post, due here Nov. 23d, was delayed twenty days. That due on the 7th of December will probably be delayed quite as long, as not only the Koords are troublesome, but also the Shammar Arabs. The last post for Constantinople was obliged to pass through the desert, instead of taking the usual route on the east bank of the Tigris. Even then it was forced to stop at Tel Afr, two days from Mosul, for fear of the Arabs. The preceding post, as I have already said, was robbed by the Koords. We have advised Ishak and Moshiel, the deacons sent to preach in Bootan by our Oroomiah brethren, to keep away from that region while the country is in so disturbed a state.

"The dignitaries who plotted a rebellion here last summer have, for the most part, been banished to different parts of the empire. We pursue our work in the city without interruption from the political troubles that agitate the land; and we have so much reason to hope that the desert and the mountains will before long be safe for travelers and missionaries, that we have no hesitation in urging you to send out men as fast as you can, for the field is white to the harvest.

"It becomes our duty to notice a late dastardly act instigated by our papal enemies. It will be remembered that we were compelled to lay the remains of Mrs. Williams, last July, in the potter's field, as she died outside of the city gates, and an ancient superstition forbids the dead to be brought into the town. A child of Mr. Marsh was soon after laid by her side. We naturally began to feel the necessity of providing for ourselves a cemetery. As the American friends of those pioneer missionaries, who were buried in the Jacobite and Papal churches, had contributed a considerable sum to purchase and enclose a burial ground for the Protestants, we at first procured a piece of ground within the city walls, but it seemed best at length to dispose of this and obtain another outside of the city, that our dead might lie together.* Hence we procured, in the name of a papal Syrian, a plot eighty feet square, a mile beyond the city walls, and far beyond all the Moslem burial grounds, aiming to avoid every thing that could possibly offend the prejudices of any. A slight wall was erected around it, and about the first of November we removed to it, and buried in the following order, near the western wall, the remains of Henry Marsh, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Hinsdale and child, Mrs. Laurie, Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. Grant.

"For a whole month not a whisper of dissatisfaction was heard from any one, though our proceedings were all open, and the cemetery was in sight from the barracks and parade ground before the pasha's palace. Our first opposition came in the shape of a complaint from the pasha to the English consul, by whose advice we had built the wall and made the interments. We therefore wrote in reply to the pasha's complaint, that, if in removing the

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*The native Protestants were averse to burying without the walls, like *Mohammedans* and *heathens*. The missionaries preferred a cemetery outside. But they had yielded their preference. The papists, however, did every thing in their power to drive them from the burial ground which they purchased within the walls. And when, in the providence of God, their dead could not all be laid there, they gave it up, and went outside the city.

remains of our friends to the cemetery, we had violated any statute of the realm, (for being strangers we could not be supposed to be acquainted with the whole Turkish code), we desired the assistance of His Excellency so to represent our case to the Sublime Porte, that we might obtain, through the clemency of His Majesty the Sultan, license to retain the piece of ground which we had enclosed. We remarked that we are, like others, heirs of death, and that since His Majesty the Sultan had graciously given us permission to reside within his dominions, it followed, as a necessity, that we needed a place to bury our dead.

"The pasha having intimated his intention to refer the case to Constantinople, we caused the men who were delivering tombstones to suspend their labor. We were therefore greatly surprised to learn, soon after the last mail for Stamboul was closed, that the pasha had seized the innocent Syrian who procured the field for us from a prominent member of the Council, imprisoned him, and declared the contract null, on the ground that the Sultan's land can not be sold, though similar cases of sale are continually occurring throughout Turkey. The poor man was forced to receive back the price of the field, and give orders for the wall around it to be knocked down. The deed was done, and the stones at the graves were pulled up and scattered!

"The report is circulating that we are about to be driven out of Mosul. Still we believe that our work was never before so prosperous as it is this day. So long as we can visit from house to house, enlarge our schools, and preach to an audience of eighty persons daily, we surely have no reason to murmur at the persecutions of those who know not what they do.

"I can not close my letter without alluding to the great joy we all felt on the receipt of your letter, informing us of the action of the Board at Hartford, on the momentous subject of slavery. We had many fears that the silence of the Board on that subject would greatly injure its efficiency."

Every day developed new evidence of a continued and desperate effort to crush the Protestant cause. At a council of the dignitaries of the Chaldean church, it was resolved to raise contributions for the express purpose of inducing the Protestants, by bribes and promises, to return to their old communions. A document from the Pope was read in the papal churches requiring the faithful to pray for the success of their Christian Majesties against the Russians, for the speedy establishment of peace, and *that the American missionaries may be expelled* from Turkey.

The rulers of all the Christian sects united in a renewed petition to the Porte to forbid the rating of Protestants, like other sects, at fifty piastres a house. The Jacobite, who built the house for the missionaries at Deira, before he was allowed to take a wife, was obliged to give bonds in the sum of five thousand piastres, that he would not turn Protestant. And when Jeremiah, as *wakeel* or head of the Protestant community, went to the pasha, to enroll, as usual, the names of certain persons who were desirous of becoming Protestants, instead of receiving him respectfully as aforetime, the pasha began to heap insults upon him, charging him with being the cause of continual complaints from all the Christian sects, a brawler and unclean; and he then ordered him never to come into his presence again, under penalty of being banished from Mosul. The missionaries, of course, took suitable measures to secure their rights by representing their grievances at Constantinople. But so far from being alarmed or disheartened, they thanked God and took courage, seeing in this combined opposition a proof that the leaven of the gospel was working powerfully, and fully believing that it would be overruled for good. And, in the face of opposition and prohibition, they did, in fact, enjoy more access to the people and even to the ecclesiastics, than they had ever had before.

Having received from the archbishop of the Jacobites a semi-official intimation that he desired to contrive some "plan of union," they offered to coöperate with him in reforming the abuses of his church, provided he would discontinue the use of a dead language (Syriac) in the church service, preach the pure gospel, cease to countenance prayers for the dead, prayers to saints and to the Virgin, auricular confession, the pretense of the real presence in the Eucharist, and, in general, all practices contrary to the Word of God. They offered to open two schools for the Jacobites, on condition that only Arabic should be taught in them, that the Scriptures should be the basis of all the religious instruction given, that the text-books of the mission should be used, that they should have a voice in the selection of teachers, and have so much personal connection with the schools as to be sure that the conditions were complied with. These terms were considered too hard by the archbishop, and, as the mission had no others to offer, the negotiation ceased.

At the festival of Mar Elias, at an old convent a short distance from the city, Dr. Lobdell, being present, was obliged to take the highest seat at the services, and to dine with the priests; and he was invited to discuss religious topics, as he would not have been two years before.

The scarlet fever raging very violently at Mosul in the autumn of 1854, — a new disease there, and exciting for that reason no small alarm — gave the Doctor unusual access to all sects and all classes of the people. Accompanied often by one of his missionary brethren, he went from house to house, and found an open door for the preaching of the truth as well as the administering of medicines.

In the last chapter, we saw Dr. Lobdell longing with all a boy's fondness, and expressing his desire with all a boy's frankness, for those luxuries of his own New England — ice cream and maple sugar. We now find him rejoicing over the arrival of an article that smacked scarcely less of America — several mule-loads of potatoes, from Oroomiah; and ordering another cargo from the same source for his friend Loftus at Koyunjik.

Passing over the major part, both of the journal and letters of this period, in which there is the usual variety amid uniformity — the same routine of daily preaching and teaching at the dispensary, in the study and from house to house, with an endless diversity in the number, character, and condition of the bodily and spiritual patients, and an occasional sprinkling of talks with English antiquarians, rides to Koyunjik, study of the geology of the country,* examination and purchase of coins, &c., &c. — a letter to his brother takes us to, or rather finds us at Nimrood, where the letter was written December 29th, 1854:. "While I am waiting here for my men to uncover the slabs, which I am preparing to send to America, I propose to tell you something about my operations. Having written so far with my lead pencil, I find it best to make use of some ink discovered by the servant of Mr. Loftus in the hut, where I write — the same described so eloquently by Mr. Layard in his first work. It has lately been floored with bricks from the palace of the son of Sardanapalus, and its walls have received a coating of ground gypsum, which, you know, is the stone of the Nineveh sculptures — but few of them are of limestone or sandstone — and with which this part of the valley of the Tigris is bedded. The roof of the establishment is newly covered with reeds and mud; a neat fireplace offers facilities for the consumption of brush from the banks of the Great Zab, which is about two hours distant by gallop; the rough door, with wooden hinges and a gigantic bolt, allows

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*While riding with Capt. Loftus, Dr. Lobdell made the first discovery of the quarries from which the *limestone* blocks at Nimrood were taken. The limestone underlies the gypsum, which is the prevailing formation, and which is the material of the sculptured slabs.

the free circulation of air; a window frame is covered with copies of Galignani's Messenger; and heavy benches stand on the sides of the room, answering the double purpose of seats and beds. My saddle-bags, in which I brought my bedding and cloak, with my saddle and sack of tin dishes and eatables; a long spear, four plank chairs, a few bricks with arrow-headed letters on the sides and ends, and an antique bureau, covered with terra-cotta vases and copper Assyrian ornaments, complete the furniture of the room.

"An adjoining room is nearly filled with antiques — glass, vases of clay, bricks, pieces of marble, and tablets — while great slabs, carved with priestly or divine forms, and glorified kings and eunuchs, stand against the outer walls of the building. The village of Nimrood lies all about it — a dirty, wretched representation of the old Nimrood, or the Larissa, which Xenophon so well describes in his record of the retreat from Cuanaxa. The pyramid he speaks of, occupies the northwest angle of the great mound, where Layard uncovered so many interesting memorials. This is my sixth visit to these ruins, which, you may remember, are on the eastern side of the Tigris, a mile from the river, and about twenty miles, or '*six parasangs*,' from Mosul. If Nebbi Yunus represents Mespila, as I believe it does, Xenophon's measurement of the distance from Larissa was exact.

"But you will ask me why and how I got here so late in December. Well, you should know that now the whole country is becoming green; that not a flake of snow falls here except in the extremest cold weather; that the farmers are now plowing with their wooden plows, drawn by asses, steers, or *steers and asses;* and that I am engaged in superintending the sawing, packing, marking, and forwarding of forty-seven boxes of sculptures — not forty-seven slabs, but twelve, besides a dozen bricks. Six of the slabs are for Dr. Wright, of Oroomiah. The other six are the property of us missionaries at Mosul — two each. Those of Dr. Wright will go to Dartmouth College and the University of Virginia, I expect, and the others will be kept at Mosul, till we get orders for them from America. I believe Dr. Hitchcock requested me to send more to Amherst; but I think the request was made before he received the slabs I sent; and hence I do not feel authorized, exactly, to send them. I intend, however, to send to Amherst, by the caravan that takes Dr. Wright's slabs to the Mediterranean, a box of geological specimens and articles of oriental apparel. I have quite a collection of coins which dervishes brought me, of which I shall some time send a lot to Amherst, and the rest to the Boston Athenæum, the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Salisbury, or some body else!

"My hands are full — perhaps too full — of missionary labor. My antiquarian performances are simply recreation. I would rather talk to such a gathering as I have daily in my study, than to explore antiquities, write a great book, or preach twice a week to a thousand wealthy and fashionable hearers in New York city. This is laboring for eternity. Oh that it may not be in vain! This life seems more than ever a vapor — a flower — a breath."

The successive instalments of sculptures, and the greater part of the coins, cylinders, and bricks, which Dr. Lobdell collected, have reached Amherst, and under the superintendence of Dr. Hitchcock — who has manifested scarcely less interest in these footprints of former generations of men than in the ichnolites of the pre-adamite earth in his cabinet, — and through the liberality of several friends of the college, and especially of Enos Dickinson, Esq., of South Amherst, they have found a fit resting place in the Nineveh Gallery of Amherst College. This room, constructed after the model of some of the smaller rooms in the exhumed Assyrian palaces* — is sixteen feet long, twelve feet wide, lighted from the roof, paved with imitations of Assyrian bricks, paneled to the height of seven or eight feet with slabs from Nimrood, the remainder of the walls covered with copies in stucco of some of the most remarkable of the kings and gods sketched in Layard's works, (among the rest the representation of Sennacherib at the siege of Lachish.) There are, besides, two or three horizontal cases filled with various relics of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquity. The contents of this Museum are classified and described as follows by Mr. Charles Hitchcock, who has interested himself not a little in the arrangement and exhibition, especially of the coins.†

I. Sculptures. Of these, No. 1 is one of the oldest found in the ruins. It is the Nisroch of Scripture, (2d Kings, 19: 37; Isa. 37: 38;) the god of Sennacherib and the Assyrian kings — a small and richly dressed human figure with wings and the head of an eagle, from which, in the Aramæan languages, it derives its name. The whole of the sacred tree is on this specimen.

No. 2 is a two-horned divinity. The figure is seven and a half feet high, with enormous wings upon his shoulders, a basket in his right hand, and in his extended left hand, a cone somewhat like a pineapple. Half of the sacred tree is upon each side of the figure, forming a border. Across the entire breadth of this slab (and also upon the others) and forming a strip eighteen inches wide, the surface is covered with an inscription in cuneiform characters.

No. 3 is a three-horned divinity, which differs from the preceding only in the number of horns. These are quite short and might easily be mistaken for fillets.

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*The rooms, even in the most magnificent palaces, are narrow — generally not wider than the Nineveh Gallery at Amherst.

† For a very neat and accurate catalogue of the coins, the Museum is indebted to the scholarly taste and habits of Prof. Edward Tuckerman, professor of history in the college.

No. 4 represents king Sardanapalus, having a bow in one hand and a censer in the other, as if offering incense upon his return from war. Dr. Lobdell humorously describes this slab as the first *king* ever sent to the United States.

No. 5 is a filleted divinity. The general appearance of this sculpture corresponds with that of the horned divinities, except that his head is covered with fillets, the left hand holds a branch of the sacred tree, and the right hand is lifted up as if in the act of speaking or commanding.

No. 6 is Nisroch — the same as No. 1.

II. Bricks. There are six large bricks, varying in length from twelve to eighteen inches, from the palace of Sardanapalus at Nimrood and from Babylon.

III. Antiques. These consist of a large number of beautiful gems (chalcedony and chameleon) from Mecca and Greece; Babylonian, Sassanian, and Assyrian cylinders (chiefly serpentine, chalcedony, and chameleon;) Sassanian, early Persian, later Persian, Greek, Hebrew, and Cufic seals; alabaster fragments of jars; fragments of a winged bull, one of which contains a fossil shell, the *Pteroceras;* and numerous inscriptions from Babylon, with very many other miscellaneous articles.

IV. Modern miscellaneous articles. Of these there are more than a hundred, consisting of bracelets, shoes, lamps, spoons, pipes, escritoires, &c., all of which are now in use in Mesopotamia.

V. Coins. There are fifteen Greek silver coins, twelve of which (nine tetradrachms and three drachms) were coined by Alexander the Great; thirty-one silver drachms of the Seleucidæ; thirteen Greek copper coins; eighteen silver coins of the Arsacidæ; three of the Sassanidæ, the successors of the Arsacidæ in Persia; sixty-three Roman silver coins, from Vespasian to Alexander Severus; forty-eight Roman copper coins; forty-nine copper coins of the Eastern Empire; eight silver, and two hundred and sixty copper Cufic coins of the old Mohammedan princes; fifteen medallions of brass, having the figures of saints; and two old seal rings: making in all five hundred and twenty-five.

Besides these contributions for the Nineveh Gallery, Dr. Lobdell sent two or three hundred specimens for the geological cabinet, illustrating the tertiary deposits around Mosul, and the other formations in Mesopotamia and the Koordish mountains.

The name of Dr. Lobdell is inscribed, as well it may be, in a conspicuous place in this Museum; and under it might well have been placed the inscription which accompanies the name of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Church in London: "Si vis monumentum, circumspice." Whoever visits the Nineveh Gallery at Amherst, sees all about him a monument at once of Dr. Lobdell's filial affection for his alma mater, and of his zeal and industry in the collection and study of antiquities. Nor was it merely as an antiquarian and a scholar, that he felt an interest in the colossal and majestic forms which guarded the entrances and lined the halls of those old Assyrian palaces. He looked on them also with the eye of a Christian philosopher and a student of the Bible. He beheld them, not with the idolatrous veneration of the ancient Assyrians, nor yet with the iconoclastic fanaticism of the modern Mohammedans, but with the religious awe, mingled with compassion, which an enlightened and candid mind can scarcely refrain from feeling in the presence of objects that have once stirred the deepest and most sacred emotions of the human heart, even though it be a heart that has lost the knowledge of the true God. He saw in them the symbols by which one of the oldest and greatest nations of the earth represented their ideas of religion, of worship, and of God. They reminded him, as they must remind any one who has seen them, or only copies of them, and who is, at the same time, an intelligent and thoughtful reader of the Scriptures, of the cherubim that spread their wings over the mercy seat, of the seraphim of Isaiah, of the living creatures of Ezekiel, and of the beasts, as the word is unhappily translated in our version of the Apocalypse, in which, as in the winged and eagle-headed men, and the winged and human-headed lions and bulls of the Assyrian monuments, all that is swiftest, and strongest, and wisest, and greatest, and best in the creation, is combined to form some imperfect expression of the attributes and agency of the Creator, and which, like all the other types and shadows of the Old Testament, and the "unconscious prophecies" of Christianity, which are not wanting in the heathen world, have all been fulfilled and superseded by the mystery of the Incarnation. When asked to give his interpretation of those majestic forms, he replied that he did not feel competent to give any authoritative exposition of them; but if any one would explain the meaning of the cherubim and the living creatures, he would then explain the signification of the winged, horned, and multiform figures of Assyrian sculpture. He was not sure but the figures with the basket and the cone or the uplifted hand, in the attitude of prayer, or as if making an offering, (which have commonly been supposed to be deities,) were worshipers. The human-headed and winged lions and bulls undoubtedly represented gods. "The sacred vine would seem to symbolize the producing power in nature, and the winged figures in the act of presenting the cone may represent the devotion of the priesthood and instrumentally that of the nation to this power, which is only another way of rendering homage to the Godhead. And perhaps the figures generally symbolize the chief ruling powers, by which God carries on the operations of his natural and providential government."

Mesopotamia and Egypt are the two fountains of biblical history. The patriarchs went out from the former; Moses and the people under him went out from the latter; and the prophets had much to do with both. A full understanding and appreciation of the Old Testament, without an acquaintance with the geography and history of these countries, is impossible. How many volumes of idle whims and fanciful conjectures in the interpretation of prophecy, especially of Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Revelation, might have been spared, if commentators had only been able to see these books in the light of the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments. Reading the Scriptures in this light, which the providence of God has so remarkably shed upon them in our day, we not only see perpetual demonstrations of their genuineness and authenticity, but in every book we behold with wonder and delight, how it is at once the book of man and the book of God — how the body is of the earth, but the spirit is from heaven — how the Bible has taken a form and coloring from the countries where the several books were written, and yet it has never in any instance borrowed the errors or imbibed the spirit of the idolatrous nations of antiquity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tour to Baghdad and Babylon — Voyage down the Tigris — Kalah Sherghat — Tekrit — Birth place of Saladin — Samarah — A gorgeous Sunset — Palms and Pomegranates — Post — Baghdad — Col. Rawlinson — The Residency — Climate — English Hospitality — Mr. Bruhl — Prof. Petermann — M. Fresnel — The Belgian Colonel — Aleppo Button — Circular Boats — Ride to Babylon — Canals and Khans — The Count — The Pasha — Babel — Birs Nimrood — Coffins and Tombs — Theory of Babylon — Pilgrimage to Kazmain — Jewish Hospital — Visit to the Pasha — Arrival of Mr. Murray — The Steamer — Sunday Levee — Interview with the Ambassador — Return by post to Mosul.

The Nestorian mission was brought by the war into circumstances of trial and danger. Its success had already awakened, in some measure, the fanaticism of the Moslems and the jealousy of the Persian government. And now Russian influence was arrayed against it, with all its hostility to liberty and evangelical Christianity, inflamed by hatred to England and to those who enjoyed English sympathy and protection. Severe restrictions were accordingly laid upon the mission, especially in the educational department, which seems to have been the object of especial dislike and dread; and these restrictions, it was feared, might be only the commencement of aggressive measures, which would end, perhaps, in the destruction of the schools and the mission itself.

Under these circumstances, the missionaries, at the suggestion of Mr. Stevens, late English consul at Tabreez, requested Dr. Lobdell, whose recent visit to Oroomiah made him perfectly acquainted with the state of the mission, to go to Baghdad and lay their case before the new English ambassador to Persia, Mr. Murray, who was expected to be there, on his way from Alexandria to Tehran about the tenth of January. As soon, therefore, as a raft could be prepared, the Doctor set out for Baghdad, furnished with letters of introduction, and charged with commissions from Mr. Loftus at Koyunjik, and from the French consul at Mosul, to the French and English functionaries and other friends of theirs in the city of the caliphs. Three boxes of wine, two sacks of potatoes, and a barrel of pickles, formed part of the cargo thus consigned to his care. His company consisted of "four Arab guards, dirty, ragged, and *courageous*, carrying antique muskets and swords; two oarsmen, from Tekrit; Naaman, the cook; Jeremiah, the preacher and interpreter; and a Turk, late from the Crimea, who displayed a Russian watch, guns, and other trophies taken at the battle of Alma." It was about noon on the tenth of January, 1855, when the raft floated from its moorings opposite Mosul. The crowd upon the shore, the palace and barracks of the pasha, the mound of Koyunjik, and the spires and gaudy new minaret of Jonah's tomb, soon faded from the view. The Doctor's attention was then divided for a time between Galignani, the Independent, and the Journal de Constantinople on deck, and flocks of black ducks, gray herons, and white pelicans, upon the banks of the river. At Hamman Ali, the tall minaret of Mosul vanished out of sight, and near sunset he passed the gentle rapids of Nimrood without a sacrifice to the river deity, though not without a prayer to God that he would guide the frail bark safely to its destination, and keep in perfect peace the minds of the loved ones left behind.

"At dark," (we quote from a journal of the tour, which he sent home to his family friends, and which we have only to abridge for the materials of this chapter,) "the jackals danced along the western bank, making a curious noise, half that of the human voice and half that of a hyena, reminding one of the satyrs, of whom the schoolboy reads in Christendom. At times, I could scarcely believe the voices were not those of men. Our Arabs sung some guttural sonnets, and I thought of the reeds on which Virgil's bucolic heroes piped their pastoral lays; the Turk described the charge of the English on the heights of Alma; the rowers plied their clumsy oars, now and then warming their hard hands and bare legs by the charcoal fire; domesticated Arabs hailed us from the shore; and two hours below Nimrood, we came to the Great Zab, which pours its yellow tide into the arrowy Tigris. Taking leave of the clear-shining stars, I now buried myself for the frosty night under quilts and coats, till midnight, when I was awakened by the cry of 'Kalah Sherghat!' I stuck my head out of the felt-covered doorway, and took a look at the giant mound, which rises grandly on the western bank, and was soon after dreaming in my bed of the antiquities which fancy pictured in its buried chambers. Layard did not half explore the mound, and, I doubt not, it is yet to yield up treasures as precious as those of Khorsabad.

"11th. The raft moved quietly on all night, and this morning, as I awoke, I was greeted by hoar-frost and a leopard! The former lasted some hours; the latter soon disappeared in the brush that lined the river's bank. A rough range of rocks stretched out into the river, but the stream was high, and we passed it without difficulty. Water fowl sat stupid on the shore as we passed an old castle on the right bank — the refuge of human robbers and of vultures. We were soon at the Lesser Zab, down which, from the region of Kerkuk, a raft of wood was floating. A vast number of camels now appeared upon the left, biting the shrubs and grass, and their owners tried to induce us to come ashore and let them ask us questions! As we declined, they cried out that we were afraid of them — which was, indeed, the fact. They threw off their loose cloaks, called us cowards, and shook their swords and canes in the air. 'Time and tide wait for no man;' neither did our raft wait for them.

"The banks were tertiary; here and there grew a bush; impure limestone lay above gypsum, though but for a short distance. I passed the day reading the sensible work of the envoy, whom I was on my way to visit—'Travels in North America.' I was glad to find him so well pleased with Americans, and augured a favorable reception for myself. A few black tents appeared upon our left in the afternoon, but no one tried to molest us. 'Allah' was on the lips of *my* Arabs, whenever they spoke; but they admitted they never prayed in *winter*—it was too cold! 'God is merciful, and pities us'—this was their creed; and they cared little for the words, 'Mohammed is his prophet.'

"We reached Tekrit at midnight. Here we changed our oarsmen, who of course expected a buckshish in addition to their wages. Every raft passing this place must pay a tax called *haj*, a sort of *black-mail*, recognized by government, but additional to the tax on merchandise at the custom-house above, from which it starts. This Tekrit is famous as the birth place of Saladin, and as being almost the only town between Mosul and Baghdad, on the western bank of the Tigris. As we arrived, guns were fired by our guard, though one musket was so out of repair that it was necessary to put a rope around the trigger, which was then pulled by two men, before it would go off! The guns brought out the governor and his wife, who said she had just laid her child from her bosom on the mat, and could only say to us in *Arabic*, 'un bon voyage,' and then returned to her mud hovel. The *haj* is the chief source of income to this now wretched place; the men are mostly raftsmen. Were they not allowed this tax, they would plunder every raft that comes down the river.

"12th. To-day it grows warmer; we are fast drawing near to the orange and date groves. Below Tekrit, the banks show numerous remains of antiquity. Four hours below, on the left bank, is Dôr, by some thought to stand in the plain of *Dura*. Soon appears on the same bank the tower of *Samarah*, looking exactly like the pictures of Babel in children's picture-books — a spiral column, tapering towards the summit — how like that fabled tower! A mosk, with its minarets, and several hundred old houses, are near it. Arabs now occupy the site of the capital of Mutassem Billah, the Abbasside caliph, of whom such wonderful stories are told by the old Arabic writers. The Shiites, (Mohammedans of Persia,) make pilgrimages to this mosk, where are buried some of the last Imâms. Six rafts, loaded with brush and plaster of Paris, (ground gypsum,) from Mosul, lay near the town, on their way to Baghdad.

"Ducks and pelicans abound. Our Turkish warrior fired at a fine flock of the latter; but he was less successful, he said, in shooting birds than in shooting Russians! We had a gorgeous sunset — the first I have seen in Assyria. It quite carried me back to Amherst. At Oroomiah, I saw a splendid sky, but seldom was the western horizon hung with such gold-fringed clouds as used to hang over Northampton.

"See! here are two swimmers, paddling along on skins; one has a wife on his back, the other a child! Soon we come to *Belled*, around which appear immense groves of palms. What feathery tops! How curiously hangs the fruit in its season, which is October. The wind rises against us; the current is less rapid; slowly we go.

"13th. We are near *Sindiyeh*. At ten A. M. at *Howeish*, where the palms are thick, and pomegranate bushes fill the spaces beneath their fringed tops. The trunks of the palms are made to grow very long by trimming; they are often a hundred feet high, without a branch.

"The wind is so high, I must leave the raft. The crew are calling on God and the Prophet for protection.

"I took a post-horse at *Jedideh*, on the left bank, and, with my Turkish friend, galloped for several hours over a level tract of fertile but uncultivated land, to Baghdad, arriving before sunset within its gates, and at the residency of the East India Company's agent, the famous Col. Rawlinson — three days and a few hours from Mosul. This was a very quick passage, and was the result of moving night and day with a high flood.

"Col. Rawlinson had just broken his left clavicle by a fall from his horse, while hunting a wild boar; but though much bruised, he was not seriously injured. Boars, hyenas, jackals, wolves, and a few lions, are found about here. Col. Rawlinson has a lion of very great size chained on his premises, and it would certainly be an easy matter for him to chew a man to shreds. He was taken near Ctesiphon, a few hours below Baghdad, when young; and though maneless, as the lions in these parts are, he will be sent to England, whither Col. R. expects to go in the spring."

Dr. Lobdell describes the residency as a splendid building for that part of the Eastern world, in the richest Persian style, with two large courts, the inner of which is the *harem*. The chief reception room, which is of glass "above and on all sides," commands a fine view of the Tigris and the palms beyond. The dining room is richly furnished, and looks out on a beautiful garden of oranges and lemons, and tall date-trees. The drawing room contains some fine engravings, silvered globes, side-tables of a black wood from India, some curious books on antiquities, and a very fine restoration in black marble of the first obelisk discovered at Nimrood, covered with a fac-simile of the inscriptions and figures, an interpretation of which was published by Col. Rawlinson. The ceiling of all the rooms is ornamented with curiously arranged pieces of glass. Paint can not keep the wood from warping and cracking. The *serdab* is nearly under ground, but is less neat than some of the *serdabs* in Mosul, as it is made of brick instead of slabs of gypsum. "Gypsum is expensive here, as it is brought from Mosul. It is the only stone seen here. The plain for scores of miles does not reveal a single rock or pebble. From the meteorological journal kept for several years by Dr. Hyslop, the surgeon of the residency, I learn that although the heat at Baghdad lasts some two months longer than it does at Mosul, it seldom pushes the mercury above 115°, which is about the maximum there. The siroccos, however, are terrible here in the autumn. The houses are all built of brick. The population is about sixty thousand. It was formerly much greater. Plague, cholera, and fever, have brought the number low. The town lies chiefly on the eastern bank of the Tigris, though the *old* town was on the right bank, where a wall still, in part, surrounds the most miserable portion of the city. These two parts are connected by a bridge of boats."

On Saturday, Jan. 13th, the day of his arrival at Baghdad, Dr. Lobdell dined at Col. Rawlinson's with Dr. Hyslop, Mr. Oakley, "a rich young gentleman," and Mr. Seecroft, his traveling tutor, Mr. Lynch, the friend of Mr. Loftus, to whom the potatoes from beyond the Koordish mountains were consigned, Mr. Hector, another Baghdad merchant, and two or three clerks of the residency. He was somewhat annoyed at being introduced, on the authority of his letter from Mr. Loftus, as "the Rev. Dr. Lobdell," which grave and reverend cognomen he thought was little in harmony with his short beard and youthful appearance. On the part of the company, every thing was agreeable except the brandy, port and sherry, at the table, and the brandy punch and billiards after dinner, which led him "to thank God that he lived for a higher object than these kind-hearted Englishmen appeared to live for." He was able to contribute at least one welcome element to the entertainment of the company. "The circulars of Dr. Dwight, our missionary brother at Stamboul, in respect to the war, were welcomed, as I was in advance of the mail, though the post left Mosul before I did."

At half-past ten, on Sunday, the 14th, the English service was read in the drawing room; after which Dr. Lobdell was as much disturbed by the Sabbath-breaking of his English friends as he had been by their drinking habits the day before.

He found a friend and a brother in Mr. Brühl, a converted German Jew, who was laboring for the benefit of his brethren under the direction of the London Jews' Society. At the house of Mr. Brühl, he formed the acquaintance of Prof. Petermann, of the University of Berlin, and an intimate friend of the learned and excellent Neander, of whom, while applying in his behalf for any historical, Nestorian, or Armenian MSS., which could be procured at Oroomiah, and especially for a Life of Alexander in the Syriac, of which Dr. Lobdell had told him, the Doctor thus writes to Dr. Perkins: "Prof. Petermann has been in the south of Persia the last summer with Mr. Brühl, going from Bushire to Shiraz, Isfahan, Hamadan, and Yezd, and has procured some scores of MSS., a large lot of Parthian and Sassanian coins, and some two hundred cylinders and seals, a part of them bearing fine Babylonian inscriptions. He will return to Europe via Aleppo in the spring. I have found him one of nature's noblemen — a gentleman and scholar. He probably knows Armenian as well as any man living. He reads Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, and several other Oriental languages, and speaks French and English, besides his native German.

"The French savant, M. Fresnel, sent out here by the French Government to excavate at Babylon, is still here — a very odd Frenchman, but a very learned man. He takes a good deal of opium, and has made himself, of late, a sort of hermit. He speaks English well, and his conversation, though somewhat pedantic, is exceedingly instructive. He illustrates the beau ideal of French politeness. It is worth half a trip to Baghdad to get a sight of the human lions here, to say nothing of the beastly one in Col. Rawlinson's outer court."

Among the "lions" thus alluded to in the above letter, was a Belgian, who had the office of Colonel in the Turkish army. "He has been in New York, Mexico, India, and China. He is now suffering from the sad effects of fumigation by calomel — the prescription of a quack for an ulcer on the nose, the Aleppo button or date-mark of Baghdad. Almost every one has this ulcer for about a year. It is seen at Mosul often. Julius has one on his left cheek now. Mary has thus far escaped. Lucy has had three on her wrists. I have had none, but am told that I shall have, now I have come to Baghdad. Its cause is mysterious, like that of all endemics. It is generally without pain. The Belgian offered Mr. Brühl and myself two of his horses to ride to Babylon, and informed us that as soon as he gets the rank of pasha in Turkey he will return to his native country to enjoy his honors. Before that time I sincerely hope the Turkish government will be numbered among the things that are not. It ought to go down. It is a disgrace to the age, that such a fine country should be ruled by barbarians. It would be very easy for the English in India to come up and take this city, and indeed all Mesopotamia. There are 20,000 English soldiers, and 400,000 native troops, officered by Englishmen, all paid by the East India Company. The pay of the officers of that company is enormous. The Colonel, with whom I stop here, receives five thousand pounds a year for his establishment — that is, as much as our President, — though only fifteen thousand dollars of this sum are for his personal salary.

"I crossed the Tigris this afternoon (January 16) in a circular boat, with six or eight other persons. These boats are a curiosity. They are the same as Herodotus describes, and the same as are portrayed on the walls of Koyunjik — mere tubs of twisted reeds and palm splints covered with bitumen.* They slide across the river about as fast as the Stamboul caiques move on the Bosphorus, paddled by men erect, holding oars loose in their hands.

"January 17th. Having got a letter from Mohammed Reshid, Pasha of Baghdad, to Abdallah, Pasha of Hillah (the town on the Euphrates marking the site of old Babylon), and a letter from Dr. Hyslop to an Armenian at Meshed Ali, some ten hours beyond — the tomb of Ali to which the Persians go on pilgrimage — Mr. Brühl and myself bade adieu to Messrs. Seecroft and Oakley, who start to-day on camels for a ride through the desert to Damascus, and got away about eight A. M., en route for a view of the Birs Nimroud and the other remains of the city beautified by Nebuchadnezzar, destroyed by the Persians, and now the home of the jackal and the vulture. The country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, below Tekrit, is almost perfectly level, of a clayey consistency, and, when irrigated, of astonishing fertility. The whole region is traversed by canals, now mostly filled up with debris, excepting in the neighborhood of the towns along the rivers, and of the khans built by Persian Shiites, who have been on pilgrimage to the tombs of Ali and his celebrated sons. These caravansaries (palaces of caravans) are located on the main roads, about two hours apart, and the lines of pilgrims that wind over the desert at this season render coffee-selling at the khans quite profitable."

Two days, or sixteen hours at a caravan pace, brought them, about three o'clock in the afternoon, to Hillah, which is about fifty miles from Baghdad, in a direction nearly south. "We found it the most wretched place imaginable. It occupies both banks of the Euphrates.

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* Compare the ark of bulrushes, "daubed" with bitumen, in which the infant Moses was placed. Ex. ii. 3.

The inhabitants are chiefly Arabs. Tall palms and a few pomegranates and figs alone relieve the barren aspect of the desert around. We stopped in the smoky dirty room of Count de Clement, a French aristocrat, who fled in the revolution of 1848, and who, after traversing Egypt and the Holy Land, is now teaching French to Abdallah Pasha, a Koordish chief, who is in honorable exile here under the title of *governor*. The Pasha's library consisted of histories, mathematical and astronomical treatises, grammars, lexicons, and fables in French. Think of a Koord studying the differential calculus and the analytical theory of the system of the world!

"Was it not strange that I should have seen Babylon without seeing Niagara Falls? I believe I am the first Yankee who has been to Babel. This name is still given to a large mound an hour northward of Hillah, on the east bank of the Euphrates.

"20th. The Count and myself rode over two hours in a southerly direction, on the right bank of the river, to the Birs Nimroud, which is a gigantic mound, representing the ancient city of Borsippa, and, as I believe, the older Tower of Belus, and perhaps the very Tower of Babel, for building which the post-diluvians were scattered over the earth.*

"What a magnificent prospect spreads out from that high ruin! the tomb of Ezekiel — the burial-place of Hussein and his half brother, Abbas — the sepulcher of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law — the lake or marsh formed by the Euphrates flooding its western banks† — the ranges of palms — the old canals — wandering flocks — innumerable signs of desolation amid vestiges of former cultivation, wealth, and grandeur — how can I in a hasty letter describe the scene? What an idea it gave me of Babylon *fallen!* But I must reserve the description till I return to Mosul, and perhaps then send it to the Bibliotheca Sacra.

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* A very interesting account of this tower may be found in Loftus's Chaldæa and Susiana, chap. ii.

† Isa. xiv. 23: "I will make it . . . pools of water." "The Euphrates some distance above divides into two large streams, owing to the miserable state of the embankments, and the whole region is more or less flooded every spring." — Dr. Lobdell's letter to Mr. Seelye.

"Picking up some pieces of bricks and bitumen — remains of the Temple of Belus, ornamented by Nebuchadnezzar, before his fall — I thought of great Babylon which he did build — of the turning of the flood by Cyrus, and the entrance of his troops into Belshazzar's halls — of Alexander the Great and the ten thousand men employed by him in removing the rubbish — and rode slowly back to Hillah, stammering out French ejaculations to my *compagnon de voyage*, and thankful to God for letting me look upon the ruins of earth's most ancient kingdom. I regret that I could not afford to purchase a lot of antique seals, and Babylonian cylinders, and terra-cotta heads and vases brought to me from the ruins. But I shall hope to obtain some hereafter, and I enclose now a small Babylonian or Græco-Babylonian head, which I wish you to preserve, as perhaps the only relic from Babylon that has crossed the Atlantic. I shall endeavor before I leave Baghdad to obtain some bricks with cuneiform inscriptions, and send them via Cape of Good Hope and England, to Amherst.

"Sunday, 21st. We read the English service in Hebrew, French, and English. Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem sometimes administers the communion in seven languages at one service.

"22d. The Count accompanied us to the ruins east of Hillah. I cut off some branches of the only mountain tree standing on the ruins, *said* to be the child of one of the trees that Nebuchadnezzar planted to please his Median wife. And having taken a last look of the Birs, and the low plain around it, from the Mujelibeh,* Mr. Brühl and myself parted company with our French friend and galloped northward to overtake our caravan. The canals often stretching across our path impeded our progress, but we reached a comfortable khan before sunset, and the next day arrived at Baghdad. I can not stop now to tell you of the scores of coffins we passed. The Persians often carry their dead, even from Central and Eastern Persia to Kerbelai and Meshed Ali for their final burial, and for the blessed resurrection.* Troops of pilgrims of every color, and of every sort of dress, on foot, on donkeys, horses, and mules, and their wives and children in *kajavas*, threaded their way by us over the plain — a toilsome road indeed, but still allowing more liberties than the narrow way of the gospel. We came within sight of the tomb of Zobeide, cousin and wife of the celebrated Haroun el Raschid; the tomb of Joshua, the Jewish high priest, who went up with the returning captives to Jerusalem, and is *said* to have come back and died at Babylon; and the tomb of Sheikh Shahab-ed-Din; and soon after two P. M. we were quietly resting in Mr. Brühl's house, at Baghdad, and enjoying a good dinner."

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* "So called by Rich, but known to the Arabs as Babel."—Loftus.

For some days after his return to Baghdad, Dr. Lobdell was chiefly occupied in reading old books on Babylon, and trying to frame an opinion satisfactory to himself of the remains of the great city. He could not bring himself to adopt the opinion of Col. Rawlinson, that the Euphrates has entirely changed its channel since the destruction of Babylon, but agreed with M. Fresnel (and Mr. Loftus, as he has since published his views) that the river still flows very nearly in its ancient bed; and was inclined to believe that the Birs Nimroud marked the southern corner of the great square of Babylon, as Nimroud on the Tigris does the southern angle of Nineveh in its palmy days. So interested did he become in these questions, that he was sometimes tempted to wish, for the moment, that he was a *savant*, and he could give his time and thoughts to their investigation. But it was only for the moment. He rejoiced that he had a higher and more important work. "It would not be difficult to become an attachè to some great man in these parts; but I choose to be forever an attachè of Jesus Christ. I hope I shall never long for the leeks, cucumbers, and onions of Egypt, so as to give up, as some have done, the blessed work in which God has allowed me to engage. Let us have regard to the recompense of reward in heaven; and at the same time let us labor for Christ, *because this will please him.*"

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* Of the "Campo Santo" at Kerbella (so Mr. Loftus writes the name), see Chaldea and Susiana, Chap. vii.

On the 27th we find him poring over Buxtorf's Lexicon and Bochart's works, reading extracts from the Talmud, and regretting that Hebrew is not more studied in theological seminaries, and that the Jewish Commentaries are so little known by ministers and missionaries. "No Christian can do much with a Jew, till he has shown him that the Talmud is not from God — a thing not difficult, when one knows what the Talmud really teaches."

On the 29th, Mr. Brühl and Prof. Petermann accompanied him to Kazmain — the shrine of two Imams held in great veneration by the Shiites, about an hour northwest of the city. Soon after emerging from the city, they found themselves marching in a caravan of pilgrims. Some were carrying coffins for burial; but most were going to offer gifts and prayers. The Shiites, being considered heretics, are not allowed to pray in the mosks of the town, and so they frequent the mosks of Kazmain. Here is a mule carrying a man and his wife, a child and a kid, besides food and bedding. There is a lady of rank on a white donkey — these white Baghdad donkeys are celebrated for their beauty and power of endurance — she is robed and veiled in silks of divers colors, with a pair of yellow boots reaching to the knees and hanging down nearly to the ground on either side, and her infant rides upon the broad saddle before her; while her black female slave trudges along behind her, in her yellow boots and blue *izar*, with her thick lips appearing through the folds drawn over her face. There again is a company of dervishes, who inhabit the old palace by the river-side — and what antics they do exhibit! Again, see that long train of way-worn pilgrims in cages — if so the frames may be called in which they ride; some are asleep, some yawning, some gazing on the orange-gardens and palms and river with a vague, dreamy air, some cursing and some rejoicing.

Having arrived at the mosk — a gorgeous specimen of Oriental architecture — they are not permitted to enter; but they "could see the wide, extended court, the lofty walls and arches, the corpses borne in and out, the four great minarets, the four smaller ones, and the two gilded domes. The bones of the pilgrims are left in their graves in the court for a few months, and are then gathered together in a great pit! The nearer they are placed to the great mosk, the more costly is the burial. Every *body* is taxed, that enters the enclosure. Mr. Brühl tells me, that not long since, to avoid the duty, a Persian wrapped the bones of a relative in a bundle, and tried to smuggle them within the gate, but he was detected and imprisoned." The Belgian Colonel, Mesaud Bey, on whom they called on their return to the city, told them large stories of the treasure — the cloth of gold and pearls covering the tombs of the saints, the ornaments of gold and silver hanging from the walls, and all the varied and accumulated gifts of Persians and Indians, who for ages have made pilgrimages to Kazmain.

On the 30th Dr. Lobdell visited the Jewish Hospital — a very different sort of refuge from those of Christian lands. "We found a large number of Jews there, all in rags, all with venerable earlocks and beards, and all either studying the Talmud, or listening to tales from the Ashkenaz, (German and Polish Jews,) who have wandered hither to escape being drafted into the army. A blind man was repeating David's Psalms, which he knew by heart. Mr. Brühl had a long discussion in Hebrew with some old gray-bearded sons of Abraham 'according to the flesh,' and their bitter hate of Christianity exceeded any thing I have yet seen of bigotry. Do you know that, in the Talmud, a Jew is forbidden to help a Gentile out of danger — to save his life. This was doubtless a traditionary doctrine in the time of Christ, and hence his parable of the good Samaritan to show, who is the Jew's neighbor."

"I am almost afraid, from the news by the last letters from Tehran, that political matters may require Mr. Murray to go up from Bushire through Shiraz. But I wait patiently for his appearance here, or, at least, for the appearance of Capt. Jones's steamer. I took a walk today through the vacant north-east part of the town. The eastern gate has long been closed; indeed, no one has entered it, since Murad, the Turkish conqueror of Bagh-dad, entered and shut it some hundred and fifty years ago. The walls are very slender; the bastions show a few cannon. Holes in the walls allow of occasional smuggling. *Every* thing is taxed in Turkey. Direct taxation, it is thought, is better than a protective tariff. It is certain, that free trade in Turkey is good for England; but it has almost ruined the manufactures of the land.

"The mosks continue to attract my admiration. The blue, white, dark, light shadings on the burnished spires and domes are indicative of a glory that has passed away. Foreigners are treated well here. Beggars abound. In fact, you would think, at first sight, all the people were beggars. Almost the whole population are clothed in very cheap and generally dirty muslins, brown, red, yellow, blue; and no suit is changed, till it is worn to rags. Baths abound; but they do not keep the people clean. And yet Baghdad is one of the first cities of the Empire.

"31st. Prof. Petermann and I have just returned from a visit to the Pasha. Last night it rained hard. When it does rain here (which is very seldom, and not at all in midsummer), it *rains;* and the side-walks were very muddy. But having reached the loosely covered bazaars, we had a comfortable walk through their long avenues to the palace, where a brass band was playing very decent music. Mesaud Bey (the Belgian), who was a Christian once, and is a Moslem now, but tells me he is really a believer in materialism, and has no doubt that the soul dies with the body, and so is ready for war, vice, virtue, death, alike, — this new friend accompanied us from the lithographic press-room, in which passports only are printed, to the innermost court of the building, where, in a room well furnished, with painted walls, a wooden ceiling, and Persian rugs, we found a *king.* What else shall I call the man who keeps his seat whoever enters; who wears a rich fur robe and an emerald ring, and fondles a massive gold snuff-box; who rules with a rod of iron the people from the Persian Gulf to Diarbekr; who prefers his post of marshal here to the office of grand vizier at Constantinople; who studied at Metz, became a captain in the French army, was pasha at Jerusalem, captured Beder Khan Bey at Jezireh, carried a victorious banner from Erzeroom into northern Koordistan, is surrounded by a crowd of obsequious slaves, and was once a slave boy in the wilds of Circassia? The Pasha expatiated in French on the liberty of conscience in Turkey; said that slavery here is a benefit, and not, as in America, a curse, to slaves, instancing the fact that those who brought us coffee and pipes were already rich, and assured us that Koordistan, whither he has just sent a large body of troops to bring Yezdinshir Bey to terms, will soon be quiet.

"To Prof. Petermann he gave a 'Life of Alexander' in Turkish, and loaned him several other Turkish books, among which is a collection of the Letters of the Sultans from the time of Mohammed to Suleiman the Great, sixteen of the letters being by Mohammed himself. Only forty copies of this interesting work were printed, and these solely for the marshals of the realm; *quorum pars fui*. The Pasha's library contained such books as D'Herbelot's Bibliotheque Orientale, Boyle's works, Napoleon's writings, treatises in French on engineering, fortification, the art of war and chemistry, and manuscripts in Persian, Turkish, and Arabic.

"The air of the man was quite regal. He bowed us out with Turkish reserve and French politeness. He is called by the people, "*Guzhuk*," because he wears spectacles. He is evidently the most learned man I have yet seen belonging to Turkey. He has a fine head, dark skin, a black beard, full face, and large abdomen,—a genus of which there are many species in the East. Were he not so rapacious, so self-conceited, so distant, he would be a respectable man in almost any circle. His morals, of course, I can not speak of, except to say that he has an extensive harem, and was, I learn, caught yesterday reading Luke's gospel.

"Feb. 8th. I was just on the eve of starting for home yesterday, having engaged a *muleteer* to take my cook and baggage, and two horses for myself and Jeremiah to go with the *post*, when lo! the English vice-consul called to tell me that the ambassador was expected in a few hours, a note having been received from him, stating that he was, at the time of writing, near Ctesiphon, only a few miles below Baghdad. He will remain there, looking at the famous Parthian Arch, and the other vestiges of Ctesiphon that are still found, and, perhaps, take a view of Seleucia, on the other bank of the Tigris, and thus give the officials here time to prepare their music and cannon for his reception. Of course I concluded to delay my departure. I had prepared, the day previous, a letter for His Excellency, and also received the promise of Col. Rawlinson that he would present my business favorably to the envoy, so that I considered I had by no means failed of my great purpose, even though I did not see the man I came to see.

"P.M. Thirteen guns have just been fired by the Turks, and as many by the English on board the steamer, in honor of the envoy's arrival.

"I have been very busy to-day making a translation of the preface to a work written at St. Petersburgh, on the *vulgar Arabic.* I think I shall add to the article some remarks on the peculiarities of the Arabic of Assyria and Mesopotamia, and send it to the Oriental Society.

"9th. I have, this morning, called, with Mr. Brühl and Prof. Petermann, on Mr. Murray. He is about forty-five years of age. I judge from his remark that a man of forty-five feels very differently about traveling, from what he did at twenty-five. It is about twenty years since he was roving among the Indians of our north-west territories, and now he is to cross the cold Zagros mountains in rain and snow. He will remain here some time, however, I understand, to visit Babylon.

"I was much pleased with the man. He spoke German and French as freely as English, and I presume he knows some Arabic and Turkish as well as several other European languages, and, perhaps, has studied the Persian. He is my *beau-ideal* of a *first-rate Englishman*, though I believe he is half French and half Scotch. He has none of the grumble of Mr. Bull. To-morrow he is to receive calls from native dignatiries, and the next day (Sunday!) he will return them; and so I shall have to wait till Monday for a private interview.

"He showed us an earthen bowl (obtained at Busrah, I believe, by Capt. Jones), on the inside of which was written in Syrian characters an inscription of *the Sabeans of St. John.* It much resembled the bowls described by Layard near the end of his "Nineveh and Babylon," which were internally covered with rough Hebrew characters, and so were evidently Jewish. They were probably *charms*, though why the inscription should be inside of the bowl, I do not quite understand. Perhaps it is a prescription to be dissolved and swallowed! This bowl had certainly lost some of its letters, as if by the action of some liquid. Prof. Petermann, who has studied the religion and language of the Sabeans perhaps more thoroughly than any other man, took the bowl home to examine it. He expects to publish an account of this curious sect on his return to Berlin.

"Having taken our leave of the ambassador we called on Mr. Holland, an officer of the steamer, who showed us his daughters and wife (a native woman), and a beautiful roe deer, and then went with us on board the steamer, which is armed with several cannon, and a lot of guns, pikes, and cutlasses, and is manned by English, Hindostanees, and Fellahs from the region of Mosul."

On Sunday, Dr. Lobdell attended in the morning Mr. Brühl's service in Hebrew; at ten o'clock, English service at the residency; at noon, an Arabic and Hebrew service again. Mr. Murray held his levee in full court dress; and in the evening Col. Rawlinson gave the ambassador a magnificent dinner, — Sunday, among too many of the English in the East, as well as among the Oriental Christians, being a day for visiting and dining. "How little thought is given to the eternal world by these devotees of pleasure?"

On Monday the doctor breakfasted with his Mosul acquaintance and friend, Capt. Jones, — Capt. Selby, of the steamer, also being present, — and was shown the beautiful maps of Nineveh and Babylon from trigonometrical surveys, made by the former. "They are most carefully and richly drawn; and the map of Nineveh is to be published in the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, as soon as the engravers can finish it. I trust the map of Babylon will also be issued in a few months by the same Society; though it is possible, as the captain is an officer of the East India Company, he may be required to submit it to them. It has on it a restoration of the Birs Nimroud, with a flaming altar at the summit of its seven lofty terraces.

"I have just had a very pleasant interview with the ambassador, who promised to do all in his power to aid my Oroomiah friends, and will give me a letter to that effect. He said that owing to some late mismanagement of affairs at Tehran, the English were not on good terms with the government. But he hoped by coaxing, instead of threatening, to get into the Shah's good graces, and if he succeeded, he would be able to show him the absurdity of *retrenching* our operations, and that he ought either to stop them entirely as injurious, or leave them alone as beneficial. If the Americans could benefit a hundred and fifty, why not a thousand and fifty as well?"

The object of his journey having been accomplished, Dr. Lobdell set out on Tuesday morning, Feb. 13th, by post, on his return to Mosul. A strong *bouyouroulder* from the pasha secured him a ready change of horses, and generally all proper attention and obedience. "The *menzils*, or post-stations, are from four to nine hours apart by caravan. The *post* generally goes in about half the time, on a very fast walk, with an occasional gallop. A *serujjee* accompanies the post from one station to another, attends to the saddles and extra clothing or baggage; and the next day takes the animals back to their station. Our *serujjee* carried behind his saddle two thick quilts, a cloak, and a woolen blanket — my bedding — and over his saddle he laid two pieces of carpet, that I carried, to be spread, as mattresses, upon the ground floors where I slept.

Jeremiah carried in his saddle-bags a small coffee-pot, knife and fork, spoons, salt, pepper, boiled eggs, cooked chicken, bread, and dates. I tied two over-coats behind me, having brought my bridle and saddle from Mosul for this journey. My pillow at night was my cushion by day; and I came to Southgate's conclusion, that a single traveler can move from place to place more conveniently by post than by caravan."

The route was on the east side of the Tigris, for a time near the river's bank, because of the flood at this season, but afterwards midway between the Tigris and the Dialah, often crossing or riding alongside of the beds of canals, which once watered the intervening country. The first night, having lost their way in the dark, and wandered sometime among the marshes, they were glad to draw up their horses and spread their blankets on the ground, near some Arab tents, not knowing whether the occupants were friends or foes. The second night they passed at Kifri, "a respectable town lying under the range of mountains, which runs eastward to Suleimaniyeh, and surrounded by a turreted mud wall, built by Hakky Bey, late *deftardar* of Mosul, to enable the people to protect themselves from the Koords and Arabs — *old* Kifri lay around a fine large mound some miles westward." The third night brought them to Kerkhuk, a large place built at the base of a high mound, whose Pasha is superior even to the Pasha of Arbeel. An hour and half from Kerkhuk, the next morning, they came to "the famous bitumen springs which are always boiling, the liquid naphtha rising to the surface, and offering itself gratis to persons who put it into skins and convey it on the backs of donkeys, even to Baghdad. I suppose this is the place where Alexander the Great was surprised to see the streets of a town flashing with bituminous lights the evening of the day after the battle at Arbela, though there are no traces of the town remaining." The fourth night the Doctor came upon the track of his tour to Oroomiah at Arbeel. "The road from Baghdad to Mosul makes a long curve to the east, to avoid the Arabs of the desert. The nearest route would be on the west side of the Tigris." On Saturday, Feb. 17th, he rode through familiar scenes, crossed the Zab and the Khazir (both now on a raft — on his way to Oroomiah he had forded the latter,) passed through Bartulli, leaving Karamles an hour on the left, and Sheikh Mattai an hour on the right, found the plain of Nineveh more generally cultivated than any of equal extent he had seen on his journey, hurried past the walls and trenches of the ancient city, was ferried across the Tigris, and entered his court before his arrival was announced "for a wonder, as a boy will almost always run before to carry such glad tidings and get his buckshish. All were well. My ride of fifty-eight hours by post-horses — a hundred by caravan — or some three hundred miles, circuitous, dangerous, dull, was ended; no rain had fallen upon me by the way; no robber had attacked me; my mission was fulfilled, and I was again at *home*, 'sweet, sweet home.' Why should I not thank God and rejoice?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Occupations after his return from Baghdad — Chills and Fever — Last Letter — Last Entry in private Journal — Mrs. Lobdell's Journal of his Sickness — Death — Burial by the side of Dr. Grant — Communion of Choice Spirits in Heaven — Wife and Children — Age — Brainerd — Martyn — Fruits of his Labors — Character — Recollections and Impressions of his Friends — Mr. Lothrop — Mr. Seelye — Dr. Perkins — Mr. Marsh.

For nearly a fortnight after his return from Baghdad, Dr. Lobdell enjoyed apparently his usual health, and was very busy in writing up his journals, in correspondence with the Nestorian mission, in revising and correcting his notes on the Anabasis, in repacking in a safer and more portable form the slabs, bricks and other antiquities for the colleges; in examining the recent discoveries of Mr. Loftus, particularly a collection of very beautiful ivories, or as the Doctor thought them, clays, exquisitely wrought into idols, small bulls, lions, and other religious emblems; and in preaching, talking to great numbers in his study, and administerring to the bodily and spiritual maladies of still greater crowds at the dispensary. Having heard that friends in Amherst had made up a box of books, clothing, and other comforts for him, he writes on the 22d of February, (1855): "The arrival of that box will cause me many a tear of joy, I am sure; for the stock of clothing I brought with me is quite threadbare, and with all my attempts at economy this year, I find my expenses exceed my salary. I would present my thanks to Mrs. T. and Mrs. M. in advance of its reception. May the Lord reward all who have contributed thus to the comfort of an unworthy missionary. I trust I shall be able to acknowledge the arrival of the box in a few months." Mrs. Lobdell had the melancholy satisfaction of looking over these tokens of friendship and Christian affection sent to her husband by those who had known and loved him in the place of his education — alone, some weeks after he was laid in his grave.

On Tuesday, Feb. 27th, Mr. Marsh and Mr. Williams left to attend the annual meeting of the mission at Diarbekr. Wednesday, the 28th, he was feverish all day, but prepared a sermon, talked with a crowd of papists till he was tired, prescribed and preached to eighty-five patients, delivered his sermon to the church in the evening, and went to bed with a chill and fever. On Thursday, March 1st, he wrote his last letter — to Dr. Wright — and made his last entry in his journal. In the letter he says: "Mr. Williams and Mr. Marsh left for Diarbekr by post on Tuesday evening, going through the desert to Nisibin, the same route taken by our party last year. A battle I hear has been fought near Chulagha, a village on their road about a day west of Jezireh, between the Koords and the Turks, the latter being victorious. It is said that a thousand Koords were killed, and about half that number were made prisoners. Yezdinshir Bey and his brother fled under cover of the fog. The Turks marched on and entered Jezireh.

"Last evening I had one of my old-fashioned chills, with fever; but this morning I feel tolerably comfortable. I attribute it to my daily service at the dispensary; the room occupied being somewhat damp, and the sick crowding it so that the air became impure. I have had over eighty patients there every day of late; and my attempt to prepare a sermon for the *church* in the evening, in addition to talking half an hour to the sick, was a little too much for me. I rather hope the fever will not return.

"To-day I am 'loafing' about the court, superintending the re-sawing and re-packing of some of your sculptures. Quite a number of the boxes were so heavy, that Antone, my *wakeel*, was obliged to have them brought up (from Nimroud) on mules singly, instead of putting them upon a camel, two for a load. One of the slabs, being very brittle, was badly broken in the transit, but as it is a unique figure, I thought it best to send it. In order to get a variety — no two being alike — I was obliged, in one or two cases, to send figures a little less valuable in themselves. The whole six form a fine set, and would do well in a single gallery. I shall send several large bricks, and were it in my power, I would obtain some small relics. Perhaps I will put a number of seals from my own collection into a little box as private gifts. Some of your friends may like a few little stones for rings or breast-pins.

"Do you know that each large slab was sawn into five or six pieces? Console your Dartmouth friends with this consolation, that they can have the sculptures cemented together, if broken into a hundred pieces, so that the fractures will scarcely be noticeable.

"In addition to a covering of wool and *ketcheh* within each box, I fasten a rope outside to hold the box together, and over this sew a thick felt. I ought to feel obliged to you for the privilege of packing these slabs, for it is a diversion to me such a day as this, when I am a little feverish."

The last entry in his private journal, together with references to the above letter and some of the facts in it, is as follows: "Court a scene of labor. The sick press on me. Head aches. Fear sickness. Happy in leaving myself with God." Thus Dr. Lobdell came near to the end of life, as he had lived, working for mankind and trusting in God. During the whole period of his sickness, those boxes, containing slabs and collections for Dartmouth, Amherst, and the Missionary Rooms at Boston, remained in his court, fit emblems and touching memorials of his busy and self-sacrificing life.

Mrs. Lobdell takes up the journal of her husband's sickness where he leaves it, and carries it on for twenty-five days, during most of which she was with him day and night, without undressing. The burden of anxiety and responsibility which pressed upon her and Mrs. Marsh, was greatly increased by the absence of Mr. Marsh and Mr. Williams. For several days he was able to be dressed, and come out into the parlor, or lounge on the *mokaab* in the study, and even to receive an occasional call. But he grew continually worse, till his wife had many fears that his sickness would be unto death. He did not as yet apprehend a fatal termination, but he remarked that he never before felt so willing to die. On the 7th, at the advice of Mr. Loftus, he was bled by a Moslem barber, without, however, reducing his pulse, which was very high; and through the night he talked more or less incoherently till the morning.

The next day he was very sick — pulse 120 — talked about dying — said, "I do not fear death; no, I know in whom I have believed; it is a great comfort to have had an object in life, an object worth living for, however poorly one may have accomplished it. I have been a great sinner, but I have great confidence in the mercy of God. Christ does not look at the stains." When asked if it was not a great comfort that he had not his preparation to make now, he replied, "Oh! yes — *oh! yes;* I could do nothing now; I have tried to do too much all the time I have been in Mosul." When Mrs. L. spoke of being left alone, he said, "Trust in the Lord; don't be afraid." When she prayed with him, he said, "You ask that I may get well; you do n't ask that I may have a glorious seat in the kingdom of God — *that* is what I want."

The next day, (March 9th,) he inquired if the ladies prayed for him, and added, "You must continue to pray." When asked by Mrs. L. how he felt about leaving her in this cold world, he replied, "Very much as Abraham felt when he was called to offer up Isaac."

On the 12th, a line was received from Mr. Marsh and Mr. Williams. They had been stripped by the Arabs, and were at Mardin when they wrote. "Oh," said the Doctor, "how I do want to see them both! I love them very much." A messenger had been sent for them on the ninth day of his sickness, but owing to the disturbed state of the country, it did not reach them till eight days later; and it was five days more — the twentieth day of his sickness — before Mr. Marsh reached Mosul. Meanwhile the Doctor's symptoms were sometimes more favorable, so as to encourage strong hopes of his recovery, and he even enjoyed a call from Mr. Loftus; but as his fever abated, his strength failed, and he was frequently delirious.

On Sunday, March 18th, after an almost sleepless night, he thought he could not remain long, and wished to sit up in the bed and address some last words of counsel to those around him. To his wife, he repeated the charge to trust in God and fear nothing; and after some advice in reference to the children, at the same time clasping his little Mary to his bosom and kissing her, he said, "Bless the Lord for giving us these children." To the English consul's wife, who was present, he said, "Do be a good woman, Mrs. R.; be good to the poor. I have thought much about your dear husband. I hope you will *both* be heirs of eternal life." To one of the native brethren, who stood by, he said, "I am afraid you do not pray enough in your family; be more faithful to your children." To the cook, who had just been rubbing his hands to get them warm, he said, "Believe in Jesus, and train your children in the way they should go." Another native woman, he warned to care for her soul, saying, "You have a good husband, Sarah, and it is the grace of God that has made him what he is." Thus did he continue to preach, even on his dying bed.

The native Christians, on their part, prayed earnestly for his recovery, and were eager to render every possible service. There was no want of watchers — sometimes three or four at night taking turns, and ready to be called upon. Jeremiah was at the house every night for a fortnight. "We do not want the doctor to die," said he, "if the *Lord* can spare him, we need him." Micha said, "The sin of Mosul is very great, that the Lord afflicts us by taking away our teachers."

But prayers and tears, watching and nursing, were without avail. He grew continually worse. The nights of the 19th and 20th were sad nights to the poor missionary's wife, who had no medical adviser in whom she could repose confidence, and no skillful hand or strong arm on which she could lean. It was with the utmost difficulty she could control him in his hours of delirium — again and again did he leave the bed and wander into the room which had been the scene of his chosen labors. On the 21st Mr. Marsh arrived. As he entered the sick room, the doctor raised his thin arms, saying, "Praise to God," "praise to God," and threw them about his neck, and wept. It was a great relief to the ladies. Yet Mrs. Lobdell felt that it was too late to save him — too late to take such sweet counsel with him as they might have taken, early in his sickness. "Many precious things" — such is the record of her feelings made at the time — "many precious things has he said to Julia (Mrs. Marsh) and myself. Oh for such an unwavering trust in the Saviour as he has! Again and again has he said, "Lucy, trust in the Lord, and do not fear." His precious, blessed Mary,* as he often calls her, and his darling Julius, he cheerfully resigns to the Lord, saying, "He is a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God."

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* The doctor's tender affection for this child illustrates that "cross play in nature" by which the father often has a peculiar love for a daughter, and the mother for a son. She could steal into his arms in his busiest hours, and when she was sick, he would lay aside everything and attend to her.

On the 22d the friends gave up all hope of his recovery, and began to make arrangements for the sad event. On the 23d, after a more comfortable night, the Italian doctor assured them that he was better. He had not the full command of his mind, but, almost without exception, he was rational on religious subjects. "I am weak," he said to Mr. Marsh, "but I rejoice in the Almighty."

"Saturday, 24th. This morning I thought Henry could not live till sunset, his face looked so death-like, but he still lives.

"Sunday, 25th. Watched H. all night, expecting to see him breathe his last, but he still lingers, almost unconscious. As I was passing his bed he tried to beckon me to him. I went to him, but he could not speak to me. His lamp is nearly gone out."

He continued to breathe softly, sweetly, feebly, till, just as the Sabbath was closing on earth, he passed to the eternal rest of heaven.

Through all the hours of that Sabbath day the door and windows of the room where the good man was dying were kept open, and the native brethren came in and looked at him as often as they pleased. They would stand a few minutes, and then go out into the court and sit in silence, and often the big tears would roll down their cheeks. Thus did he preach to the last moment of his life. His death was a sermon, which was heard and understood and felt by Mohammedans, as well as Christians, of all ranks throughout Mosul. Every body knew him; every body honored and loved him and said, "*There* lived and died a Christian." The sympathy and regret were the more lively because he died so young; and this may be one reason why Providence permits so many of his devoted servants to be cut down in the very beginning of their usefulness. Brainerd and Martyn would not have excited such universal and peculiar interest, had they lived to a good old age, and their memoirs have moved more hearts to a holy and heroic life, than they could have reached by their direct efforts in thrice threescore years and ten.

The next day, Monday the 26th, a service in English was held at the house, Mr. Marsh officiating. A part of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, was read, and they sung the hymn:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!"

The English Consul was at the service, and went with them to the grave. At the request of Messrs. Loftus and Boutcher, the French Consul applied to the pasha, and permission was given to bury in the new cemetery, without the walls. Dr. Lobdell's body lies by the side of Dr. Grant's; their dust will mingle till the resurrection; and who can tell how sweet is the communion which their spirits hold, as they recount their kindred labors, trials and experiences, in the paradise of God, where "the sun shall not light on them, nor any *heat*, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

How many such choice spirits have already been gathered out of the earth! How rich and bright is heaven already with such jewels! With what holy interest do they look back upon the field of their earthly labors and conflicts to see how the work is going on, and who have risen up to fill their places! And when all the Christian heroes who have led the van in the conquest of the world and fallen in the very midst of the enemy's country — when the whole sacramental host that have fought the battles of the Lord are assembled around the throne, how delightful will be their fellowship with each other; what a spectacle will they be to principalities and powers in heavenly places, and with what infinite complacency will their great King and Captain look upon them; with what ineffable glory will he shine upon them forever! Will then the ardent and aspiring youth — the *Christian* youth of our country — be reluctant to fill their places as fast as they are made vacant by death, and even swell the little band of heroes into a great army! "As fast as famine, hardship, sickness, cannon balls, thin the ranks of the allied armies before Sebastopol, others are sent to fill their places, *for the nations are in earnest.* Will the churches show as much zeal? Will they show a thousandth part of it? Christ died for us, came to 'this end.' Who for his sake is ready to fill the breach?" Thus wrote Mr. Williams, when he communicated the intelligence of Dr. Lobdell's death. And we repeat the question, "Who is willing to be baptized for the dead?" Who would not long for the honor and the privilege, if he did but understand that great law of the spiritual universe, from which even the Master was not exempt, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

There was preaching in Arabic at sunset for three evenings after the burial, and the house was filled with attentive and solemn hearers. "I think their hearts are really bowed with grief," writes Mrs. Marsh to Mrs. Walker, of Diarbekr; "Oh, may they be led to more diligence and faithfulness in prayer! Oh, may the Lord comfort their hearts and ours! The Doctor had endeared himself to me during scenes of sickness and trial; but I never loved him so much as when watching and attending him during those long nights and weary days; I felt that we could not let him go. Hanna (Mrs. Marsh's servant), who was with us the night before he died, said to Mrs. Lobdell, 'If the Lord takes him, it is because he loves him' — so it is, and we will not call him back. He sleeps in Jesus; may we be prepared to sleep with him, and rise with him, and the other dear ones who now rest in that little enclosure — at the resurrection morning."

The reader, who has become interested in Dr. Lobdell, will be glad to know thus much of those whom he has left behind him. The companion of his bosom partook so much of his spirit that she stood by him in his last moments with perfect calmness, and was wonderfully sustained through those subsequent days, and weeks, almost every hour of which brought with it something to remind her of her irreparable loss. Little Mary, too, saw her father die with complacency, and thought it was a blessed thing to die; and after his burial she said, "they put his body in the ground, but his spirit has gone to the Lord; he is in heaven." "Papa, papa," was on the lips of the little boy, as well as of his older sister, for many days, though he is too young to retain any permanent remembrance of his father. Mrs. Lobdell still remains a missionary at Mosul, to labor for her poor sisters there, and to "fill up what is behind," so far as possible, of her husband's labors and sufferings for Christ's sake, and "for his body's sake, which is the church." "I shall never for one moment regret," she says in a letter to her husband's friends, "having come to this land; I am happier in the little native prayer meeting here than I ever was in America. If I could be the means of saving one of these women, I would gladly remain three years longer. I have just reached the point where I can do them good, and should I now go home I should feel that I had not done what I could."

Dr. Lobdell was only a little more than twenty-eight years of age when he died. Brainerd was twenty-nine. Martyn was thirty-two. It is said, that Martyn knew of only one, whom he reckoned as a true convert from among the heathen through his instrumentality. How many were savingly benefited by Dr. Lobdell during his short missionary life of less than three years, we do not know. In the judgment of charity — in his own judgment, certainly more than one. But had he died, as some missionaries have, without seeing a single convert, his life and death would not have been in vain. Had there been *no* apparent fruit, it would even then have contributed "to fill up what is behind of the afflictions of Christ." Did the soldiers who fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill, do less for their country's independence, than those who lived through the war? In every war, there must be those who fall in the early stages of the conflict; and none contribute more than these — perhaps none contribute so much as these — to the final result. A great deal of preparatory work must be done in almost every mission. And by constitution, by education, by profession — in every way, Dr. Lobdell was admirably fitted to do this work. He removed prejudice. He commanded respect. He won the admiration and affection of those who knew him. His medicine opened the ears and the hearts of the people. His logic tore up error by the roots. And his preaching of the truth was with power. The number of regular hearers was trebled in those three years; and, though there were not those special manifestations of the presence and power of the Spirit, which have been experienced in some missionary congregations, there was a greater proportional increase of numbers in the church and congregation, more of the manifest fruits of the Spirit in the hearts and lives of Christians, and far more of the spirit of serious and earnest inquiry in the community, than is seen in the average of churches at ordinary times in America; so that, although Mosul is a comparatively hard and barren field, the history of that station, even during Dr. Lobdell's brief connection with it in the seed-time of its existence, irrespective of a future harvest, would perhaps corroborate his apparently extravagant proposition, touching the comparative usefulness of ministers at home and foreign missionaries, in the letter to the Society of Inquiry at Andover.*

Of the character of Dr. Lobdell, it is hoped, little need be said at the close of this extended memoir. He has spoken it out and acted it out on every page, till it is as perspicuous to the reader, as it was transparent in itself. Unless we are quite mistaken, the readers of these pages have been, all the while, not only observing the conduct, but looking into the heart, of a *man*, a *scholar*, and a *Christian* — a real and true man without any sham, or show, or cant, or false pretence whatsoever— a whole and (to use a favorite word of the Doctor himself) *live* man, many-sided and alive on all sides to every thing above, beneath and around him — a self-made and self-controlled man, (so far as one *can* be in human society and under the divine government,) content, nay, resolved to be himself, and not a mere duplicate of somebody else, conscientiously determined to be what God intended him to be, ambitiously aspiring to become all that God made him capable of becoming, governed by his own reason and conscience and will with a sovereignty as absolute in himself as it was exclusive of the dictation of others — a scholar enthusiastic and comprehensive rather than accurate or profound, loving knowledge for its own sake and at the same time seeking it in the full persuasion that all knowledge is useful, fond of philological and antiquarian researches, but exploring the dusty past chiefly in search of wisdom for the living present, and rejoicing in all the discoveries of science, as not only consistent with, but parts of, the science of God — a Christian, not by creed and profession only, but in the deepest convictions of his heart and in the whole spirit and tenor of his life, taught not by the schools, or even by the church, but by the word and Spirit of God, and making it his daily business to *do* the will of Christ — a Christian physician, liking his profession well enough in itself, and laboring in it with much success, but valuing it chiefly as a means of alleviating the distresses and saving the souls of men — a Christian minister of the Pauline stamp, *reasoning* with Jews and Gentiles, in the synagogues and in the market-places, week days as well as Sundays, out of the Scriptures and from the light of nature, becoming all things to all men, passionately desirous to know every thing, yet *in* every thing knowing nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified — a Christian missionary, who really believed, and acted as if he believed, that Pagans and Mohammedans and mere nominal Christians were traveling the broad road to destruction, and that nothing could save them but a living faith in Christ — a Christian patriot, glorying in his birthright as an American, and looking to his country as, under God, the hope of the world, and, for that very reason, longing to see his country's sin and shame wiped away — a *young* American, with all the virtues and not altogether free from the faults which pertain to that fast age and race — a Christian philanthropist, fully convinced that the gospel of Christ is the remedy, and the only remedy, for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and therefore rallying all his own powers and summoning the best energies of the best minds in Christendom to determined, unwearied and self-sacrificing efforts for its universal application. If we have succeeded in exhibiting our subject in this character and light, our object is accomplished. If we have failed, it were useless for us to prolong the effort. We shall, therefore, only add a few words from the pens of others, which will show the recollections and impressions he has left on those who had the best opportunity to know him.

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* See page 337.

His class-mate and, for a season, room-mate in college, who, when they were Sophomores, united with him in the resolutions recorded in a former chapter, but who was providentially prevented from going abroad with him, thus writes: "Indomitable energy characterized him always and every where: and had it been upheld by a physical constitution to match, the world would have been proud of his achievements. Many points, which others settle by the unquestioned authority of education, he held in suspense, till his own judgment gave him a decided conviction. His piety, while healthy in its emotional nature, was especially marked by deep and unyielding Christian principle. Persecution could not move him. His constant cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, made him always a pleasant companion."

The friend, who knew him more intimately than any other, Rev. J. H. Seelye, has sketched as follows the prominent traits of his character: "In thinking of Dr. Lobdell, I never lose a feeling of astonishment at the amount of work he accomplished. If actions are the true measure of life, he lived long, though his years were few. I think, few men have died so young and yet left behind them so long a record of such varied action. He exemplified whatever of truth there is in that much abused expression:—'a self-made man.' His own inner resources carried him through difficulties, when every one else failed either in the ability or the willingness to assist him. His preparation for college was conducted mainly by himself with the aid of books alone. While in college, many of his expenses were defrayed by his own labor. Yet he never allowed the effect of this to be seen in his studies. He always maintained a rank in scholarship among the very first of his class. I do not think, he ever failed to be present at a recitation, while in college, or to recite finely and promptly, when called upon. His punctuality in the performance of any duty assigned him was very marked. He was always in his seat at prayers, and at class recitations in time. He was faithful in his attendance upon the literary societies, of which he was a member, and fulfilled his appointments in them with scrupulous exactness.

"At the same time his reading was very various. I have often been surprised at the number of books, with whose contents he had contrived to become acquainted. Though with so much else to attend to and nothing neglected, he yet found time to pass beyond the topics ordinarily considered in college studies. He undertook to settle for himself many of the problems, which have always interested and baffled the maturest minds. The questions relating to nature and to God, to sin and the soul, and especially the connections of the inner and the outer world in our consciousness, were often in his thoughts. An essay, which he read before the class in the discussions of Senior Year, upon 'the Relations of Psychology to Physiology,' was a singular example of how much he had read and thought.

"His place was always filled at the class and college prayer meetings. His religious character and influence showed that he could be both diligent in business and fervent in spirit. He was evidently a growing Christian all through college; and every student, especially of his class, felt increasingly the power of his personal religious influence."

After speaking of the number and variety of his studies and labors — literary, scientific, medical, theological, ministerial, missionary, historical, archæological — with which the reader is already sufficiently familiar, in his college course, during his professional studies, and in his public life, Mr. Seelye says: "Besides all this, I never lose my wonder at the number of letters which he wrote — not merely in correspondence with his friends, but expressing his carefully formed opinions on important questions — and the wide variety of topics which he found time to investigate and to discuss.

"If what I have written should be told me of almost any other man, I should have said that so many efforts in so short a time must have been superficially conducted. But this was far from being the case with Dr. Lobdell. He was in no sense a superficial man. His work was as remarkable for its thoroughness as for its variety. He knew very well when the bottom of a subject was reached, and he was never satisfied to stop short without reaching it.

"It is not difficult to detect what was his secret of doing so many things and of doing them all so well. He never had any idle moments. The time which others would have spent in recreation or amusement, he spent in work. Added to this, he had a rare faculty of doing with his might, what he undertook to do. He could throw his whole energy into the work in hand. Moreover, he never lost any time in his transitions from one duty to another. When he sat down to any work he was not obliged to wait any time for his mind to become stimulated and aroused. If obliged to leave for an hour an employment in which he was all absorbed, he could spend that hour engaged in something altogether different, without any abatement of interest or any loss of time for the interruption. Though he did so many things, it was still but one thing at a time which thoroughly occupied him, and when this was finished, or the time he could devote to it had expired, he could at once enter as thoroughly into something else. Dr. Lobdell had emphatically that strong will which can not only triumph over obstacles, but which can change even difficulties into stepping-stones of progress.

"It might also be supposed that so much energy and such constant labor must have been connected with some marked deficiencies in Dr. Lobdell's social character. But I know of no such deficiencies. He could never have been a hermit. Indeed he had an uncommon fondness for society. He was affectionate in every social relation.

He was a frank, warm-hearted, generous and true friend. Those to whom he was bound by the ties of kindred or affection, he greatly loved and was greatly beloved by them. Society was not only a comfort to him; it was a necessity.

"The strong will and prevailing energy, so prominent in him in other respects, were equally evident in his religious experiences. His purpose to serve God, like every other resolution which he made, was strong and unyielding. Though the effect of the skepticism which poisoned his early youth was never lost, it never broke his purpose to serve God. I have been often greatly touched as he has disclosed to me how sorely he was tempted to doubt and deny God and the Bible. Everything was dark to him at times, and I believe he would repeatedly have sunk in utter despondency, had not his deep, underlying purpose to serve God held him up and borne him forward. He clung to this like a drowning man to a strong cable.

"So, also, his resolution to study for the ministry, and then to become a missionary, was strong and permanent. I do not believe he ever abandoned either of them for a moment, after they were once formed. The influence of friends, or the hopes held out to him in other directions, never swerved him a particle from those resolves. In everything it might be said of him: What he willed, he strongly willed.

"The Christian ministry accorded with many of his natural tastes and preferences; but he had no natural inclination to the life of a missionary. I do not think he ever regretted his decision to go abroad; but he went with no romantic expectations. He was not insensible to the difficulties and the trials before him; but he calmly resolved to face them all and endure them all. He was ready to spend and be spent in his Master's service."

His pastor at Danbury, while he was principal of the Danbury Institute, speaks as follows of the impression left by a comparatively short acquaintance: "He threw himself, with all the ardor and enthusiasm that characterized his subsequent career, into a home missionary enterprise, with which we were identified in one of the old towns of Connecticut. I ardently loved and admired him as a man, a Christian, and a missionary of the Cross. He attached to himself all that drank in the spirit of his Master. He was generous and self-sacrificing to a fault—'counting not his life dear unto him.' Yet he was independent and fearless in the discharge of his duty. His life was literally *filled up* with usefulness. I have been amazed to see how much he crowded into the briefest interval.

"To my mind, he was the *true* missionary. He more resembled Ignatius Loyola in the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted his work, than any missionary of modern times."

Rev. Dr. Perkins, after the narrative of Dr. Lobdell's sickness in his house at Oroomiah, which has been inserted in a former chapter, thus proceeds: "His ardent disposition and wonderful activity led him to apply himself to labor too soon and too vigorously after his confinement by sickness. I do not remember ever to have known a more inquiring, active mind, one more eager in the pursuit of knowledge on almost every subject. He darted, like the airy bee, from flower to flower in the vast and novel field opened before him in Persia, culling a thought here, and there a fact that might be useful to himself or others in future life. His inquiries embraced a very wide range. He was at once theologian and antiquarian, philologist and naturalist, and, most of all, missionary. Had his life been spared, he would have greatly distinguished himself, particularly as an Oriental and antiquarian scholar.

"He was also skillful and indefatigable in his medical practice, in which his sympathizing, benevolent nature never allowed him to resist or neglect the cries of the suffering, which were almost constantly ringing in his ears.

"The crowning charm of his very estimable character, and that which most of all won our affections, was his simple, ardent, child-like piety, his overflowing love to the dear Saviour, who had purchased him, a lost sinner, with his own precious blood, and to whom he felt that he owed all things. That dying love he delighted to magnifiy and proclaim. A large measure of that love imparted to him, made him so lovely in life, so happy in sickness, and triumphant in death.

"His visit to Oroomiah was one of the sunny spots in our missionary pilgrimage, on which we shall ever love to look back in the lively hope of ere long meeting that dear younger missionary brother, and other loved ones gone before us, in heaven."

His much beloved associate in missionary labor, Rev. D. W. Marsh, has furnished with his graphic pen a sketch of the life and character of Dr. Lobdell, which has just come to hand, and which, to avoid repetition, must be somewhat abridged. Had it been received at an earlier day, it might, perhaps, have been incorporated with the narrative; but the reader will not regret to go rapidly over the doctor's missionary life again, under such an accomplished guide.

"My entire acquaintance with Dr. Lobdell was upon mission ground. He came out in 1852. At that time, I was on my way to America. Between Aleppo and Latakiyeh, Rev. Mr. Ford and I traveled all day in a most violent storm to meet Dr. Lobdell; but we missed him, which deferred our acquaintance till May, 1853. Dr. Lobdell had then been a year in Mosul. I took a house which so joined his, that we could communicate without going into the street. Our families were thrown constantly together. Often after our meals were cooked, we had the common stock brought to one table, and sat down together. In going from his study to the dispensary, which was in my outer court, he must pass through the inner court. I can see him now, — his hat, his coat, his cane; the tall form and slight stoop as he walked.

"The sick were always about him, Moslems, Christians, and Jews. It is difficult to say whether wealthy *howajees* and powerful *aghas*, or the very poor, would be most assuming and impertinent in their demands, or least grateful. There were pleasant exceptions; but patience and kindness were severely taxed, and almost never failed. He was very happy in his intercourse with all classes.

"Having abundant opportunities among the sick and their friends, to preach the gospel, he was very faithful. Few persons came into contact with him without having their consciences addressed. This he did in a way that won their good will, and left the impression that he was their friend.

"Often have I entered his study and found him surrounded by a company of ten, twelve, or twenty. His mode of argument was peculiar. He had rare power of forcing his opponent to hold the laboring oar. He often tested logic by asking, 'How do you prove that?' This simple question often utterly silenced some voluble empty-head. It was timed, and put with a good-nature that precluded caption. Like the delicate stroke of a rapier, it turned aside the enemy's deadliest thrust.

"Soon after I came to Mosul, Dr. Lobdell, by advice of the Mosul station, started for Oroomiah, to spend the summer. I saw him well on his way, riding out fifteen miles to Bartulli. He commonly rode at a gallop, either sending his baggage before him, or leaving it to follow. The sick flocked around him as he dismounted.

"He proceeded to Oroomiah by Arbeel and Ravendouz. During that journey, two things made an indelible impression. Ever after, he had an aversion to the savage nature of the Koords. He would often contrast their rugged sullenness with the good-natured treachery of the Arabs. Nor did he ever forget the heavenly atmosphere of the missionary circle at Oroomiah. He returned from Oroomiah to Mosul in September, 1853, through the sublime mountains of Jeloo and Tekhoma in company with Messrs. Coan and Rhea of the Nestorian mission. During his absence, we kept acquainted with him by a constant succession of letters. After his return, we were once more thrown side by side. He began again very actively the practice of medicine. His study was frequented as before. Crowds of from twenty to seventy came to the dispensary.

"I was impressed with his ceaseless activity. He was almost constantly reading, or writing, or studying. He took no small interest in literary questions. He traced the route of Xenophon, and followed Alexander to the great battle-field near Arbela. He procured coins and antiques for his Alma Mater. He pondered the questions started by Layard's discoveries. He questioned all classes upon every topic likely to throw light upon biblical inquiry or Oriental customs. He cross-questioned Jews as to their traditions or interpretations, and Moslems who came for medicine as to the succession of pashas, the age of the city, or their belief and customs. He always had large note-books on his desk, and a small one in his pocket. He was gathering a large store of facts.

"He was diligent in his profession. The Moslems said that he exhausted good works, and left them nothing to do. He frequently visited the sick, rich and poor, in distant quarters of the town.

"Before medicine was prescribed at the dispensary, a portion of scripture was read and explained, and a prayer offered. As Moslems formed the larger part of his audience, upon his return from Oroomiah, his mind was much exercised upon the question, 'Ought we, in the presence of Moslems, to risk declaring the entire plan of salvation?' It is a question that might well lead to different views. When he found that Mr. Williams and myself were deliberately resolved to follow the dictates of our consciences, and not withhold from Moslems the counsel of God, he was delighted. We all felt (as we were warned), that there might be some danger. We knew that there were passions about us sleeping, that might become as wild as those which nearly swept the English from the Presidency of Bengal. Sometimes, as Christ was proclaimed the Son of God, and the only Saviour of man, a bigoted Moslem would rise and go out, and, as report said, curse us when well out of hearing. Often would Moslems listen with riveted attention, assenting aloud to statements, till their thoughts were irresistibly directed to Christ, when, at times, they would manifest an instant revulsion, at others, a reluctant fascination. The reflex influence upon Christians was very important. They felt that we were in earnest. Papists and Jacobites often trembled, and begged us not to preach any more in the presence of Moslems. During all this time, Dr. Lobdell's convictions of duty grew stronger and stronger. We took turns in preaching. If ever I presented the truth in Jesus with more than usual clearness, he was almost sure to express his delight afterwards. Soon the change was so great in the city, that all classes began to dare to admit to Moslems that Christ is the Son of God. Before this time, a Christian had always equivocated or denied his Lord. In this matter, Dr. Lobdell, who, as a physician, was called peculiarly to meet it, manifested truly a martyr spirit. Rather than withhold the gospel, he preferred to risk his life.

"Dr. Lobdell usually enjoyed an overflow of health and spirits. He is to our minds indelibly associated with his horse and cane. He carried his cane while riding as well as walking. He bought, for twenty-six dollars, what proved to be a very fine Arab horse. That fleet animal and the fresh air outside the city walls, were his refuge for health from the close fever-dens of many of his patients. The exhilaration of the change was always delightful. But for it he would probably have been earlier in his grave. He was a bold and even a reckless rider. We often raced on fleet horses. Neither roughness, or rocks, or gullies would deter that horse or his rider. I well remember one day when we were racing, and came to slippery ground. I drew rein: he plunged on, when his horse slipped, and turned a complete somerset. He was thrown a rod or more in advance. I came up in much anxiety for his neck; but horse and rider rose from the mud without serious harm. From that time, a complete change took place. He rode fast still, but always with due care.

"In the spring of 1854, after the first annual meeting of the Assyrian mission, Dr. Lobdell and myself were appointed to go to Diarbekr, and assist the brethren in deciding several important questions. Mr. Dunmore and Mr. and Mrs. Walker were returning to that station, and we formed a large party through the desert. We had two Arab guides. Well do I remember his questioning those Arabs as to black-mail, the pedigree of their horses, and other matters that would interest the sons of the desert. We all, even to the lady, tried once riding upon the camel. He was full of inquiry, note-book in hand, at Nisibin, and the ruins of Dara, and the Saracenic castle which crowns the mountain of Mardin. He hurried back to Mosul, to wait upon Mrs. Williams, and attend her last hours during that mournful last attempt to save her life by a journey to Oroomiah.

"In the fall of that year, plans ripened, which had been gradually forming in his mind, for a summer residence at Deira, near Amadieh. It would have thrown our mission into constant summer contact with the Nestorians, and necessitated our learning the Syriac language. He entered into it with great zeal; and although less sanguine as to its healthiness, I consented to join him in commencing the trial. On our way, accompanied by Mrs. Marsh, we visited Sheikh Adi, at the time of the Yezidee festival. Dr. Lobdell, as usual, manifested his unbounded spirit of intelligent inquiry. On our return, one scene is indelibly impressed upon the mind of Mrs. Marsh and my own, which occurred at a mountain pass. The Doctor had ridden on. As we followed, creeping along a precipice overhanging a torrent, we caught sight of him down under an eternal wall of rock, sitting upon a boulder, and breaking up minerals. His favorite horse was standing content in mid-stream. That mountain scene is to us his monument.

"We do not deny, nor would we conceal, that Dr. Lobdell had faults. We love him as a rare man, one of a thousand; but let no young disciple imagine that in Dr. Lobdell was found immaculate and unattainable perfection. His faults were nearly, if not quite all, the faults of youth."

After specifying particularly that skeptical tendency which regarded almost every point, even of practice, as an open question, and that constitutional, and perhaps, more or less ambitious, restlessness which made him too careless of over-work, — faults which are sufficiently apparent to every reader of these pages, — Mr. Marsh proceeds: "I mention these blemishes as they seemed to me a part of the history of a jewel of the purest water. In the hands of the great lapidary, they would have grown constantly less. Now that this gem adorns the Saviour's vesture, there is no flaw or spot upon it.

"I have only to allude to his journey to Baghdad and Babylon. The Oroomiah mission chose him to represent their critical situation with reference to the Persian government to Mr. Murray, the English ambassador to Persia, then to arrive at Baghdad, on his way to his post. While waiting for Mr. Murray, he visited Babylon, the first American missionary to do it, and possibly the first American. He was received as the guest of the Residency, and treated in a very handsome manner. Dr. Lobdell was very well adapted for this work. The Nestorian mission owed many future favors, and, perhaps, the visit of Mr. Murray to Oroomiah, to this labor of love on the part of Dr. Lobdell. He always had an affectionate regard for the members of that mission, and in conducting our English prayer-meeting, it was his aim to elevate the tone of piety in our circle to the high standard there.

"Now he has gone to an atmosphere purer, to a society holier, to the assembly of the first-born, the goodly company of martyrs, apostles, and prophets. He is with Stoddard now, not on a favored mountain of earth. He mingles with our heavenly friends. That unquenchable spirit, year after year, in blessed company soars to loftier heights. He is obeying the voice, 'Come up higher.' *When shall we be with him?*"

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